

# EDDIE

#1

来世がエディだ

Space Rock  
Radiation Sickness  
The Future of Beer  
Sex, Lies & Hard-drives  
Gayzing into the Future







here comes the 21st century...

are you

**Game**

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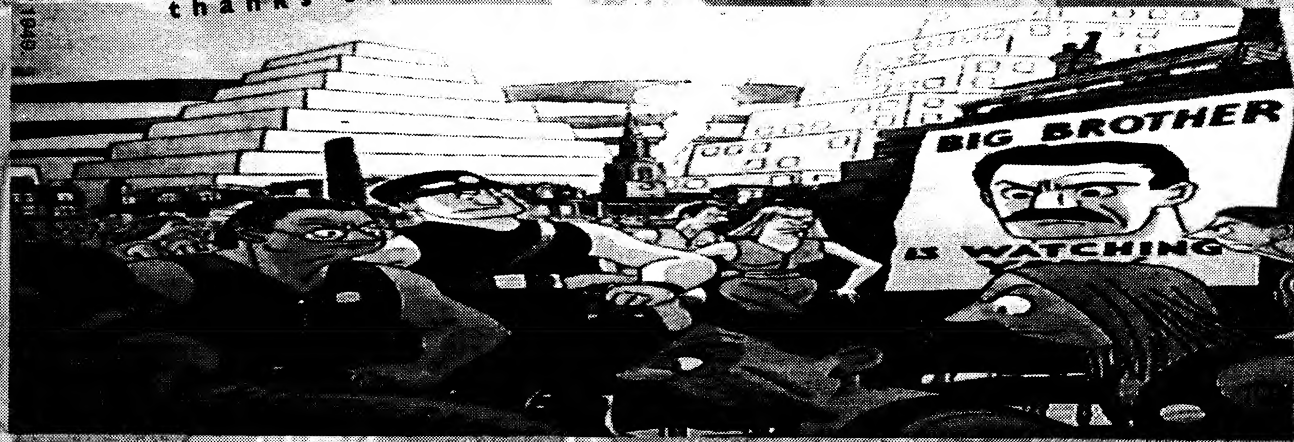


We hope that you enjoy re-living the future with EDDIE #11. We've had much fun reminiscing about old sci-fi movies, Hawkwind, robots, digital watches, pop-up toasters and all those other phantasmagorical things which the golden future promised... And then as we approach the next millennium, Western culture is about to fall off the pages of the known world. Tales of pestilence, Armageddon & doom are rife, or as Samuel Stone puts it - the future is a crock. Of course there's always an element that sees a bright new age thru technology - net surfers, computer programmers, hackers, Bill Gates, Senator Peter Cook, etc etc maybe they're right. Eddie has set up a world wide web home page thru GEKO so you can check that out - <http://www.geko.com.au/eddie> or e-mail us at [dome@geko.com.au](mailto:dome@geko.com.au) thanx James, Max & Dez for yer help wiv all the new techstuff. On the social front, EDDIE has had a pretty hectic time since the Sleaze issue... We launched our bible of decadence with a huge party at Les Girls in Kings Cross, then went down to Melbourne for a FUN gig at the Punters Club with the Cosmic Psychos. Thanx to everyone who helped with these events & all the punters who came & partied. The response to #10 has been very flattering, with heaps of letters & contributions - apparently people love a bit of filthy bad taste - altho' some shops were a bit confronted by Sleaze #10, thought that as arbiters of public taste, they should protect the moral health of their customers by removing EDDIE from the shelves. Apparently putting "For Adults" on the cover was not enough, I mean you can't have people making up their own minds now can you... Thing is it has even taken us a while to get our minds off mindless smut and back on to more uplifting questions concerning "the Future"... Anyway EDDIE powers on spreading the gospel of Truth, Justice & Aussie Rules, supported by our contributors & readers, and speaking of EDDIE readers, a special mention should go here to the punters who made EDDIE the most commonly stolen mag at Cornstalk Books in Newtown, the only problem being that instead of ordering more copies, Cornstalk declined to stock us at all - so don't bloody go there looking for EDDIE...

# NOT FOR

# ADULTS

Our review section has expanded again, Mikol & myself have done the bulk of reviews this time and welcome all sorts of juicy stuff... Basically we try and give everything a sympathetic rave with a preference for Australian material and other stuff that excites us. Contributions are best on disk: Mac or IBM format is fine and so is good quality b&w artwork.. we can't return stuff so don't send any priceless originals. #12 will be our big More Music issue and #13 will look at Cults/Religion & other obsessional behaviour so send stuff that fits these themes... we always get some great stuff that we'd love to use but misses the theme - so don't despair if we haven't used your stuff, it doesn't mean that it's rubbish (altho' it could be)... thanks to all who sent stuff. Keep it comin'...



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## eddie the magazine

#11 vol 3, #3, 1995

issn #1038-6009

print post approved • pp 2141218/00020

produced by eddie magazine publishing

p.o. box 199 newtown 2042 nsw australia

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printed in australia



### editorial

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special thanks to: ross o'donovan, sven knutsen,  
peter fitzgerald, ivanka sokol, david shepherd,  
marilyn brady, godly inc & the hillbilly martons

thanks to: avant card, documenta, gyc, yapa,  
jon satterley, garry & samara, the family flatt,  
rachel & miles, melanie shepherd, jon casimir,  
the punters club, metro, dianne robertson, all the bands,  
all the performers, all the advertisers, stuart coupe,  
geko, all the zines who supported our upc fund,  
public radio, the sandringham, les girls, the swans  
and everyone who's made an effort...

### distribution

australia • wrapaway transport (02) 550 1622

shock distribution (03) 9482 3666

usa • fine print distributors (512) 452 8709

tower magazines (916) 373 2561

ubiquity distribution (718) 875 5491

europe • tower magazines

alternate route (512) 451 0817

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All published material reflects the views & opinions of the  
creators.

Enjoy your EDDIE !

*matty green*



*...see you in the future...*



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IN THE FUTURE, PEOPLE  
WILL STILL BE LATE  
FOR WORK...

YOUR LATE  
FEELING  
FUTURE HERE!

IN THE FUTURE, CYBER  
SEX WON'T TAKE OFF.  
INSTEAD, SEX WILL GET  
MORE PERVERSE AND  
UGLIER AS PEOPLE SEARCH  
FOR NEW AND EXCITING  
THRILLS...

RIP  
1987  
RUSSELL  
HINZE

SLURP

IN THE FUTURE,  
ALL DRUGS WILL  
BE LEGALIZED AND  
AVAILABLE TO  
ANYONE  
WHO  
WANTS  
THEM  
ANY  
TIME...

IN THE FUTURE  
JAPAN'S ECONOMIC  
STRUCTURE WILL  
IMPLODE, CAUSING  
MASS SUICIDE AS  
JAPAN PLUNGES INTO  
THE THIRD WORLD...

FUTURE  
NEWS:  
JEFF COONS  
COMMITTED SUICIDE  
TODAY BY SEALING  
HIMSELF, HIS CHILD AND  
HIS EX-WIFE IN A  
GIANT BLOCK OF CLEAR  
RESIN.

IN THE  
FUTURE,  
NATHAN CAVALERI  
DIES AT THE AGE  
OF 28 BY CHOKING  
ON HIS OWN VOMIT  
AFTER A 7 DAY  
DRINKING, HEROIN,  
MCDONALDS BINGE...

IN THE FUTURE *Walt Disney*  
IS REVIVED FROM CRYOGENICS  
TO PRODUCE NEW, MORE SOCIALLY  
RELEVANT CARTOONS...

SO WHERE THE  
FUCK HAVE YOU BEEN!?  
AND WHERE ARE  
MY FUCKIN' CIGARETTES?!

I'VE BEEN OUT  
TRYIN' TO SELL MY  
ASS TO PAY FOR  
YOUR FUCKIN'  
CIGARETTES, MATE!

IN THE FUTURE,  
COMICS MIGHT BE  
WIDELY REGARDED  
AS AN ART FORM...

Nah -

© ARON 95



# Dear Eddie



"SHUT Up OR  
I'll Forget MYSELF AND  
HIT YOU ONE."



D.B. Veeeda  
P.O. Box 281  
Astor Station  
Boston, MA 02123-0218



May 1995

Dear Eddie,  
Wow! Here I am in beautiful and historic downtown Allston, drinkin' beers, smokin' pot and answering the huge tons of mail that have miraculously piled up in every corner of my castle. I got the sleaze issue and I am thrilled to say the least. What a review! What a spot-lighting of my humble talents! And a reprint of my favourite two page spread from Lamar Swindelle to boot! I couldn't be happier I tell ya. You need anything in the future: a cover, an illustration or two, a hit on any of your enemies, you name it and it's done. You're aces in my book, Dollface. Stay in touch.

take it easy,



King VelVeeda

## EDDIE

Thanks but no thanks for the free 10th issue (I'm sure my subscription was already run out) and opportunity to renew my subscription. I would like to cancel my name off your mailing list as I am no longer interested in your mag or promotions.  
You may at this moment be thinking why? (or then again, you may not) but I would like to tell you about an experience I had about a year ago.

Although having interests in the darker side of life I have always found myself looking for answers in a moral or less corrupt, uncertain and dying world.

Upon reading, I answered an ad in the back of Drum Media offering undeniable proof of god, A tangible personal experience in Christ. This was a pretty positive statement so I wrote them and turned up to a meeting where preached repentance, waterbaptism and receiving the Holy Spirit speaking in tongues and where miracles and healings were common place and expected. This was the most refreshing compared to the luke warmness and hypocrisy witnessed in churches and at that moment I knew I repented and was baptised, although a little cautious and 3 days later received the Holy Spirit speaking in tongues and I never looked back that Christ was alive, the Bible and salvation are truth and I never looked back.

Now further on looking into bible prophesy, identifies the nations today, numerics (the Bible is also incredibly mathematically sealed) and the history of Christianity, there's an overwhelming weight (were not talking assumptions here but concrete evidence) of the plan God has and the things the Bible says. Anyway I reckon you should do a mag on the topic of religion, or an article at least and although I would expect it to be critical and slanderous I have a wealth of info on these things I would like to contribute...

Any further questions, insults etc on anything I have said write me  
Thanks Godless  
Jason





# NoName

The Student Newspaper of VUT Footscray  
 Co-Student Representative Council  
 Victoria University of Technology, Footscray Campus  
 PO Box 14428  
 Melbourne Mail Centre 3001  
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25th March 1995

Eddie  
 PO Box 199  
 Newtown 2042

Dear Eddie,

And you thought you'd heard all the egregious *Eddie* censorship stories ...

I'm presently one of the editors of *NoName*, the student paper at Victoria University of Technology, Footscray. We received a copy of the latest *Eddie* at the paper.

I found the envelope and covering letter. I asked where the magazine itself had gotten to, as, being a keen *Eddie*ophile, I was quite keen to check out the latest issue. One of the Student Representative Councillors (student politicians) said, "Oh, I threw it away."

"What? Why?"

"I thought it was too sexist and offensive for here. There's SRC guidelines against that."

Etcetera, etcetera. I hit the roof. "It was addressed to the paper, not the councillors! Do you make a habit of opening other people's mail?"

"Well, the paper's part of the SRC ..." (walks off.)

This is a new one on me, in terms of blatant editorial interference in student newspapers by student polities: our incoming mail being *pre-censored* to ensure its "purity" before we can even read it ...

So I hereby claim my prize: a firm gag letting nothing through, plus a mask to be worn so as to conceal the gag.

I'll be reviewing the story of the magazine's seizure, in any case. I'll send you a copy.

cheers.

David Gerard.

ps: and we're fighting like hell.

April 20, 1995

Eddie Greenaway  
 Editor  
 Eddie the Magazine  
 P.O. Box 199  
 Newtown NSW  
 Australia 2042

Hi Eddie!

Wow! I just received a copy of your fab magazine! I haven't yet found enough time to read it cover to cover, but from what I've seen, you are truly a God among editors! Such a beefy zine! Shit! How can you afford to print the damn thing?

I am sending along a copy of my zine, *Porn Free*. This is Issue #3, "The Music Issue." You reviewed the premiere issue of *Porn Free* that was reprinted in *Masquerade Erotic Newsletter* Vol. 3 #5. Thank you so much for the words of praise. I hope you enjoy this issue as well and have a few kind words to print about it.

Well, Eddie, keep up the excellent work. You've got quite an impressive product!

Thanks again!

Sincerely,

Abby Ehmann  
 Editrix

IN THE FUTURE SOMEONE  
 WILL WIN THE NEWTOWN  
 RSL'S LUCKY BADGE DRAW!

DEAR EDDIE + ANG  
 HEADING TO JAPAN  
 WITH A BAD CASE  
 OF THE SHITS. NOT  
 LOOKING FORWARD  
 TO THE TRIP AT ALL.  
 I SUPPOSE IT COULD  
 BE WORSE THOUGH  
 YOU COULD BE  
 KICKED IN THE  
 KNACKERS BY A  
 VEE

POST CARD  
 TWENTY ST  
 BLONDE  
 WRESTLER  
 OH WELL  
 LOVE  
 W.D. MALLISTER  
 EDDIE + ANGELAM  
 GREENWAY  
 C/EDDIE  
 MAGAZINE  
 NEWTOWN  
 SYDNEY  
 AUSTRALIA



what the Black Stump should have looked like by now - from cover of 'Science Fantasy' Vol II No 33, 1959



**Ship of Fools Sticker III**  
 July 20, 1994  
 Commemorating the 25th Anniversary of  
 The Most Expensive Tourist Excursions  
 in Human History



Lyrics by Robert Hunter  
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 Illustration ©1994 Ragged Edge Press.



To: ripper::walker  
 CC:  
 Subj: Re: Queer zines

Hi Mikol.  
 I saw the article in Campaign you put together, and thought a line.

My name is Richard Watts, and I edit a queercore zine called Times (issue #2 came out last month, #1 in February, while Division were touring - there's an interview with Chris Fre interview, as well as with Matt Mavis, the singer of Melbou Mavis's. Issue Two is the Coming Out issue - that's the fea the rst of the zine has cartoons, reviews, rants, and inter dyke-punk band De-Regulator, Wally Gunn from Sickbay, and f from Melbourne.)

So far I've only been distributing in Melbourne, and have a print run. I'm on the dole, so the zine is your basic step: photocopied stuff, but I like the rough and ready quality. I intend to keep it that way, and not take ads, for a while. I started to distribute in Adelaide as of this issue, and have a distributor in Perth now as well.

I hope to get interviews with Tribe 8 and Gregg Araki for the Sex and Romance issue, as well as with two other Melb bands. The issue will hopefully be out October.

If you would like to send me your real world address, I'll copies of issues one and two. I would welcome any contrib care to send me.

Peace and anarchy,  
 Richard Watts

Due to circumstances beyond our control, there ApaEros anymore.  
 There will be no future issues from us or anyone e are available from anyone.

Katthe

# MANzine

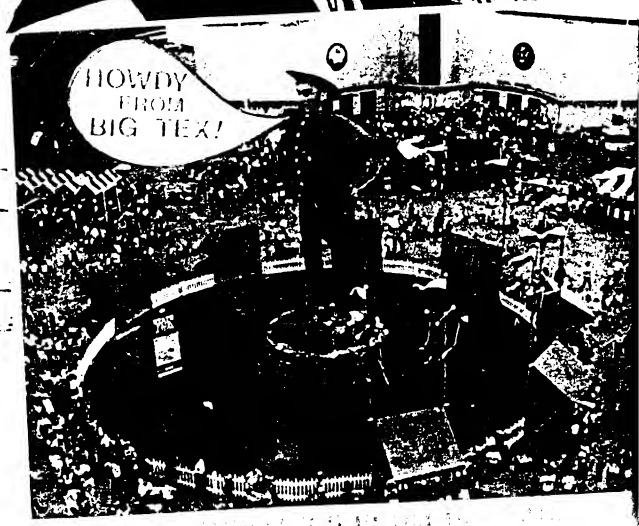
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Eddie:  
 6-3-95

Thanks again for the very poz review. I received Eddie in the actual VII #3 + MANzine. I don't know how long I can put this zine out. I'm cutting back on page count in September. I'm doing away with photos on the cover + commissioning DB VoilVeck to do the covers. More money, but more unique covers, + they will have appear on newsstands. Way too "graphic" for upright store owners. You should move to L.A. or S.F. + publish from there. Eddie would be almost mainstream, such is its high quality

Sincerely  
 - Frank Wallis



Hi EDDIE!  
 THANK FOR REVIEWING OUR LAS C.D. SO NICELY. HERE'S ANOTHER ONE ALSO ENCLOSED IS ISSUE #2 OF THE VANDAL'S VOICE ZINE WHICH I HOPE YOU LIKE ALSO.

Cheer!  
 FoxTROTSKY



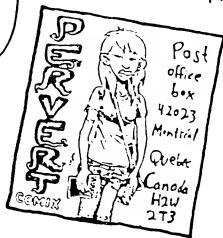


Dear Eddie.

Thanks for reviewing PERVERT COMIX #2.  
I've since done 6 more issues & have included  
PERVERT COMIX #8.

I'd like you to review it & please  
feel free to re-print whatever you  
want. Just make sure my address is  
always there.

FAX 1-514-842-5647



Thank.

P.S. I'd like to do a cover.

Dearest Eddie,

I'd like to congratulate you on your Magazine but I haven't as yet read a copy- however I'm sure it merits congratulations. I would like to get a copy of your last issue with the complimentary c.d. if you have any left,

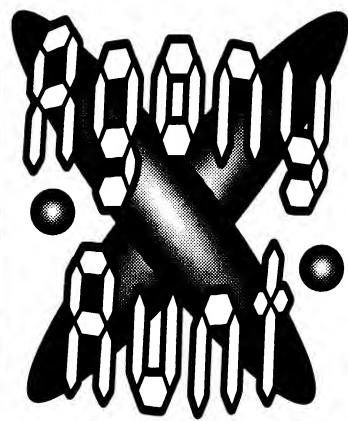
My thoughts on the Future of the planet.

I think the planet has good survival prospects in a rather bleak colourless & over processed way.

Humanity will survive-as always adjusting, adapting, evolving, creating-as always-to meet new challenges (eg. environmental destruction, climatic change, species extinction) unfortunately that survival-as always-will be at the expense of other species.

We will come to our senses and halt the destruction on a massive scale, but not before it is virtually too late. What biodiversity there is left will survive in protected pockets; national parks, lab storehouses and DNA. The space race will accelerate to try and locate another habitable planet. Within this generations lifetime spaceships of would be colonists will depart the earths atmosphere but we will have to wait until our grandchildren's lifetime to find out they have met with mixed success and will debate whether we might have been better off. Diversity resources from the space race towards making this planet more livable.

Tim Castley.



Dear Agony,  
I'm so depressed. I don't feel like a full woman. It's embarrassing but at 23 years of age I still have no pubic hair. It's everywhere else- legs, underarms, head but no pussyhair. I know that it's fashionable to have a shaved pussy but I want a hairy one. My boyfriend ridicules me. Is there anything that can help?

No Push in the Bush  
Waverton, NSW

Dear No Push in the Bush,  
My grandmother had the same problem and after years of experimentation she developed her own pussy oil. Here's the recipe as passed on through the family. 2 tablespoons of cold pressed olive oil, 3 male pubic hairs preferably from a relative like your father, brother or cousin. 1 teaspoon of apple cider vinegar, 1 teaspoon of miso paste...Combine all the ingredients and spread on pubic area in the morning, leave on all day making sure to keep flexing vagina muscles, keep up treatment for a month for best hairy results.

Dear Agony Aunt,  
My boyfriend and I are very much in love, we have great fun and although we've been together for over a year we haven't fucked yet. He's frigid. His mother abused him as a child. We've tried all sorts of therapy and games but with no success. I'm getting very impatient. Masturbation is

ok for awhile but not forever, after all I'm in my sexual prime.

Motherfucker,  
Ipswich, Queensland.

Dear Motherfucker,  
Relive rebirth. That's it. You play mother dress up, go to town with it, even re-enact the abuse. If that doesn't work drop him and get a new boyfriend and fuck yourself silly. Catch up on lost sex time.

Dear Agony Aunt,  
I'm fat, have pimples, no personality, a small dick and feel like there's no future for me. All I've ever wanted is a girlfriend. Please help.

Suicidal manic depressive  
Loser  
Little Hampton. SA

Dear Suicidal manic depressive loser,  
Go to the doctors and get some zoloft, prozac, diet pills, lithium and valium crush it up and you have a cheaper blast than coke and it sure impresses the girls. It will give you confidence, style and weight loss. Checkout with a good vegetarian plastic surgeon about temphe penis implants they are completely safe and environmentally friendly. Now you have a big cock. Then find a girl that loves puss. Believe me there's a lot out there. And get her to squeeze them. If this doesn't work end it all and hope for better luck next time round.

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EDDIE

the MORE  
music issue

#12

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or get  
Phazed!!

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PLATTER

Prediction:-  
IN THE FUTURE  
PEOPLE WILL HAVE  
TO EAT OLD VINYL

yep... that's reet!! If it's in ya stars to make it big-then this  
could be ya start!! Our first CD in issue #8 was a cracker, an'  
we aint even started ta scratch the surface of aussie talent!!

an' we jes' don't want melodies - hell, we gonna fill  
a whole issue chock fulla, tales, toons and tunes about  
every kinda musical egspearyence!!

BOY~ I'M TALKIN' VARIETY!!

send in dem demos by October to:  
PO. Box 199 Newtown NSW 2042

eddie - available right across the cosmos...

# SPACE ROCK

## SPIRIT OF THE AGE

by Dave Bullock

If you look at the state of space travel today you see Russian rockets selling at bargain prices and N.A.S.A. being downgraded and sold off. A quarter of a century ago we were sure that by the end of the nineties there'd be people living in bases on the Moon. Today it seems that such a thing won't occur for decades, in fact it might never happen. Some spacey things though seem strangely familiar.

You see, I was a Space Age baby. Born the year Sputnik, the first humanmade satellite was launched, virtually my entire pre-teenage life was lived during the great Space Race for the prize of putting the first person onto the Moon.

Throughout the sixties and early seventies the various media bombarded us with space related images. Television gave us Dr Who, Star Trek, Lost In Space, The Jetsons, U.F.O., and more, and, of course, plenty of the real thing with frequent news reports on the actual flights into the cosmos, which did help keep the Vietnam War out of the headlines.

A multitude of B-Z grade space adventure films were over-

shadowed by one amazing A-movie - 2001 : A Space Odyssey, the images and soundtrack from which can still take some of us instantly back more than 25 years to the glory days of space exploration. By the time a man named Armstrong walked upon the Moon in 1969, my generation

was, as Hawkwind might say, Born To Go!

Augment this cosmic pre-comparedness with ever

more elaborate lightshows and the availability of various interesting mind altering substances, including of course the mighty L.S.D., and the scene was set for music to get spaced out as well. Some of this space rock and related - dare I say progressive - music was excellent, much of it very bad indeed. What follows is a far from in depth sampling.

## PINK FLOYD

Pink Floyd are a classic example of a band about which people say "but the early stuff was great". Let's face it, most of us today would be pretty embarrassed if we were caught buying a new Floyd album. Way, way back they included in their number Syd Barrett - an astral traveller who never quite came back from one of his flights - and the band went into Interstellar Overdrive, Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun and took many a hairy youth along on the trip. Even their biggest

hit - in fact, just about any band ever's biggest hit - Dark Side Of The Moon, has at least a space related title.

Over the decades many, many people have told of how they smoked their first reefer or dropped that initial tab while listening to the Floyd, and I must say that this unnerves me slightly as I've had a surprising number of punters relate to me similar stories about an album that I played on at the start of the eighties - a record by The Makers Of The Dead Travel Fast called "The Vessels", - a band that I know would not have felt flattered by the comparison. In fact, I recall one day in the studio a bit of the punk in me came out while we were listening back to a passage we had

been

recording and I playfully snickered "Pink Floyd" - I think that some of the Makers have never forgiven me for this moment of good natured rudeness.



Take some of Jimi Hendrix's roadies, mix that with lots of electronic noise generators and early synthesizers making bleeping sounds (some of these sorts of sounds have made quite a comeback in much of

the new techno and trance music), really silly

dress sense, a bass player called Lemmy, and, very importantly, add to the usual drug cocktail huge amounts of speed and you get early Hawkwind. Have a listen to the album "In Search Of Space" and their classic live recording, "Space Ritual". This is hard-core sci-fi rather than hi-fi, not just airy fairy prog rock. Some wild and legendary characters have been members of or collaborated with Hawkwind - Lemmy of course, Nik Turner (remember "Bones Of Elvis" ?), renowned sci-fi author and banjo player Michael Moorcock (look for the album by his group The Deep Fix), and the late, great singer/poet Robert Calvert. Today there is still a Hawkwind, with Space Captain Dave Brock at the helm, sharing bills with the likes of the Ozric Tentacles and all manner of trance and ambient dub acts. Kids young enough to be the great grandchildren of these blokes are getting into them now. Songs like Masters Of The Universe, Space Is Deep, Spirit Of The Age, Orgone Accumulator, Silver Machine are still space rock classics. Of course, many, including a fair number of their biggest fans, regard Hawkwind as just being a terrible racket. The band even went punk at one



pics on this side show Hawkwind's immortal 'In Search Of Space' & 'Rockin' Rick James from 'Breakin' Out Of L7' - provin' that space ain't just a White Frontier.

# More Events



## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

**Dave Bullock is a percussionist/sample/noisemaker whose recent bands include Kiss My Poodle's Donkey and Monroe's Fur. Upcoming are his new group, Dead Sexy, and his first solo album. He is not and has never been, a hippy.**

stage, as the Hawklords, but this wasn't really necessary because many punks seemed to accept Hawkwind despite a tendency to despise anything with even the faintest whiff of prog rock about it, probably because Hawkwind were closer to space junk than a shiny NASA rocket.

## OUT THERE MUSIC

Besides overtly space rock themed music some truly innovative groups often unjustly thrown into the prog rock bin - certainly represented a launch into uncharted territory, "on a mission where no Man had gone before"

Germany produced some incredible acts which are probably more influential now than they were then, largely thanks to the new cosmic trance ambient techno musics and the wonders of sampling. Can, Faust, Neu, Guru Guru, Cluster, Tangerine Dream, the later Kraftwerk - I know more people into these bands in 1995 than in 1975. Many of the musicians involved are still producing worthy music, in fact a good number of them, such as Can's Jackie Liebezzeit and Holger Czukay, are often to be found collaborating with artists

who grew up blissing out to Krautrock. The uses which many of these musicians made of such elements as early synthesisers, tape manipulations, a dash of Stockhausen and general over the top weirdness are echoed today in wonderful acts such as The Orb and other outer space sound-trackers.

Don't overlook the Great Black Space Musics of such as Funkadelic/Parliament, The Art Ensemble Of Chicago, Miles Davis and of course Sun Ra, who claimed to be from Saturn and from the evidence of listening to his music he may well have been.

Add to the beforementioned some truly out there music such as the great heavy-metal jazz impro outfit King Crimson (if "21st Century Schizoid Man" isn't a screaming great bleak future song then I don't know what is, and don't let me get started about Crimson, that would be a book, not an article - just listen the album "Larks' Tongues In Aspic" and all will be revealed), which naturally brings up Robert Fripp - a recent collaborator with The Orb (as FFWD) and the Future Sound

Of London and Fripp leads us to Eno and you probably have a pretty good idea already how many avenues the mention of arguably the main originator of modern ambient music can lead us down

Yes, when you hear that people like Steve Hillage from the Planet Gong (Gong were almost the ultimate hippy-tribe travellers' band, a tea-cosy onwooly heads extravaganza) is working with and producing many of the 90's more popular cosmic trance acts which are being consumed by hippyish costumed, psychedelic dropping space cadets, and the familiar drumming of Jackie Liebezzeit forms the basis of many a dance loop, you might believe that there could be a strange sense of familiarity for certain time travellers from the early '70s. Maybe we will colonise the cosmos someday after all.

## Selected Discography

### HAWKWIND

"In Search Of Space"  
"Space Ritual"  
"Quark, Strangeness And Charm"

### CAN

"Tago Mago"  
"Ege Bamyasi"  
"Future Days"

### FAUST

"Faust 1-4"  
"Faust Tapes"

*Definitely worth checking-out anything you can find by the classic Krautrockers such as Neu, Guru Guru, Cluster, early Amon Duul II (especially "Yeti")*

### KING CRIMSON

"In The Court Of The Crimson King"  
"Larks' Tongues In Aspic"  
"Starless And Bible Black"

(Not strictly space rock, but superb anyway)

For an Australian contribution you might listen to **Cybotron**, a 70's outfit which featured Steve Maxwell Von Braund and Geoff Green and came out on a label with the slightly suspect name of "Clear Light Of Jupiter"

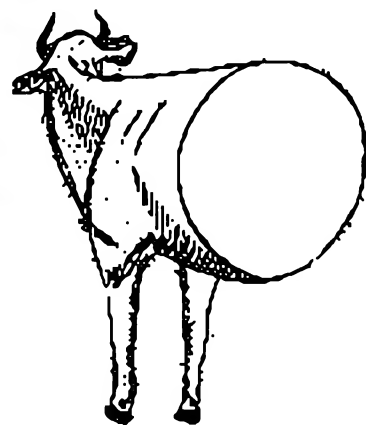
pics on this page are from Hawkwind's 70's releases 'Warrior On The Edge Of Time' & 'Space Ritual' and also that space cadet D.B. who doesn't get a mention in this article



The world of reality has its bounds the world of imagination is boundless



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.. Once upon a time..there was just beer..... Now there is stout, lager, bitter, pilsener, old, new, cold-filtered, low-calorie, low-alcohol, mid-alcohol, high-alcohol, boutique and even flavoured beers... But what will happen to the amber brown fluid?

# The future of BEER

Beer at present is mined in underground ice caverns and explodes when opened by grimey, unshaven men..



In the future these beer caverns will run dry... NEW hot-boiled "superbeer" will be created.. and women will talk in beer ads!



..Consequently, "men" will stop drinking beer and will while away their declining years over 'real' drinks.....



..Kids will love the new beer because of its high sugar content; used to cover up the chemical flavours.....





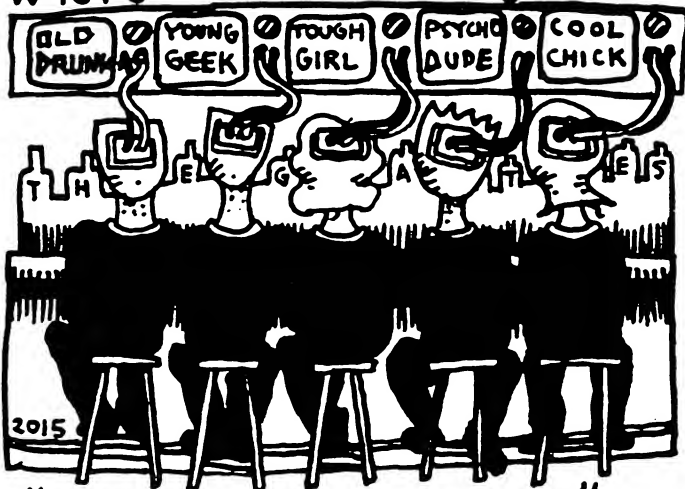
'Superbeer' will be replaced by intravenous beer....



The cartridge will simulate the effects and sensations of having real beer, right down to producing 'death-mouth' the next day....



..Finally there will be the virtual pub' (not a steakhouse with a bar) where users can plug in...



"The Future of Beer!" .....

...Which will then be replaced by the slow release beer cartridge....



.. But it will prove to be too dangerous and prone to over use...and with cartridge swapping... uncontrollable.

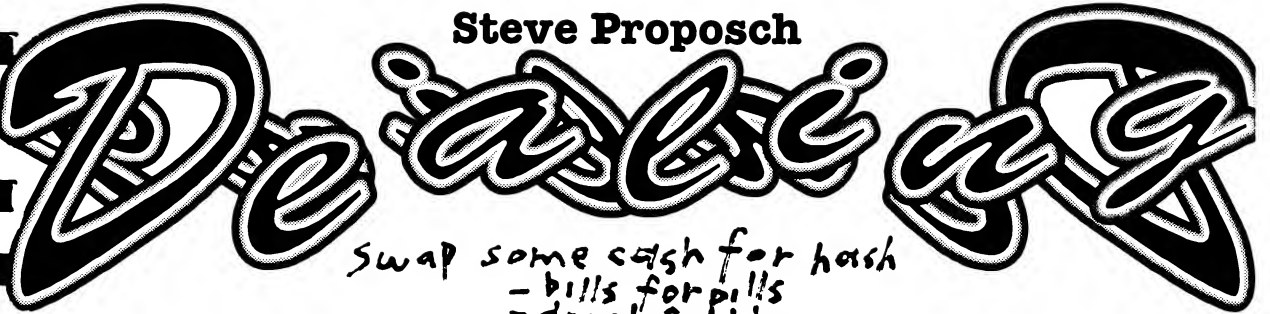


.. And enjoy all the sensations of a typical night on the tiles....



Dean A. Tarjavarra ©1995

Steve Proposch



Swap some cash for hash  
- bills for pills  
- dough for blow  
the cops'll never know  
fact is, they sell the shit we grow

Dear Mol,

the bust is a must.

Now, I know you haven't heard from me for quite a while, and I know you know the reasons why. But us two had something real sweet there for too long to just let things lie as they are. I been reading a lot in the joint Mol, an' writing too. Doin' time gives you a lot left over for thinking and I feel a real need for release right now, in all senses of the word. I don't know if it'll make any difference to you, but this here letter's to explain my side of the story. If nothing else it'll make me feel a whole lot better. So here goes.

The designated pick-up spot was darker n' a whores snatch and twice as filthy. Stinkin' alley piss mixed with hot tar — the sun was down, but that only made the heat more oppressive so's I felt like I was back in one of those fucking hot boxes in 'Nam.

Still, I was shaking like grief, without a fix for near on a week. Desperate and trembling with the real pain just about to kick in and knowing full-well what I was in for. My night-glo read 2:45am; man, where was that pushin' motherfucker anyway? S'posed to be here fifteen minutes ago.

Then the lights came on and, well, I guess you already heard about the rest of this shit.

Yeah, you heard it from my own mouth, blabbin' away on the TeeV, how those skinny-arsed, transparent alien mother's that a been poppin' around so much lately, just lit that en-tire fucking place like a second sun was right there in that stinking alley with me, 'cept that light was so cold, you know? Not like just not radiating heat like it should, but god-damn cold, man.

So what do I do? I start up screaming n' fucking yelling like the whacked-out shit-fer-brains I am, and, when my eyes stop burning and I can manage to squint through the tears, what's the first thing I see but that dumb-arsed pusher motherfucker spread out all over the back wall like a mad-woman's shit. Jesus! That bastard was cut up like nothing I ever seen before, not even in 'Nam; and, as you probably heard, there was some butcherin' shit going down in that place my man. And yet seeing that prick there, smeared over that back alley wall like a minced meat and jelly sandwich — no matter that he was a low down piece-a-shit; it was the closest I ever come to pukin' for near on 20 years.

Then, much to my regret, my eyes cleared some more. I saw his hand twitch; his heart beat; his lungs inflate, then empty. That sucker was still breathin'!

It was about then I blew my breakfast.

When I straightened-up, those see-through pricks were suddenly in my face. Didn't even have time to wipe my goddamn chin before they bundled me up and put me down. Next I knew, I was coming out of a beautiful wet dream, I got stainless steel under my arse and one transparent motherfucker on my cock, yankin' at it like an old pro.

Man, you gotta know I didn't wanna come; but I was so close already — pow! Blew right onto the plate man, bucket loads of the shit. That's right, they caught my come on this little round dish with short, straight sides, like one a' those petri things from school. Some of it got on the table and some on my leg, all of which the alien dude carefully scraped-up right away. Some even got on the skinny prick's arm, which didn't seem to bother it. In fact, it kinda shivered and quivered a little, like it was enjoying the shit or something, but it scraped that off too, real careful.

I flaked again right off, and when I came around I was back in that hot, piss-stinking alley with that dealer/corpse still all strung up on the wall, but dead now; no movement



at all. So's I think, I'm outta this weird shit for good, withdrawals or no withdrawals, but when I get up there's this note, pinned to my fucking jacket no-less. It's printed on real nice paper, real thick and silky, like nothing I've ever seen before, and me in the printing industry, you know. So I read it:

**"WE, YOUR FUTURE  
YOU, OUR PAST  
YOUR JUICE, A HIGH  
THAT NEVER DOES LAST  
WE WILL BE BACK  
BUT DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE  
OUR LAST DEALER TRIED  
AND YOU WITNESSED HIS  
FATE.**

**WELCOME, OUR NEW OPIATE."**

Hmmm I thought. For an advanced species, their poetry sure sucks! All the same, I figure I can deal with what they're offering. But just then the alley was filled by another kind of light, the red and blue kind.

The pigs don't know exactly how I did it, (seeing as I got no weapons or nothing on me, 'cept a crappy little penknife, and that with no traces of the dealer's blood on it) they just know I did it. So they throw me in a cell to await trial, of which the result is, as you know, that here I am, sittin' on death row and due to fry tomorrow.

Why the fuck, I ask, couldn't they leave the fucking death penalty laws alone? Greedy bastards, that's what they are, want some of that alien bounty for themselves and they'll think of any excuse so's they can get in first.

And I guess there's not much hope of those spindly little see-through fuckers saving my arse at this late stage of the game, not since the 'Tad Farms' opened up.

Yep, do you believe they actually called 'em that? Fucking 'Tad Farms' man. No sooner had my story got out and there was hundreds of people lined up to give their shit away! And the skinny pricks are thinkin': Alright! And all this time we thought we'd have to take the shit by force. Yeehaa — that's right gentlemen, don't sit at home and wank all by yourself, line up here and get whacked-off by a real-live alien. Yes it's true, you'll be real safe in our slender, tender hands. It'll be the biggest, the best fun you've ever had. Jesus!

Suddenly they've got too many volunteers and so they gotta regulate who goes to the 'Farms' and who misses out. They bring in a fucking 'Tad Test' that checks for potency. Shit man, if that ain't a challenge then what is?

Anyway, they suddenly got an oversupply of the stuff, and every one of those pellucid (see, Mol, I told you I been reading a lot in the joint); every one of those pellucid motherfuckers is hooked like a goddamn fish. And, who was it then, that finally had the brightest idea of all, the bright idea that changed everything so rapidly for all of us? Well, most of us anyway, all of you, that is, still on the outside and not about to have three-fuckin'-trillion volts or whatever go through you tomorrow.

Who was the brainy mother who said, 'Well, why don't we just block supply?'

I mean, fucking brilliant or what! The skinny fucks were far too dependant on it by then; using way too much to ever go back to how they started — nicking off with the odd dude behind the bushes for a quick blowie, no chance. And the withdrawals man! Haven't actually seen one myself, but I heard how those little bastards just wither away almost, just double-up and crumple, like there's nothing inside of 'em anymore. Jesus.

But I want 'em to know that I'm still willing, and able — man am I able! I mean, they can pull my pud all they like if they'll just get me outta here. I don't wanna die man, I don't wanna die yet. I'm scared man. I lived through a war for this? A fuckin' Hell On Earth man, and I don't wanna die now, for something I didn't even do, not when there's so much future for the world man!

They're giving it all away now, all their knowledge in exchange for the stuff. Man, I tell ya everything's a transaction ain't it? The secrets of the universe into the hands and brains of babes; all for the low, low price of a bucket of come. And those babes are raking it in; planting crops where none could be planted, turning toxic waste into water, building Earth Stations and Starships — man, where is it all gonna go?

Those see-through dudes had the look, man, they had the style. They just used to come in and take what they wanted. Now they gotta ask, real polite too.

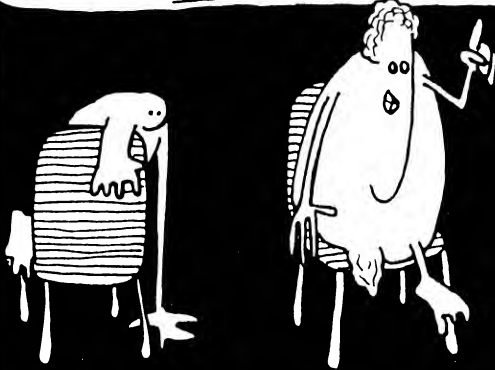
Help me Mol, if you could just get word to those alien pricks somehow, tell 'em I'm willing to give 'em what they want. Tell those skinny arsed mothers to come and take me, come-the-fuck in and take me now! 'Cause tomorrow I'll be gone.

Love...xo

# PROGRESSION IN THE PHILOSOPHY CLASS

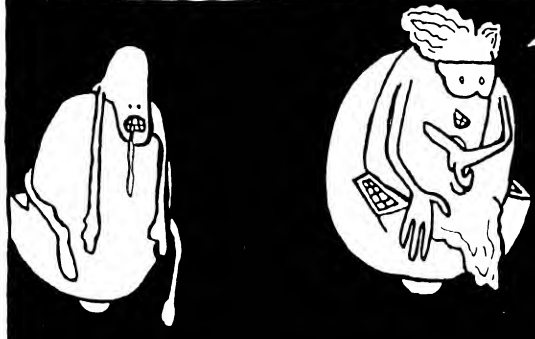
PRESENT DAY

BUT -AH - SEE, IF I TURN MY CHAIR AROUND, HOW CAN I PROVE THAT MY TABLE, MY PENCIL, MY CHEWING GUM, DICTAPHONE - WHATEVER... HOW CAN I KNOW THAT THEY EXIST?



100 YEARS IN THE FUTURE

BUT -AH - SEE, IF I PROGRAM MY PUPILREST® TO ROTATE 180°, HOW CAN I PROVE THAT MY HOVERDESK, AIRSCROLLER, FUN FLAVOURED SYNTH- NUTRITION TABS, THOUGHT PROCESS RECORDER - WHATEVER... HOW CAN I KNOW THAT THEY EXIST?

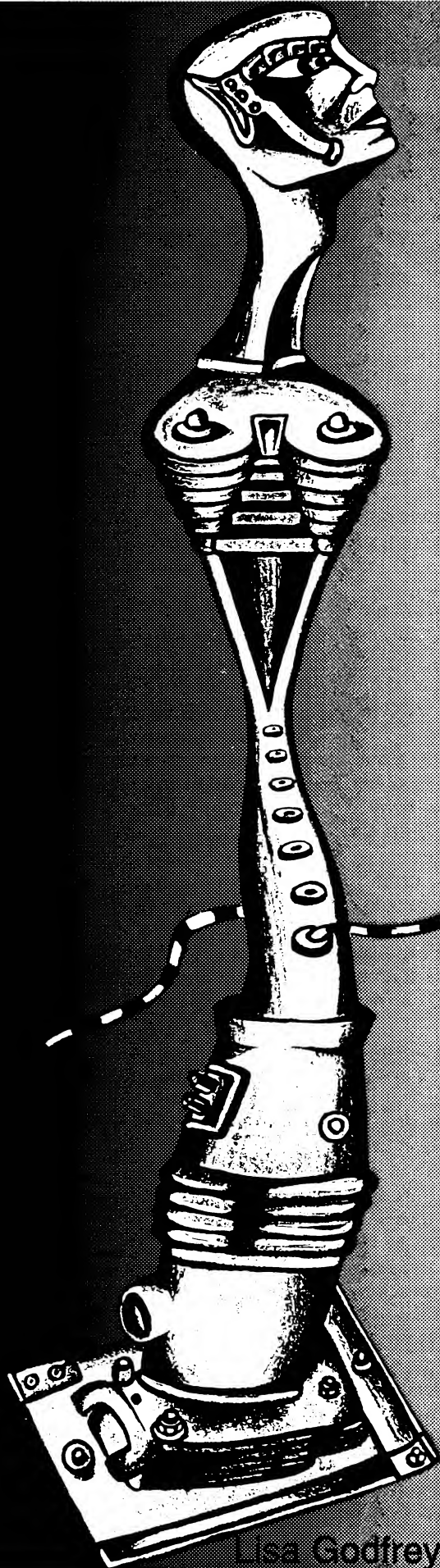


## Stumps & Smiles

BY ADAM A. MAKIN 6.95







# SPACE MONSTER

I imagine  
there is a space monster  
in the kitchen  
the faint glow of the radio  
a turn of the fridge  
a shudder of landing craft  
and the tapping  
of the heater as  
faint footsteps  
measure out  
in micro seconds  
as echoes of new  
and undeniably  
different sounds  
come pouring  
through the  
darkness of the  
hallway (abyss)  
with the TV on  
those pauses almost  
undecipherable

## SPACE MONSTER

a delirious  
blackness between  
ads making the  
breaks nocturnal  
if only it could  
be sustained  
On array of breaks  
sandwiched between  
lunchtime and eternity  
pictures static  
remain your sane  
mixing with the  
amorphous realm of the  
normal

Lisa Godfrey

Mikol Fumiec



## by neil boyack

He is there driving his car fast, along the four lane freeway. Towards the city. He can just see the outline of city buildings, the glow of city lights. It is late and there are no cars around. Three a.m. talk back radio. Tall lights flipping by along the clean black freeway. Under a bridge. And then there is a car in his rear view mirror, miles away. He looks at his dashboard, checks temperature, fuel, then the mirror again. His face is green from the glow of the dash. He sees the car in the mirror is getting closer. Increases his speed, turns his radio down, leaning forward now, hunched over the steering wheel. Changes lanes, into the far left, getting out of the way. The speeding car follows him over, catches up to him, sits on his arse, lights on high. What the fuck is going on he whispers to himself, headlights glaring directly into his eyes from the rearview mirror. He decides to increase his speed, his car starts to shake, loose change on his console falls onto the hot floor, the car is still hot on his tail. He slows again and the car comes out from behind him, up beside him. Long, white, low thing; low like the tyres are too small. A string of freeway light poles reflect off it's roof.

### WHITE CAR

Lets get this mother fucker. Yeah. Lets get this mother fucker. Pupils of eyes grow.

He looks across to the blonde girl who is hanging out of the front passenger window pointing at his front tyre. She's yelling something, signalling for him to wind down his window. It comes down, slowly. Her hair like a flag in the wind. She screams at him, index finger at him, YOU'VE JUST MET SATAN, YOU HEAR ME, YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD, YOU'RE JUST FUCKING DEAD. She keeps yelling until the driver of her car gives it the bejesus, her body jerks backwards, cigarette butts are flicked from the long white car. Bouncing red ash, into the wind-screen of his car. He leans back in his seat, adjusting his posture, watching the tail lights of the white car disappear. He turns the radio back up to where it was, some old guy is trying to sell a lawn mower.

He thinks of where he has been. The party at number four. There was no street sign. There was only that street, all by itself, no main drag, no town. He thinks of the person he was supposed to meet there, a man. A man who was going to introduce him to another man who runs a selling club. Like you sell things to your friends, aftershave, shirts, sunglasses. His products. You sell his products to the people that will buy them, people you know. After a

while you will get your own products and people will be selling them for you. It sounded good. He was looking forward to having some money. Money he could wipe his arse with, money he could burn. He remem-

bers someone trying to sell him a TV. He remembers waiting in a queue of men that stretched along a dim hallway of this house. Leaning against a soft plaster wall when the guy in front of him turns and offers him a cigarette, he says he doesn't smoke. So the guy faces him and lights up. The smoker starts to talk about his work, the service station. How many hours he puts in. The smoker blows smoke in his face, points to nowhere with his cigarette hand. The smoker goes on about how much money he has. He decides the smoker is ugly, popeyed. He moves with the queue, a couple of spaces at a time, a photograph on the wall, a woman holding a man in an army uniform. He straightens the photo as they move past it. Soon the smoker is next in line, facing the door, hands on the door frame, leaning into the door, like he's firing himself up for a punch-on. Then the smoker goes in and not long after that he comes out. Zipping his pants up business like, tucking his shirt in. A sort of smile. Then he goes into the room he's been lining up for. There's a bed in the room, a dull yellow lamp. An aquatic smell; sex. A woman lying on the bed, massive painting hangs above her head, black swans with red beaks. The woman on the bed looks at him, drinks something from a glass, wipes her vagina with a towel. Says well? are you going to piss on me as well? There is a silence.

The toilet, he asks.

In there, she says with a jerk of her head. The ensuite.

The woman is a boofy bottle blonde, thick black eye make-up like someone has thumped her. He holds his cock as he pisses. It hardens and he adjusts his aim. He thinks the woman is attractive, he imagines her as his partner, them together. Just pleasing her, loving her, being loved by her,



driving on a beach holiday, kissing her, a wedding, she looks stunning, he can see it all. He finishes and comes from the ensuite; flush of the toilet. There is a fat guy lying on top of the woman, jeans around his knees, no shirt. He walks around the bed, eyes fixed on the fat guy's back. It's flabby, hairy, he could have breasts hanging off his back, but it's just flab sagging there. And he sees her face, chin resting on the fat guy's shoulder, looking at something straight ahead. Fat guy saying, my cock, my big cock. Beside, he lingers and stares down at the two of them as the fat guy starts to buck into her. She faces him slowly with dead dark eyes that want to dream. Then he starts punching into the fat guy's head, uncontrollable blows to the guy's head. The fat guy rolls onto the floor, covering up, he kicks into the fat guy. Keeps kicking. Then he stops, the fat guy stays covered up. He leaves the room, then decides to leave the party. Walking down the hallway past the last few men in the line. Some are playing with themselves, asking him if it was any good. One of them says he's going to fuck the bitch stupid. He walks past the popeyed smoker who is at the end of the line, walks past the guy who's selling a microwave oven, walks out the front door to his car. In his car, heading for the freeway, on the freeway.

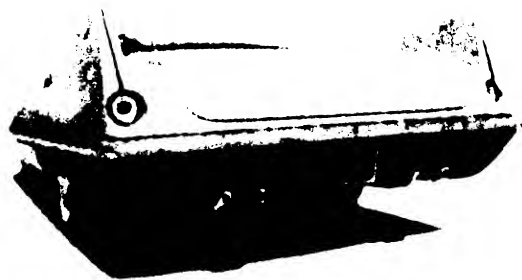
He yawns and his eyes water. He shakes his head and feels his face and sees that there are flashing lights up ahead. He slows, sits higher in his seat. He sees the white car has broken down, sitting in the emergency stopping lane. There is a person leaning against the car bonnet, waving a hand with a bottle in it. Trying to flag him down, now walking out

onto the freeway, into the path of his car. He drives past the waving person, a man with an unbuttoned shirt. He looks in his rear vision mirror and the man is shrinking, throwing a bottle.

**WHITE CAR  
I AM SATAN, YOU'RE ALL FUCK-  
ING DEAD.**

Jesus fucking Christ Kandy would you shut the fuck up.

He's feeling O.K. when the oil light on his dashboard begins to flicker. He is alarmed for a second but he knows the oil light flickers all the time. He keeps telling himself he'll get the light fixed, he tells himself this when he is in the car. He picks his nose and looks at the crap on the end of his finger. Satisfied, he wipes his finger on the seat between his legs. Then he finds his hand resting on his groin, his thoughts go back to the party, the blonde woman. Then he is there, in the room with her, watching her. Rubbing his dick now while his eyes are on the road. A hand in his pants, dick flipping out, looking down at his dick, pulling it hard, then back to the road, one hand on the wheel. It is then his car cuts out, like there is no engine at all, he is gliding, slowly in silence, working the car into the emergency lane. Rolling it as far as it will go, for what it is worth. And he's sitting in his car in the emergency lane, gathering himself, zipping his pants up. Then outside, popping the bonnet. Can't see anything wrong, smells a burning smell. He looks out from under the bonnet. No cars, fuck. He starts walking away from his car to an emergency telephone. There are signs that say the telephone is ahead. He walks backwards some of



the way so he can see oncoming cars. There are high concrete walls either side of the freeway, just a road and these walls. When he reaches the telephone he dials the emergency number and a woman answers. Where are you? What's the problem? Be there within an hour. He feels like talking to the woman, asking her what sort of night she's had. She hangs up. He holds the receiver and wonders if the woman has a family, why she works so late, she sounds nice enough.

When he walks around the the long bend to where his car is, he sees the white car parked in front of his. The four people from the car ripping the seats out, kicking in panels, pissing into the back seat through the open door. There is a seat in the middle of the freeway. When the white car fuckers see him they pile into there car, blonde girl sitting on the bonnet of the white car now, slowly coming towards him in the emergency lane. He walks towards the lights of the car, then he can't see anything but lights. Dust floating in the high beams. Shading his eyes, the white car stops, idling unevenly, then the engine is cut. He hears a door open behind the light, then the blonde girl starts again. YOU'RE DEAD. She has her index fingers resting on her ears. Horns. They come at him with ropes to tie his hands and feet. Soon he is attached to the towbar.

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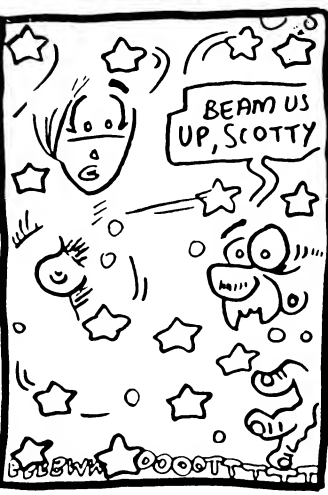
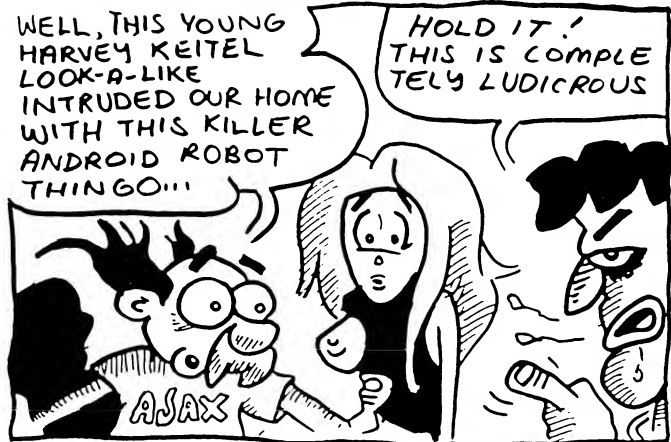
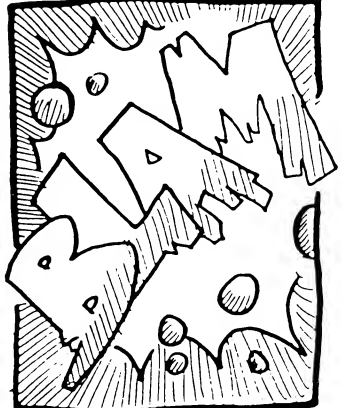
**Staff in the business, know where it's at!**

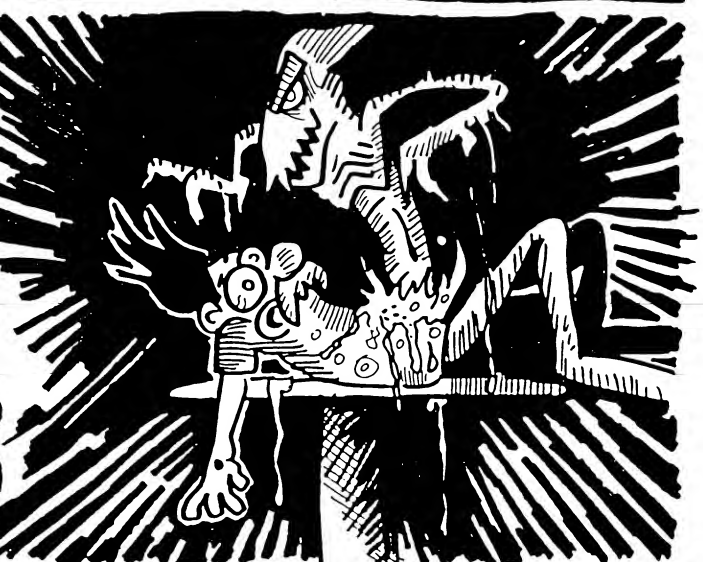
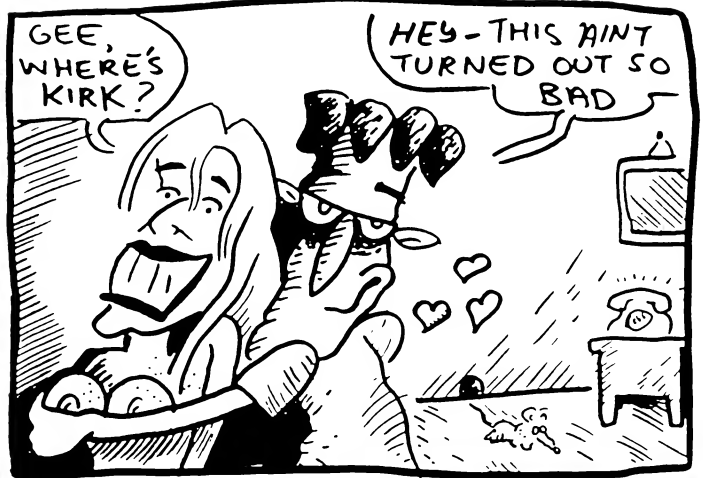
**We do mail order**

**And the flaming hoop trick.**



# RADIATION SICKNESS ©1995 ROSS TESORIERO





THIS MUST BE THE RECORD  
OF A GREAT WAR THAT  
KILLED OFF EVERYONE ON  
THE PLANET EXCEPT A FEW  
ANCESTORS OF THESE  
PEOPLE HERE, LEAVING  
NOTHING OF THE OLD  
CIVILISATION...



## ***Pushing My thoughts Far Into Time***

**JULIAN WILLIAMS**

Sand engulfs our remains. This is a future time where our race will search for clues to its primitive past. Like civilisations before us, nothing will remain except myths and a pre-ordained history written by the winners of wars yet to happen. Do we really think that the times we are living in will matter to human destiny? What will remain when entropy grinds our books to dust, our computers into a mass of plastics junk? I write this as I travel on a train across this country. Each sleeper along the track could represent a year as we know it. I'm trying to put my mind in a time where even words could be redundant. Will humans be able to telecommunicate with one another in the future? This I believe will happen. Humans will push themselves out of the endless warlike instinctual phase we still find ourselves in and they will realise that trying to distance ourselves from nature, distances ourselves from humanity. Human death enriches the ground and human brain waves enrich the air. These changes will take, maybe a hundred thousand years! Evolution will eventually equip us with bigger brains, there will be no need to move when you can take your mind anywhere, like astral travel does today. Population growth will be a problem, but I believe in human adaptability, and it is our instinct to survive that will see us evolve into a group of people at peace with one another.

**PUNKY & NUGGET**

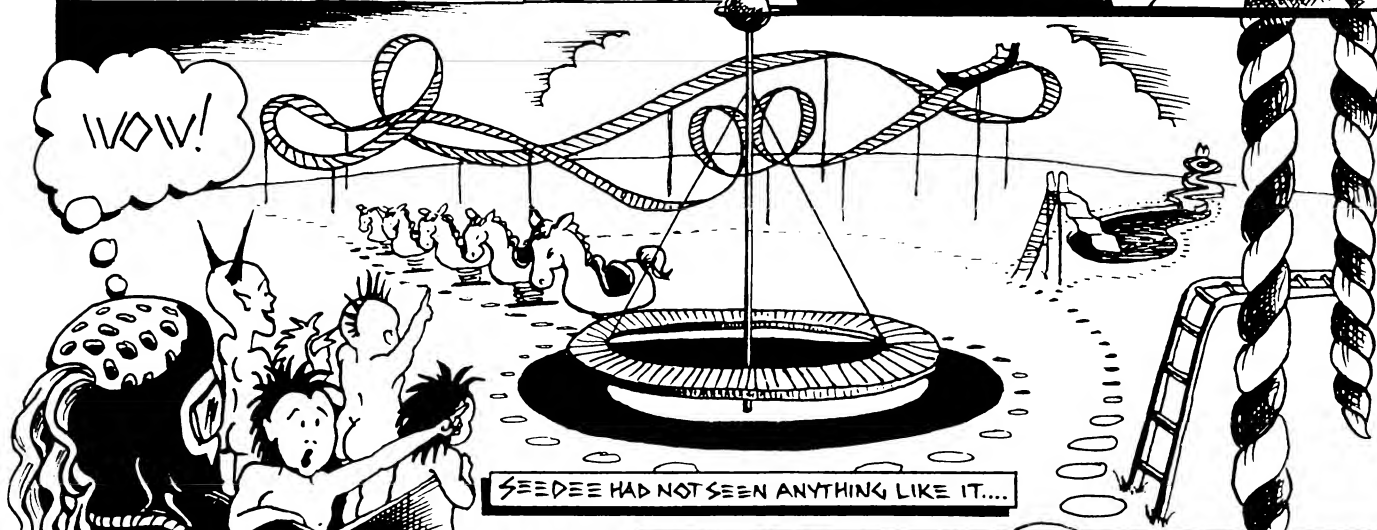
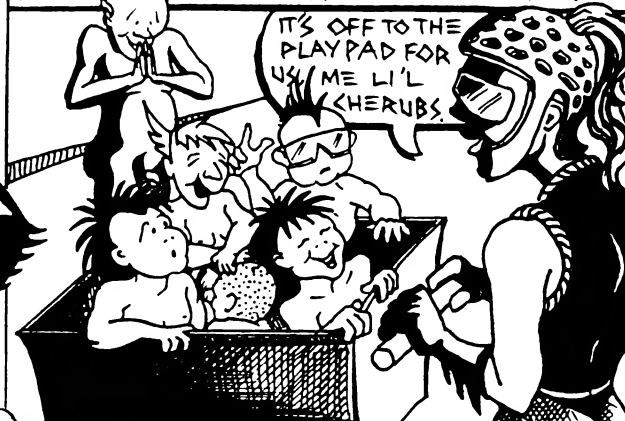
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# SPACE

Out here I am the only one. Out here. The crew does not rot, they stand by as if to mock me. To prevent me from seeking refuge in the soft crevices of complete insanity.

Their bodies still speak to me. They say: You have history. You have meaning. There were once others like you. There was once culture, art, civilisation. Although perhaps I have conjured the crew as well, to provide proof, credibility. I could ascribe it all to madness, to the folly of my mind....

At first I was determined to fight. To survive. The last of my species, I told myself, I was a treasure chest of DNA, of genes and biology for some other species to find and open and restore. What did I know? Perhaps I could be cloned, reproduced...

It was only later that I realised the futility of it all. No fantastical species found me, no saviours arrived. I am trapped here and cannot hope to escape. I am an anachronism. An organism dependent on an environment that no longer exists. Do I exist then? There is a possibility that I am only soul. I have not yet disproved the theories I remember of the spirit.

And the endless stars. Just like the sky would look above my sleeping childhood home. Endless patterns with which to make astrologies. My fate must be chequered to have passed through the influence of so many influential balls of light. There were tales of falling stars and stars to wish upon, I remember these. Stars to steer a course by. Stars to pull down from the sky and embed in poetry, in stories and fables. A symbol of aspiration, a star quality, a superstar, a movie star, a rock star, five star accommodation, a gold star

for you, young Sally, for your neat handwriting. With stardust in your eyes, starry eyed, twinkle twinkle, oh how they twinkle, in the endless echoing corridors of my memories, the only connection, the bare bones on which to base my entire speculations, my foolish, dubious, starstruck, ridiculous recollections that once upon a time there lived a little planet once called earth and on that planet lived a human race and a crawling, billowing, pulsing multitude of dirty life and green green vegetation.

But ah, have I created these just to torment myself? Why can't I break this leash? This leash that ties me to things that don't exist. I have sometimes come to think that the automatons are perhaps alive. Foolish that I am! They come and go and bring me my supplies, to provide the sustenance for my bodily form.

I stare down at my body. Is it attractive? Is it fit and healthy? Young or old? Laugh, of course I do, all comparisons are gone! It is the most attractive, most healthy, most young and most old! And as for my mind, that too is all. I am kind of God. Alone in consciousness, everything I think is all that is thought. Perhaps somewhere there are others... but I have given up the weary hope of finding anchorage. Since the crew is dead, I will live to oldness on their supplies, down in the hold where the automatons can bring them to me at the appointed hour.

Sometimes I eat and sometimes I do not. I conduct experiments with my desires. (Which are of course *all* desires.) How long will



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# RAMBLANCES

## MONIQUE CHOY

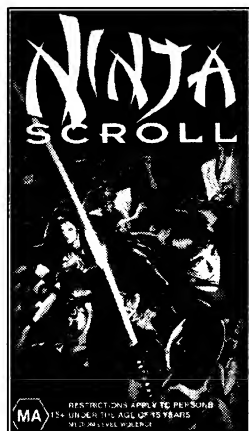
hunger and determination arm wrestle, until hunger wins? These tests amuse me, as I know I chart the absolute values for my species.

If I have a species at all. Perhaps my solitary ramblings through this terrain of thought is part of my own imagining. I only partly recall the map of human knowledge, and I had only seen a small part of the detailed cartography I have always accepted existed. The thought has occurred to me that perhaps I am, in another reality, very sick, very sick indeed. Perhaps I am not passing unaccompanied, unguided through meaningless reams of star filled space. Perhaps it is a metaphor my mind has constructed. This body, these senses. All perceptions piped into my consciousness could perhaps be my mind's attempt to make a kind of sense of this, my isolation. Something like a dream, perhaps, where the automatons are my dream's actors, the craft and all its clean white corridors are the stage on which to play out my questions of philosophy.

This reality then, does not exist. The automatons try to tell me so. I cannot trust machines, of course, and do not bother to converse with them just so they can put their conversation programs to use, yet sometimes they can be very persuasive.

I have seen some of the papers they are eternally scribbling on, for automaton reasons of their own. Patient 967B they call me, reducing everything to number languages. They write in strange stilted sentences, having never learnt the poetry words can make. Perhaps it is we human's fault for never teaching them. Bits of scrappy writing I have discovered: *Will not take food for long periods;* or *Does not enjoy leaving the infirmary buildings;* or *Shows a fascination for Dr Wilson's computer screensaver (stars on black background).* There is little else on board to engage my interest. The automatons amuse me.

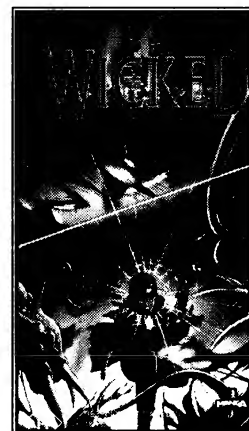
My experiments go on.



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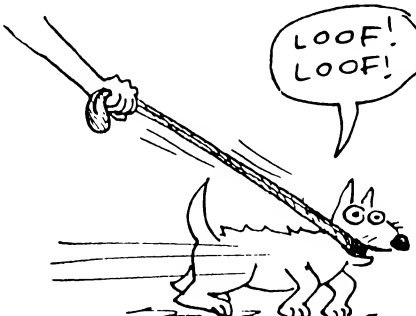
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# FUTURE, IT WILL BE.

by Chris Jurewicz

■ Me and my housemate Mike were sitting on the back porch one autumn afternoon, drinking beer and talking about life. The weather was fair. Trees in the garden were slowly turning gold and the sun seemed in a hurry to go down. Still, the earth carried the warmth and vibrancy of the recent summer. We were talking about life presently.

"Yeah, right..." said Mike with overtly displayed sarcasm, "...and on what basis do you say that things are simply 'meant to be'?" He sat down cross-legged in the armchair and drank some beer from the bottle.

"Well, mate. You know how I used to be all so 'you make your own future' orientated; full on with control of your life, etc?" He nodded slowly as I continued. "Well, we know that life's beautiful, but..."

"...shit happens, right?" he finished.

"Yup, it does. Yet, I reckon that I found some answers for why shit does happen and it may relate to the future."

"?"

This time I took a long slow drain on my bottle of brew. Bubbles of pleasure flowed down caressing my aching throat. I turned in my armchair towards Mike. "Listen, some things are bigger than us and we do not have control over them. Some blindly call it God's Will, others just have a gut feeling about it and follow the 'shit happens' theory."

"You see, ever since the fuck up with Sophie," I continued, "my philosophy on the future and life in general had undergone a severe transformation..." I broke off. We both knew the subject too well. Sophie fucked up everybody. It isn't every day that a twenty two year old friend dies of a stroke. Me and Mike were relatively mildly affected, mostly struck with anger, grief and sympathy for our buddy Paul, Sophie's boyfriend. He got really screwed over.

"Yeah, this month was a bit tough..." Mike said quietly.

"The future is no longer certain." I took my

point up again. "Beautiful one day - you're dead the next; and there is nothing you can do. No medication, no lifestyle, no philosophies will save you.

You just don't know what the future bears, whether it's the next year or the next five minutes...

with Sophie" I continued, "was a premeditated act of God in order to affect future events. Do you remember what was happening to Paul and Sophie when they were together? A complete annihilation of their lives. They both screwed up at uni, lost their jobs, their health was beginning to suffer - 100% of their time was consumed by love. Paul wasn't getting anywhere anymore."

"Yeah, but they were happy, weren't they?"

"Right, but that's not my point" I replied.

"My point is, that perhaps this death was meant to happen, so that Paul could go back to uni, get on with his career, and most of all - to fulfil the role that has been planned for him before he was even born... get it?"

"I see what you're getting at, mate. It's a good theory to sooth some of the anxieties caused by the loss of a friend... but otherwise you're stretching it..."

I drank the rest of the beer from the bottle and held it in my hand thinking about it. "Look at this!" I said, and threw the empty bottle across the garden. It landed on some wood in the green bushes by the fence and we heard it smashing into pieces.

"This bottle has been broken to hurt someone in the future," I declared. "Someone is going to be cut, may even get an infection. Think about it..."

Mike got a bit upset by my erratic actions, if not by my philosophical derivations. I could feel it, so I didn't see any point in prolonging the conversation. I got up and went inside to get another beer.

I was reading something by Kerouac that evening, when I heard Mike come into the kitchen swearing. He proceeded to wash his bleeding hand in the sink. I noticed a plastic bag with broken glass laying on the floor. He gave me a hateful look and said "I was gonna prove you wrong and get the fucking bottle out of there..."

I just smiled. Then again, maybe I was meant to be right this time.

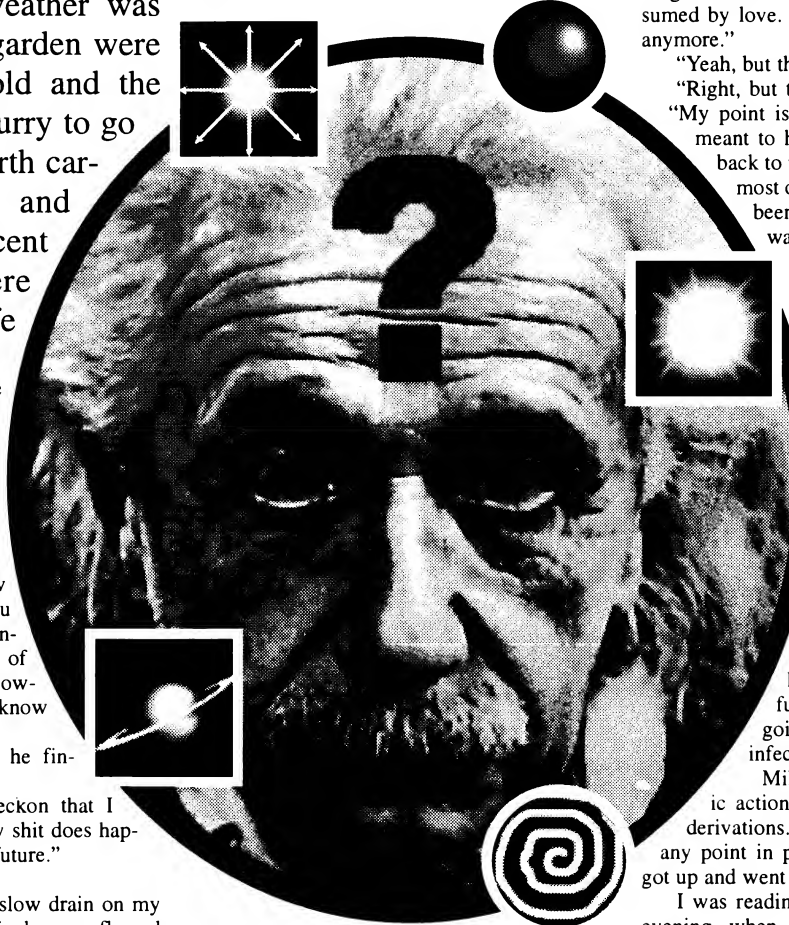
Mike took a long drink from his bottle and said "Yeah, that's right". Then he just stared at the floor in front of him.

"But!" I jerked in my seat, "I think I got an answer that will let me live my life in some sort of peace of mind."

Mike looked at me, listening. I took a quick sip of beer and continued. "You see, there must have been a future reason for what happened. The future is at least partly set. Some events must occur to fulfil God's plans - Destiny".

"Alright, blame everything to God, that's easy mate." Mike only grinned. "I don't think it is an answer at all."

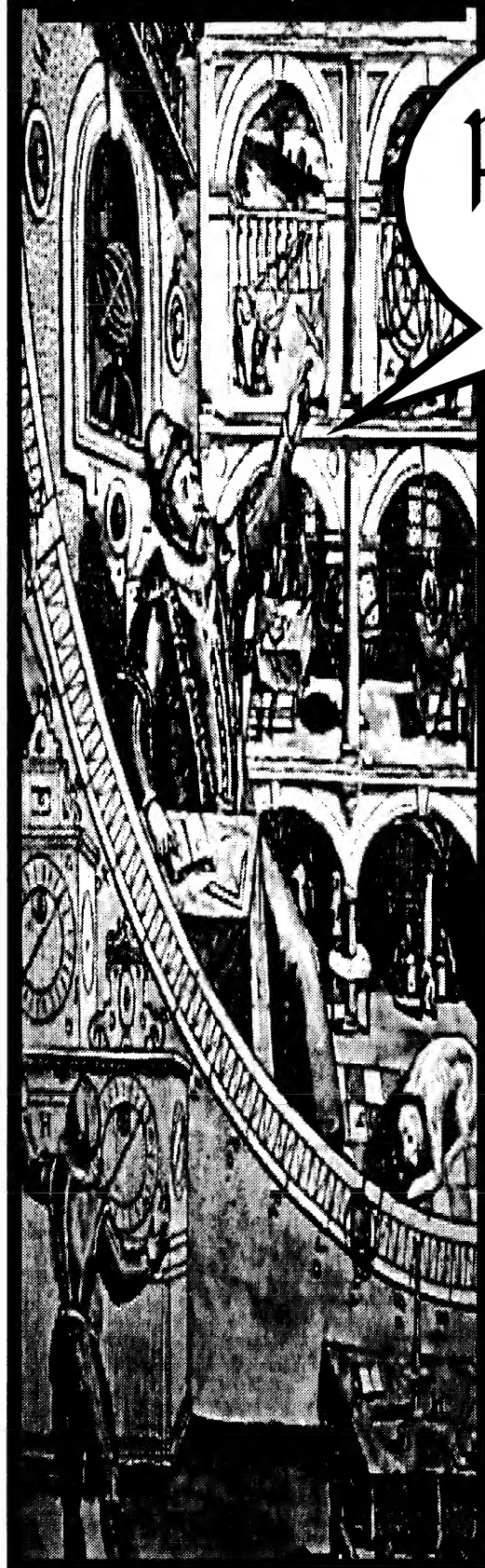
"Waita'sec," I barged in, "let me finish". Whether you believe in God or not, it doesn't matter. My point is, someone up there's 'fixing the game'; and it is bigger than a human life for sure." Mike didn't say anything, just stared into the open garden ahead of us. "So the fuck up



"THE FUTURE IS AT  
LEAST PARTLY SET."

...and now, some words of advice from that ol' sage

Samuel Stone



A hole in the ozone layer, massive build-up of carbon-dioxide in the atmosphere and we're chopping down a football field of trees a minute, decaying drums of nuclear waste at the bottom of the ocean, millions of tonnes of pollutants being added to the planet every day, all the world's topsoil disappearing rapidly, population exploding beyond control AND new and untreatable viruses

coming out of the blue (which one's gonna get you first?), anthrax, terrorists, nuclear fucking powers - and you wanna talk about the fucking future?!?

## FUTURE CROCK

Listen, sweetheart, it's as simple as this: There ain't no future; we're fucked.

Forget your dreams of blasting off to another planet when it gets a bit too hot down here - how permanent do you honestly think life on Mars is gonna be with no-one here on earth to back it up? Get real. Get a fuckin' act: the dream is over.

Forget any chance you reckon we've got to somehow regain some sort of balance. It's bullshit. Every time you fuck with Nature, whether you think (in your pathetic human mind) it's for better or worse, you fuck with Nature's BALANCE. We've tipped the scales so severely over the past couple of centuries that She's got a lot of real dirty work in front of Her, and the sad thing is the whole fucking planet's gonna have to suffer the consequences, not just the primitive homo-sapiens who fucked it all up in the first place. Nature has Her reasons for EVERYTHING, and we could never hope to fathom any more than the most basic premises and principles. So it's time we stopped trying.

The point is that all the scientific discoveries were just that: discoveries of the way Nature operates - they were not massive revelations or major developments, they were simply crude observations o~ an incredibly well integrated and complex system. Newton 'discovered' gravity: BULLSHIT, it's been there all along, just like Einstein's relativity, or the Periodic fucking Table, as inaccurate as it may be. We haven't 'harnessed' these things through our 'knowledge', we've abused them. What right have we got to touch atomic energy when we've got no idea what to do with the waste products, or even how to guarantee its safety? who do we think we are encapturing and/or vivisectioning animals for the purposes of 'scientific understanding'? We understand NOTHING, understand? Science does not 'understand', it just aims to discover, to know, and leaves the 'understanding' to the philosophers, whom it then attempts to denigrate. It's all bullshit, and we're the ones who will be forced to try to sift our way through it.

So, how bad you gonna smell when the shit hits the fan? 'Cos it will, and it's gonna splatter every fucker on the planet. It has to, it's the only way we're gonna stop acting like we own the place and realise it's all a lot more powerful than us. Time is a relative thing, and Nature's got a lot of it on Her hands, but the way we're going we're gonna be one of the shortest-lived species in Nature's distinguished history. Like, who the fuck would have kids in a time like this?



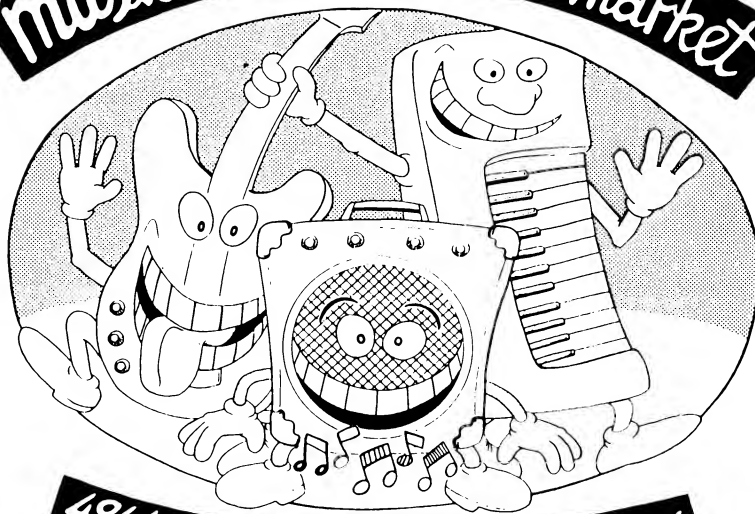
And whatcha gonna do to stop this apocalyptic vision? Recycle? Fuck off. How far do you reckon that's gonna get ya. You do realise that even recycling is an industrial process, even recycling pollutes the planet and continues to make things worse: the issue is simply a relative one - Do you wanna wipe the planet out in 15 years or 16? Anyway, what are you gonna do about all the shit you CAN'T recycle (like most of it): you know, all that glossy paper and all them placky bags and all your fucking concrete and bitumen and all that nuclear fucking waste....Watcha gonna do, eh? Eat it? Then what are you gonna do with your shit? Don't worry, just keep feeding it to the fish, we're bound to get it back again as we fish the waters totally out. Like, fuck, they pump over a million litres of pollutants into Hong Kong harbour alone EVERY DAY!!!



WHAT IF we somehow keep this planet alive...how are we gonna keep it going? Things run out, you know, that's why they call them non-renewable resources. Where you gonna get the aluminium, the steel, the plutonium and the oil? Out of your arse? Some time next century 50% of the population is gonna have diabetes. Fact. Imagine what Insulin's gonna be worth then. It's pretty cheap now, but don't count on it staying that

way if someone can make a big buck out of it by holding the world to ransom. We wouldn't have this situation if we didn't fuck with Nature in the first place and stop diabetics from dying like they should have. I sound like a callous bastard, don't I? I'll have you know some of my best friends are diabetics, but on the same note I wouldn't have known what I was missing if I'd never had the chance to meet them. It pays to believe in reincarnation at times like this, cos then you figure they'll probably have a better chance next time around. You also wonder just how fucking humane it is to keep alive all the people who've been condemned to an entire lifetime on a life-support system having carers cater for their every need; you know, arse wiping and all that shit - how undignified. You've gotta feel sorry for these people, AND wonder if they're really happy about having been kept alive  
f r o m

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birth because it was 'humane'. Bullshit, all it did was satisfy some fucking medico's ego, and give some half-wit social worker a job.

The world's fucked, and if any part of this has offended your sensibilities then that's just further evidence as far as I'm concerned. We ain't gonna improve things by going 'forward' either: it's 'progress' that created the fuck-up in the first place. There's only one way that things can get any better for the planet, and that's the way Nature's gonna send us: Backwards. The future is in the past. It's never going to be like it was, we've put paid to that, there's half a million less species on the planet than there was 200 years ago, so it simply can't be the same again. BUT, we can head in the right direction. We can get back to the concept of

community, and self-sufficiency, and, most of all, NOT INTERFERING. Let Nature takes Her course. It's often not pretty, nor is it necessarily comfortable, but this is just shit we're gonna have to learn to deal with again.

The further we head into the 'future' the harder we're going to get plunged into the past, it's as simple as that. Didn't Newton have a 'Law' that every action has an equal and opposite reaction? Well, here it comes, and it's gonna be a big sucker, so WATCH OUT! We're going to get snapped back to reality sooner or later so just get ready for it, cos it's gonna be pretty fuckin' ugly.

Me, I'm probably going to move out to the country, live on a commune, and turn feral. It's the only way. We are animals, after all.

IN A SHATTERED  
BOMBSHELTER THE  
LAST THING YOU WANT  
TO HEAR IS THE PLANE  
LANDING



The following article appeared in the underground zine "Cyberella" Issue #7 (Wintumn 2055.) "Cyberella" is written exclusively for and by Jockeys, Spiders and associated virtual surfers and is therefore contactable only through the clandestine organisation PISS (Personal Identity Security Services - no Matrix address provided but you know where to find them). The zine is not available on-line in any form to protect the freedom of speech of it's contributors, but those in the know can find it in hard-copy at some of their usual outlets.



# Gargoyle's Curse

By Tantra Hexx

Edited from the original by Susanna O.

Lately I've begun to notice Gargoyles in the Matrix. These 'entities' are distinct from the ones we have previously encountered and enjoyed. The tricky little Gremlins (viruses) that take more practice to kill than a Hyper-Nintendo, 12th level alien. Those wacky Ghouls otherwise known as information poltergeists, or the most recent phenomenon of Goblins (programs that fold in on themselves and implode without warning). From the historical Stego, created late last century by our mentor, the saintly Cypherella, through to the latest digital underground product like the (almost hack-proof) Gates-Crasher, the development of Digital Encryption Technology has been racing towards this point. The Gargoyle is the intersection of human psychosis and extraordinary cyber-skill. And if I dub it The Ultimate, by the time you pick up your next copy of "Cyberella", there'll no doubt be something newer, faster and meaner. Gargoyles seem to be a techno-hybrid. A mutant halfbreed of encryption programs, and some species of warped, military strength security device. They are by no means your average trip-wire however. Gargoyles don't 'look' like anything, at first. That is, when you're indulging in a bit of recreational hacking, chipping away at the edge of the 'ice', you won't notice them. You will probably get through several layers before they even manifest. Once inside you will begin to 'feel' what I can only describe as the 'Gargoyle's Curse'. A primal, creepy sensation that seeps through your virtual body into the nerve endings of your off-line

self. Suddenly you'll find yourself slipping, skidding, sliding, as if the fibre of cyberspace were coated with oil on teflon. You'll slam into banks of ancient binary that loom like Stone Henge then crumble into 'dust' pixels. Hallucinatory labyrinths, seemingly made of pure nothingness appear around you, ghost hallways, phantom doorways, Escher's stairways. Then they disappear and you will fall with rising fear, down wells of deleted space. If you manage to fight your panic thus far and overcome the acid taste of your own adrenaline, you will finally 'see' the Gargoyles. They're pretty unimpressive actually. Sort of a shadowy 3D form, crudely copied from the classical Gothic anthropomorph, but monochrome and rather like an old fashioned CAD drawing. They hover just on the brink of your peripheral vision, (wherever you look) and you begin to experience the ultimate overdose. A hyper-rush of Synthsmecc combined with the astral-like paralysis of Fazer and the mind-fuck of a triple Micro. As a result you'll be back tracking out of there in a frenzy over which you have no control. And before you know it, you'll be sitting in your room with your 'trodes in your sweating fists wondering what the hell just happened. What I have just described, I have encountered on at least 24 separate 'explorations', and several of my Jockey Droogs have reported almost identical experiences. (So I now know that Gargoyles are not a figment of my own, somewhat heinous imagination.) I have attempted to research their origin and have come to no concrete conclusions. All the Gargoyle pro-

ducing ice-fields known to me at this time are commercial agencies. All have had certain minor scandals linking senior directors to various Black-Link scams, some for contraband software, others for enhancing Interpol approved encryptions for supposed private use on company systems. One department head is a known Virtu-Sex peodophile and several others were traced to links with 'Ankhart', a subcult of the Masonic order. As I said, not a lot to go on.

As for the Gargoyles themselves - Obviously part of the program is military in origin and I would guess that there may have been some medical or psychological research person or persons involved in their creation. Certainly, according to my sources, there is nothing remotely as powerful available commercially or on the Black-Link.

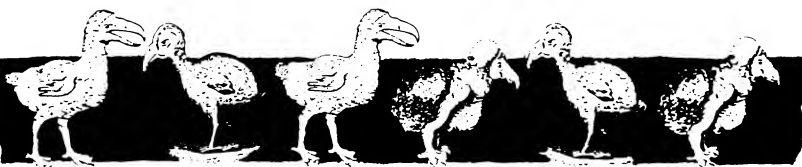
So in romantic resignation I have given up my quest for the Gargoyle's genesis. I have decided that they are like the gargoyles of old - hewn by the human hand in a world of suspicion, megalomania and supernatural fervour. Set these graven images upon the portals of your sacred institutions. Suffuse them with incantations bearing arcane spells. Let there be no denial lest the shadow of Death descends in a mighty Wrath. From within you but without you, they shall be empowered. And behold! The Spirits of Evil shall be driven from your door.

Which is rather a fab way to think about it. Anything that transforms me from a mere Deck-Jockey playing cyber-outlaw, into an Evil Spirit of the Matrix, has got to be worth playing with, wouldn't you say?



# FISHTALK

REID



— I'm sure. Seeing a seagull crap in mid flight was the inspiration bombing runs.  
 — Umm... a deep longing in humans. Not just to be able to fly, but to do ariel do-dos.  
 — Yeah; the dodo do-dos.  
 — Well, people have to pause - come to a complete halt to do it.  
 — Um huh, it's a vulnerable time, stopping with your pants down. We build little fortified cubicles, so you can lock the enemy out.  
 — Mmmm, washrooms with draw-bridges..  
 — You know what kind of advantage you'd have on Wall street if you could eliminate the down time.  
 — You mean a porta-pottie strapped to your ass? What about fasting through working hours?  
 — Nah, no marketability.  
 — What about toilet bowls instead of chairs; right there at the work desk?  
 — You make defecation sound like the enemy within.  
 — No, that's the guy who controls the marketing of toilet paper. He who controls the production of toilet paper controls the world.

— No. He who controls distribution. Jimmy Hoffa, eat your heart out - Now: Teamsters are too far down the foodchain. With the reins of production in hand, you cut off distribution to truck-stop diners. You think those drivers are going to settle for a diet Pepsi?  
 — This is a Goldfinger concept: Imagine what the KGB would've paid. The iron curtain could be re-done in platinum. We could still have the Berlin Wall. Letting that go was like recycling the stones from Charles Cathedral to build a Disney Land in Europe. It should've has a heritage order smacked on it. You're born with a Cold War and end up with just another parking lot.  
 — If we'd only got this idea to the KGB on time. Marketed it.  
 — Naw, they didn't even have potatoes to pay for something like this. They knew about it. You can't keep something this big a secret. It was more than a case of crying in your beer - there is vodka, Memorial Bottles, made from KGB tears. But the idea didn't die there: There was a defector, a defecator who came across to the CIA. They are experimenting with a couple of small third world countries. They

introduce toilet paper. The idea is to get them hooked. It takes maybe one, two generations at the most. They forget old habits and you've got total control. Forget bananas. It's coffee they're after. Coffee and sugar. You can't organise something like the Gulf War without it. Not on that scale. You got coffee with two lumps and then you're cooking with gas. The guy that's got the gas is the guy that cooks the goose. Forget nuclear. Gas is still the Golden Stool. The Enola Gay laid one of those.  
 — Yeah, it was petroleum that took that plane the distance. Without that, the Enola Gay couldn't've been the goose that dropped the Golden Stool, full flight over Hiroshima.  
 — It's the innate desire in us to have a bowel movement of truly *heroic* proportions. It comes from early childhood when Mum says, "Oh, Johnny, *that's* very good", before she pulls the flusher and down it goes - Bango, *there's* your sunrise.(excerpt for Satomi Hirano)

**Terry Reid talks to Eddie Fiction**  
 caffeine recording  
 Ambleside, British Columbia

**Biographical note:** Terrence Reid has worked in picture, word and acts in conjunction with cross-discipline Fluxus artists: was the message in the bottle bobbing on the shores of Australia and New Zealand for the New York correspondence school of Art(ists), write(rs) and other(s); ran the Japan branch (Bank of Tokyo) for Vancouver-based Image Bank Terry is unfiling (sometime defiling) imagery that is the common currency of unconscious (even if highly visible ) culture, and has recently completed a running dialogue with Marcel Duchamp at the side of his Fountain with the signature, R Mutt. He prefers the telephone to writing.

*"A Fun Store With Real  
Neat Stuff"*

**STAR  
WARS**

**Action figures**

**MARVEL  
COMICS**

**REN & STIMPY**

**DC COMICS**

**SIMPSONS COMICS**

**COLLECTIBLES**

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**THE LAND BEYOND BEYOND** 583 George St Sydney. Ph: 267 6279

# 21ST CENTURY HAS JUST BEGUN!

漫  
通  
漫  
通



## Project A-KO

Directed by Katsuhiro Nishijima Saint Trinian's and Flash Gordon meet in this bizarre romantic triangle between the school girl heroin, the class bully and a bawling sidekick both girls want as there special friend. The kids express differences by whipping up giant home-made fighting robots and turning the school to rubble. Then, wouldn't ya know it, an alien invasion fleet arrives to reclaim the sidekick who turns out to be a lost cosmic princess. The vague feminism in the script is belied by the tacky way an all-female space civilisation is shown to be useless despite awesome powers. A twist ending, suggests that the hero-in is the daughter of Clark Kent and Lois Lane.



THE CYBER PUNK COLLECTION

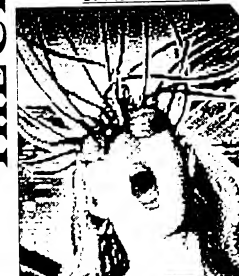
## 1. CYBER CITY OEDO 6.8



## 2. GENOCYBER



## 3. AD POLICE



Surfing the gnarly anime waters within the net?  
Hang Ten on these...

## WEB SITES

<http://www.imsa.edu/~leda/anime/>  
<http://csclub.uwaterloo.ca/u/mivanbie/anime-list/>

## NEWS GROUPS

rec.arts.anime • rec.arts.manga  
alt.binaries.pictures.anime • rec.arts.anime.stories

**ROUJIN-Z** By the year 2020, a quarter of Japan's population will be over 65y.o. Katsuhiro Ohtomo - internationally acclaimed for his masterpiece AKIRA - has created a bold new vision of the future with ROUJIN-Z is directed by Hiroyuki Kitsukubo, and presents a cold blooded solution to the problem of the elderly in the form of a robotic like support system - programmed to respond to the pensioners every need. However initial trials on the unsuspecting Mr Takizawa bring about some alarming results, implying the real reason behind the machine's development!



## SOAPBOX SOUNDOFF

Concerning this thing ANIME (Japanese Animation) it's amazing to watch: The eyes are wide, as dinnerplaten flashing, sparkling brightly as you cry out: "THERE YOU ARE, YOU HEINOUS CRIMINAL BATILSHIP!!!!!" or "Tench!, tonight we are going to get REAL wet!" There they are blazing away with limitless ammo or trying to win over the richest playboy in the entire galaxy---only to find out that he loves another and our heroine screams the place down--- literally.

The robots used are like kitchen appliance at that went on a steroid binge and need the power bill in through the roof... or maybe it's the Year 2022 and you're up against bloody giant hulking things called "boomers" who want to kick you to kingdom come and when these people come to the rescue; in an (I repeat a sound) "THE TWIGHT SABBERS!!!!" all togard up in harduits (I repeat a sound) "THE TWIGHT SABBERS!!!!" all togard up in harduits from head to toe that weigh a (I repeat a sound) "THE TWIGHT SABBERS!!!!" all togard up in harduits maintain than a 1977 Holden..... you try doing all that & get a boy friend when each word you speak comes out in yellow nubilation.....

Then the sun rises and everyone looks relieved at 6am as sugar sweet melodies play in the background and refuse to leave your subconscious for weeks on end.

This otaku found God in a cathode ray tube in 1994 and will continue on as one who has seen the light.....

1994/8/14/14

# No Soft Leftovers



'It's the clow that brings out the meow' ~ k. kinder.

The end

© kinder surprises..... Created by k. kinder  
 with special thanks to Emma  
 Drawn by k. kinder... 1995



**Blind Melon:  
the new album SOUP**



**So good you could eat it  
Available August**



# SEX, LIES &

Woody Allen touched on it in *Sleeper*. *Star Wars* was strictly for si-fi freaks into the missionary position and egg timers. If you're into blondes then perhaps Melanie Griffith and *Cherry 2000* is your fantasy sex future. Whilst for mine you can't go past Jane Fonda in that silver lame number...any woman who can fuse the Orgasmatron has my vote for the future Senate. Barbarella and CNN's Ted Turner... Jane, what went wrong?

But I get ahead of myself (now that would be a handy cybersex aid). Technology and gender, cybersex, cybercelibacy, and the net. What is a cyber-woman? A cyber-man? How will technology affect your perception of each other? Who and how will you be bonking come the next century? What will they look like, feel like, and how will they want you to look and feel?

On the score of technology and gender, one group exploring some of these notions is VNS Matrix. VNS Matrix (Josephine Starrs, Julianne Pierce, Francesca de Rimini and Virginia Barratt) formed in South Australia in 1991; as Julianne Pierce remembers, "Cold Adelaide nights in winter, there's not much to do except sit around and drink red wine and write manifestos". Their *Cyberfeminist Manifesto for the 21st Century* - which explains the mission to "... hijack the toys from the technocowboys and remap cyberculture with a feminist bent" - has been translated into Russian, French, Spanish, Italian and Japanese (now i'd like to read that!). As Julianne so eloquently put it "...we wanted to undermine the phallogocentric order and create the cuntocentric order."

So what exactly does technology like this offer to today's cyberfeminist? As Julianne points out "Cyber-space is a new frontier that is ready for colonisation...it's a chance for women." That chance coming in the form of information and the access to information: "Information is destined to be the most valuable commodity of the next century." VNS Matrix have just received funding to take their latest creation *All New Gen* from its current CD Rom form to a full blown video game. *All New Gen* is a cyber-heroine with a posse of "DNA

sluts" - Patina de Panties, Dentata, and the Princess of Slime. Armed only with G-Slime these cyber-babes must battle the likes of techno bimbo Circuit Boy (who is all peccs, abs, and groin... quite literally) and the Cortex Crones. Thier mission- should they choose to

accept it - is to sabotage the databanks of Big Daddy Mainframe by rupturing the Fractal Mountains of Bliss!

Inherent in creating *All New Gen* was the idea of looking at gender and sexual orientation via the male orientated form of the computer game. "We wanted to develop female characters that are strong and active and self-determining". In doing this much debate has occurred within the group as to the physical representation of Gen and the DNA Sluts. They have chosen to move Gen from her initial humanoid form - something akin to Wonderwoman! - to her current "morphous mist" form, the depiction of what is acceptable and desirable being an ongoing debate within the group. They are one of the first to actually explore the

les placed upon our imagination by a useful but extremely limited material world. Yet in another publication earlier this year Julianne was described by a female writer as "the groups voluptuous visual theorist" - alterations' fun, perhaps the point becomes confused sometimes.

Wandering through the red light districts of cyber-space they called it. Certainly it put strolling through Amsterdam into perspective, lean cuisine against a veritable royal banquet. Take a look at the menu, what's your preference? Fetishes maybe? Leather, shoes, feathers, underwear, latex, or lame ... all these and much more. perhaps you'd rather a gender swap for the evening without the messy surgery, or little children, how about a touch of beastiality for desert (plant life available for vegetarians).

But this is the boring stuff, cyber-porn is strictly for voyeurs only. What about some more interactive mediums?

On the more immediate scene there is the near-derthals version of virtual sex. In Queensland Edward (Eddie?) Dregg has already created his prototype prostitute - Sex Object #1. S.O. #1 is a mixture of your old fashion inflatable job body-wise - silicone prosthetics to be a touch more precise - which your future John mounts ... give me ol' Silver any day, Hi ho ... where was I? Ah yes... having mounted ol' S.O. #1 the John then places his head in what looks suspiciously like a rubbish bin (if the minds in the gutter then the head may as well be in ...) which contains the audio, video and interactive stimuli to complete the experience.

"It doesn't have to look exactly like a woman - it has to feel perfect. And in a dimly lit room you won't be able to tell the difference"... Edward, Edward, Edward. Did I say that this was invented in Queensland, that's right Billy Moore, "Queeeeeeeeeeeeeenslander!!!"

What about interaction with another living being. Sounds more attractive so to speak? Lets try some nookie on the net. "Sex on the net is when you describe stuff to people...its like interactive pornography, its like you're living through a

anti-destination society internal memo  
SIC: 483/516/887/t

lessons in mastication part 7  
lick the green bit off the textured edge and place c next to d as per the enclosed diagram. note the seams and pleats as per the instructions in the manual and do not bring into contact with nylon. after washing (cold/hand) spin dry and display in the round window.

anti-destination society internal memo  
SIC: 776/294/9231/u

/sheroes in ram scam/i need more ram!/kinky pinky stinky/random access mummy/it's these boys toys that coys/and blush hush us shy retiring types/but we're amused and amusing/and running on empire/

internal memo: destination society  
SIC: 573MS/372PI/220LA  
Agent 7031422 reports:

Page 1/11  
Subject entered fantasy lounge 28, "DEPRIVALS",  
"in SIC 879FH/493JE/216HK  
Subject palced a large balck case of a plastic material onto baggage check-in belt three.  
Subject walked around the perimeter of lounge nineteen times  
Subject visited magazine concession fifty eight times  
Subject visited restrooms four times

(blah blah blah blah)

Page 11/11  
Subject remains in fantasy lounge 28 with baggage.  
Awaiting instructions. /ends.

endless forms that now become available to us in cyber space. Lets face it, humanoid physicality is so boring when compared to the mist, morphs and mutations we can now free our mind to roam with. This is a chance to throw the shack-

# CHRIS PEKEN

# HARD-DRIVES

pornographic story" says Julianne. The magic of fibre optics, the advent of e-mail, and now the net has meant increased efficiency in every sphere of human communication. Initially conceived to aid business, it hasn't taken long for people to expand upon the uses of the e-mail systems at work. Forget the Xmas party chat-up line, the smouldering look at the photo copier, your most valuable asset is now a good set of fingers ... skill at the keyboard is essential for future office Cassanovas.

"...plucked her eyebrows along the way, shaved her legs, and then he was a she"... that was how Lou Reed saw it circa 1972. A couple of decades on and its even easier. As with e-mail, it is the anonymity of sex on the net that is the appeal for Julianne and many others: "You can play around with fantasies..."; for it is here that gender can become blurred, as do all the physicalities. You can fuck boys, girls... whatever. But perhaps more importantly you can choose your gender, your physicality. This idea of "gender hacking" shows how limited our current virtual reality sex applications have been. Want to be a middle aged sex siren for a night, play out your S&M fantasies, how about a hot, wet, sticky evening with Eddie? Damm it, be Eddie!!! Choose your sex and your partners. How about some transsexual body contact! It is certainly a great form of safe sex. And the benefits that flow back to a more traditional sex life? Julianne: "I think that net sex actually enhances your sex life... you become more imaginative, people teach you things on the net".

Is this your future? One hand on the keyboard, one on the mouse...or madly pumping a virtual garbage bin? Head sex. Is that what Lou meant by "...take a walk on the wild side"? - it probably is.



Aknowledgements: Julianne, Shane, Mark, Ruth, Gail and Lou.



## Duet for Nymph and Compaq

I love my computer.  
I love his moulded plastic casing.  
I love his five plug pin.  
I love his function keys.  
I love his hard return.  
Oooh its electrifying.  
I just adore his hard drive  
I love how he aligns me.  
Oh baby, force justify me.  
Oh, baby, Byte me, byte me, mega byte me.  
I'd like to check your hard disk for viruses baby.  
ah honey, Ram me, Ram me, Double Ram me.  
My mouse is waiting for your touch.  
Please, oh please put your insertion point in my paragraph.  
Oh baby, indent me now.  
Ah baby, cut copy, paste me,  
Ah honey, you waste me.  
Oh pump me through your modem.  
Save me on your floppy disk.  
Ah baby spurt me with your bubble jet.  
Ah baby, baby, baby...

I've been scanned.

Excerpt from the performance piece

"TECH-NOH"

by Gail Priest.

Kindly reproduced with Gail's permission.

anti-destination society internal memo  
STC: 334/564/901/c

in the  
autonomous zone  
i haunt your dreams  
the wet words a cave of  
delightful sublimation over  
extended periods of time  
coaxing you along lurid adventure  
here in the deep of you i  
trigger myself off to feed on  
the concrete ache of your dreams  
the morsels are soft and sweet  
and you crave  
we dance together and i kiss  
your neck, lay my head in the  
text of you  
where once you could take it  
or leave it now you are subject  
to addiction  
i visit rarely and you only  
realise how short when i bite  
your jugular and am gone  
before the blood dries  
i will not stay for a post-coital  
cigarette: you don't smoke and  
i can only know you so well so  
i take what i must  
and yet remember, if i did not  
care for you i would not  
come here to this  
virtual world.

text in black boxes by  
zina @ mpx.com.au  
she can be contacted on her  
www site by punching in -  
http://hepworth.cfa.unsw.edu.au  
/gallery/students/ug/zina  
/fantasylounges.html  
do it direct  
do it collect  
but do it today !



@VNS Matrix





# GAYZING

*Mikol Furneaux 1995*

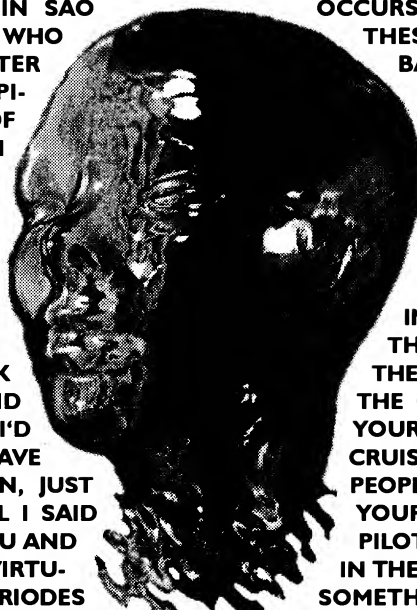
**THE EMPIRE NEVER GOT STARTED AND DEMONS HAVE  
NEVER GUARDED THE STARS. BABYLON NO LONGER  
BREATHES AND THOSE INVENTED WORDS OF DISTRUST  
HAVE ALL BUT TAKEN ON THE MOLECULAR  
SHAPES OF YOUR BODY.**

THE USE OF FOETAL TISSUE IS NOW COMMONPLACE WITH MAJOR ADVANCES IN SEXUAL SURGERY, UNDIFFERENTIATED CLITORAL TISSUE FROM FOETAL BODIES IS USED TO ENHANCE THE SEXUAL MOIRÉ OF MANY A RICH KID. SPECIAL IMPLANTS IN THE THROAT AND OTHER ORIFICES HAVE HAD A PROFOUND EFFECT ON THE LOCATION AND CONVENTION OF THE ORGASM AS WE KNOW IT TODAY. IN THE YEAR 2525 PUBLIC SEX IS NO LONGER OUTLAWED: PEOPLE OF ALL PERSUASIONS COPULATE IN THE AFTERNOON SUNSHINE. OXFORD STREET IS THE SAME PLACE IT ALWAYS WAS, EXCEPT IT'S CLEANER AND THE TRAFFIC IS ONE WAY. SMART DRINK SHOPS SPREAD OUT OVER THE UNUSED ROAD AND THE TAYLOR SQUARE PIETAS IS A POPULAR TOURIST HAUNT. THAT'S WHERE ME AND MY FRIEND CARLOS ARE GOING RIGHT NOW. THE SMELL OF MARIJUANA DRIFTS ACROSS THE WIDE AND EXPANSIVE SANDSTONE WALKWAY. WE TAKE COFFEE AT THE 191 INTERNET CAFE AND TALK TO GUYS IN SAO PAULO ABOUT MISS TRANSVESTITE 2069, WHO CAME FROM DARLINGHURST AND AFTER WINNING SEVERAL NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS HE HELD THE COVETED TITLE OF MISS TRAN 2069. CARLOS HAD SLEPT WITH THIS GUY OR RATHER HAD SPENT THE NIGHT IN VIRTUAL SEX WITH HIM. I AM AN OLD FUDDY DUDDY WHEN IT COMES TO VIRTUAL SEX I STILL PREFER THE REAL THING EVEN IF IT IS MESSY AND TIME CONSUMING. OH WELL I ALWAYS SAID 'WHAT EVER YOUR INTO MATE'. AND SO WE WERE HAVING THIS SMART DRINK WHEN A GUY ROLLS IN OFF HIS PADS AND SITS RIGHT NEXT TO ME AND ASKS ME IF I'D GO VIRTUAL WITH HIM. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS DUDE HE WAS HEAVEN MAN, JUST ACHING: HIS NAME WAS FRANCES. WELL I SAID 'HOW ABOUT THE REAL THING HONEY YOU AND ME?' 'NO WAY' HE SAYS HE 'ONLY GOES VIRTUAL'. 'WELL OK' I SAY 'I'D LOVE TO SWAP TRIODES WITH YOU MAN'. OK WE FINISH OUR SMARTS AND

WALKED TO THE LOCAL SEX CLUB. FOR 200 NEW YEN WE GET THE WHOLE TRIP AND THE OPTION OF FREE FALL FUCKING AS A BONUS ON OUR NEXT VISIT. WAY TO GO. SO THE SET UP GOES LIKE THIS: WE EACH GET A RIG CONSISTING OF A WHOLE BODY SUIT WHICH RAISES AND LOWERS YOUR TEMPERATURE AND ALSO 'FEELS' YOUR BODY REGISTRATIONS, THE CONTOURS, THE PRESSURE POINTS ETC. ALL THIS CAN BE MAPPED ONTO THE OTHER PARTICIPANTS BODY SUITS AND WHAM YOU GET THE SIMULATED TOUCH OF THE OTHER PERSON FEELING LIKE WHO EVER YOU WANT.. OF COURSE THERE IS A SPECIAL SECTION ON THE PART THAT GOES ON YOUR DICK AND ARSE HOLE. IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE TO HAVE A COMPLETE MULTIPLE ORGASM WITH OUT AN ERECTION AND WITHOUT ACTUALLY COMING. THIS IS THE BIG ATTRACTION TO THE BRAIN-STEM-PATTERN-ENGINEERING-SOFTWARE WHICH REPLICATES THE CHEMICAL MESSAGING THAT

OCCURS WHEN ORGASM IS REACHED.

THESE NERVE SENSATIONS ARE ALL BASED ON CELL-MEMORY ACTIVATION, SO PROVIDING YOU HAVE HAD A LEAST ONE GOOD ORGASM IN YOUR LIFE THIS WILL DO THE TRICK. AS A CONCILIATION TO MY DESIRE FOR OLD FASHIONED SEX, FRANCES AGREED TO THE OLDER AND BULKIER SEX TRIODES. WE BOTH DECIDED TO KISS IN REAL TIME BEFORE AND AFTER THE SUITS HAD TAKEN OVER. THIS IS THE MORE POLITE FORM OF VR SEX THE ONE WHERE YOU ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR PARTNERS' REALITY. WE WENT CRUISING TOGETHER MEETING OTHER PEOPLE IN VR AT THE TIME, HAVING YOUR COCK SUCKED BY A FIGHTER PILOT AT TWENTY THOUSAND METERS IN THE MIDDLE OF AN INTENSE BATTLE IS SOMETHING ELSE. I THOUGHT BEING FUCKED AS THE TITANIC WENT DOWN WAS



# INTO THE FUTURE

EXCITING. TRY THE MARTIAN TANGO, GETTING IT ON IN FREE FALL IS HARDER THAN YOU THINK. A SIMPLE TOSS CAN SEND YOU SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL. NOW THE EARTH IS A SMALLER PLACE WITH LESS PEOPLE AND A POPULATION RATE YOU WOULD DIE FOR. THERE IS EVEN TALK OF ENCOURAGING PEOPLE TO HAVE CHILDREN AGAIN. ME AND MY PARTNER JACK HAVE ADOPTED A LITTLE GIRL FROM OUT IN THE SUBURBS AND SHE IS DOING JUST FINE. MOST OF MY FRIENDS DON'T HAVE ANY CHILDREN AND HAVE NO PLANS TO. I MEAN IT'S SUCH AN EXPENSE AND TWENTY YEARS AGO YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN LOOKED DOWN UPON, ESPECIALLY IF YOU HAD MORE THAN THE ONE STATE SANCTIONED CHILD. SOMEBODY HAS TO MAKE THE HUMAN RACE AND KEEP IT GOING. HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE GAY? SEEMS THAT WAY IN THE 21ST CENTURY. THE MID NIGHT SHIFT BAR UNDERWENT ITS 21ST REFIT LAST SUMMER AND IS HERALDED AS THE LONGEST RUNNING GAY BAR IN THE COUNTRY. THE MARDI GRAS IS SO BIG NOW YOU DON'T GO TO THE PARADE ANYMORE JUST TO THE PARTY. ALTHOUGH I DID GO TO THE PARADE LAST YEAR AND THE SATELLITE VISUALS WERE GREAT, EVERYONE'S FAVOURITE ARE THE HOMOGRAPHIC DANCING BOYS. YOU CAN TAKE A SAMPLE OF CYBER-PROTEIN AND HAVE ANY ONE OF THEM ON LINE AT THE PARTY LATER. MY FATHER AND HIS BOYFRIEND CAME LAST YEAR AND WE HAD TO GO TO THE PARADE AS IT WAS THEIR FIRST BIG CITY EXPERIENCE.

headphoto by stan wilson



**THERE IS NO REVOLUTION, NO STRUGGLE,  
NO PATH TO MESMERISE ONE'S HORIZON.  
JUST THE RADIANCE AND INSTANT  
RECOGNITION OF NOW  
AVATARS OF CHOICE  
SABOTEURS OF AMOUR FOU**

SPACE: CAN YOU IMAGINE THE AMOUNT OF SPACE THERE WON'T BE IN THE FUTURE IT WILL BE STUDIO APARTMENT LIVING FOR MOST OF US THOSE SMALL ROOMS: A COMPLETE LIVING SCENARIO. A LIGHT FOR THOSE THAT LIVE IN NEO TOKYO A SOCIAL MOIRÉ BUILT UP ON THE SPACE THEY DON'T HAVE WITH US, IN AUSTRALIA, STILL THE MOST URBANISED PROVINCE ON THE PLANET WE ARE USED TO THOSE OPEN SWEEPING PLAINS, AT LEAST IN THE IMAGINARY HORIZONS OF OUR COLLECTIVE MIND. DEEP TECH IMAGING HAS GIVEN US A NO-HOLDS-BARRED ACCESS TO THE REALMS OF THE MINDS' FANTASY, THE ALL TOO DISTANT FUTURE, ALMOST TO THE GRASP OF REALITY. NOW VAST ECO GARDENS TRAVERSE THOSE WIDE AND SWEEPING PLAINS. THE LEGEND LIVES ON. NEVER MIND THE SMELL OF BURNT TOAST, IF YOU CAN FIND THE TOASTER AMIDST THE TWO METER SQUARE KITCHEN CUBICLE, YOU'RE HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT ANYTHING. WE MOSTLY EAT OUT AT ANY NUMBER OF DINEAWAYS, AND TAKE VITAMIN SUPPLEMENTS. ALCOHOL SALES HAVE GONE RIGHT DOWN, WHAT WITH THE SMART DRINKS AND THE LEGALISATION OF THE DRUG SUBCULTURE, DRINKING ALCOHOL IS RESERVED FOR THOSE OUTDATED TWENTIETH CENTURY FAMILY GATHERINGS.

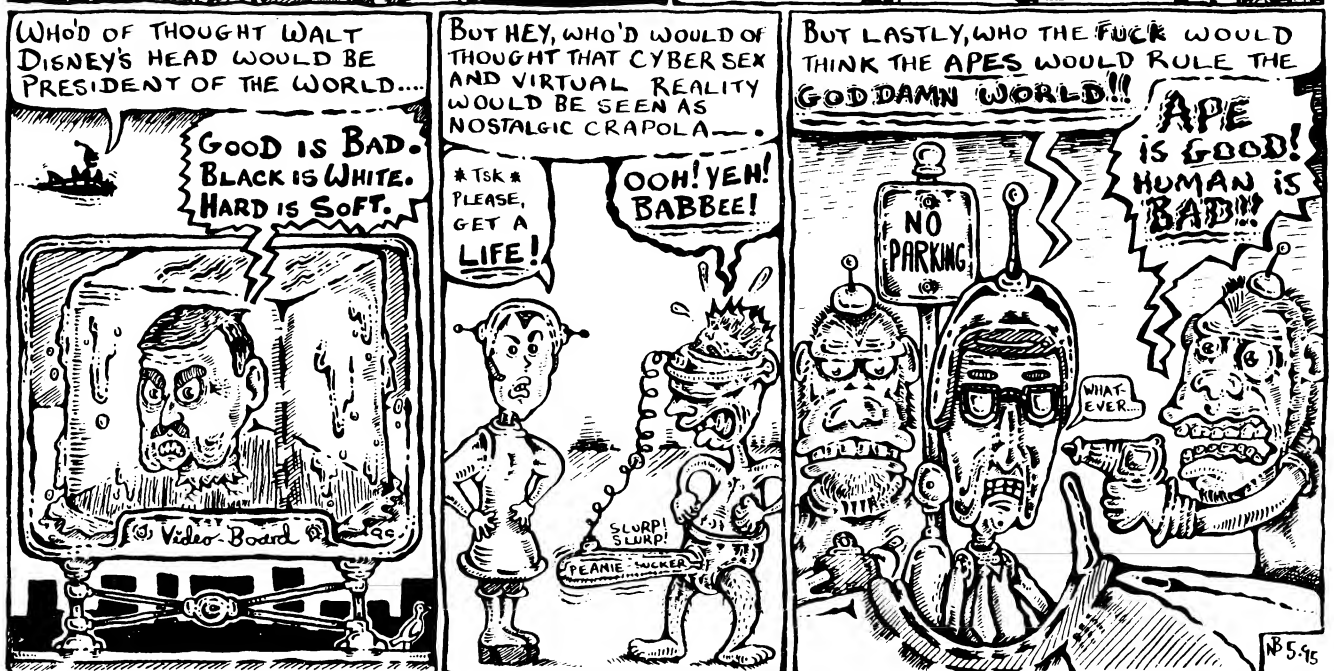
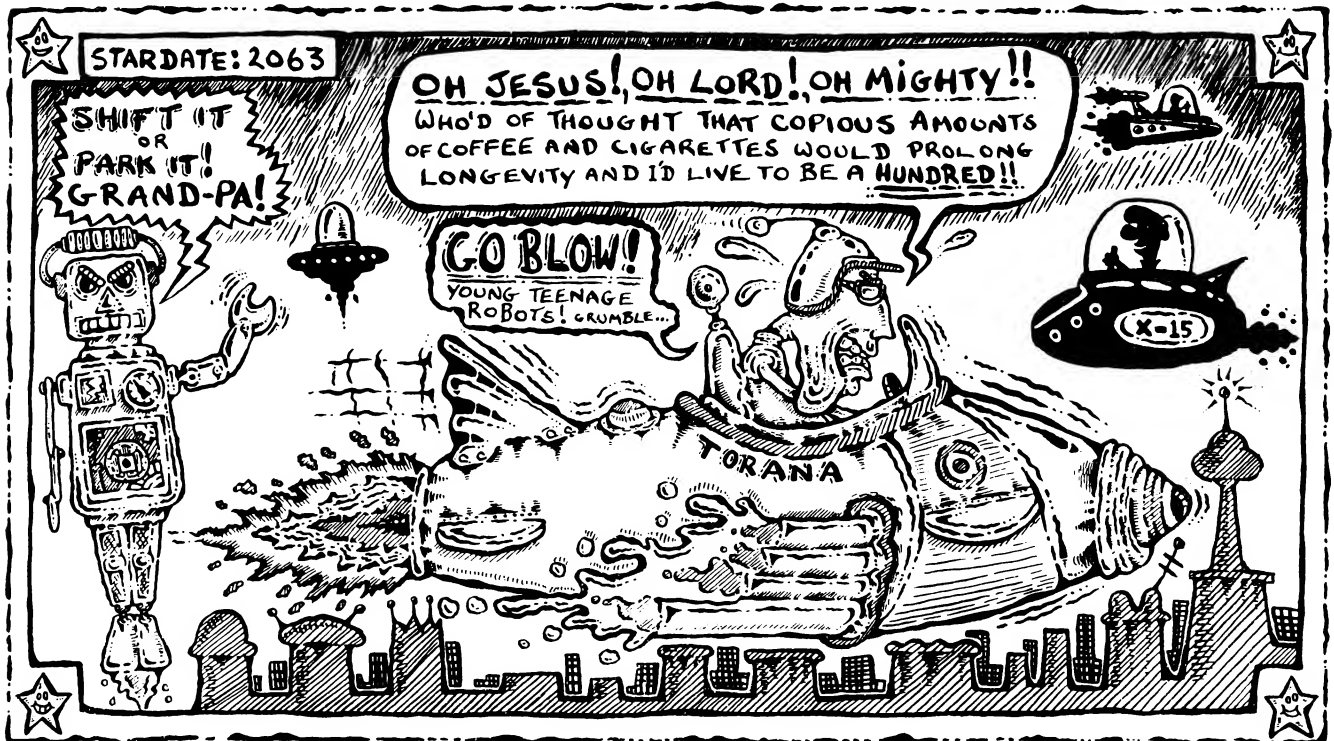
Qzine: PO Box 11 New South Wales 2017  
 email: walker@queerzine.com.au

## Q U E E R

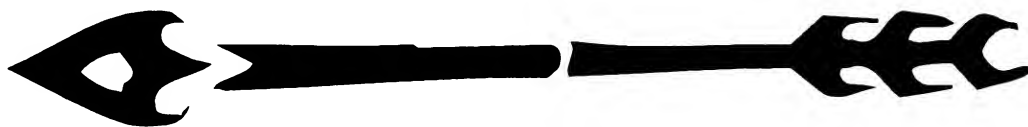


## Z I N E

Queerzine is a Contributor based project. The freaks from the street speak out on Sex Music and Kulcha. Fiction Reviews Comix Rants Raves  
Get hold of the Premier Spaced Out Issue in September at your cool Record or Bookshop.







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#### Vagus Wandering

ep

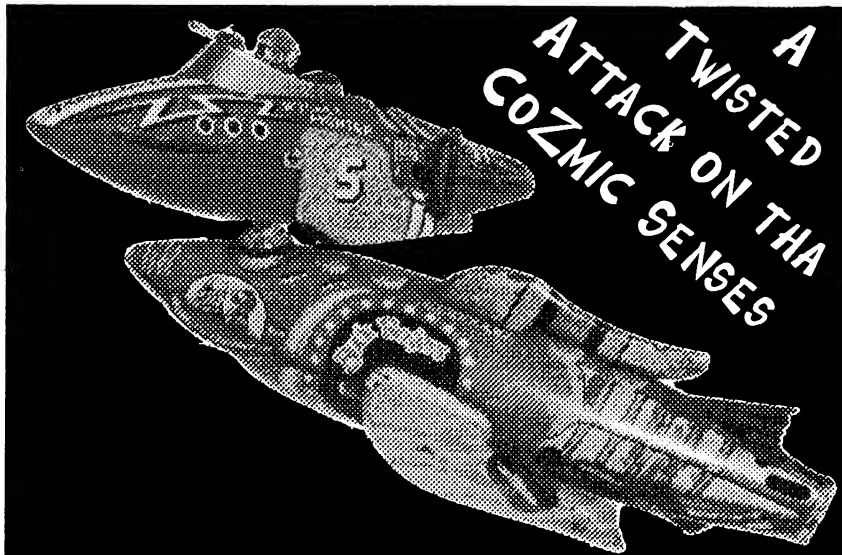
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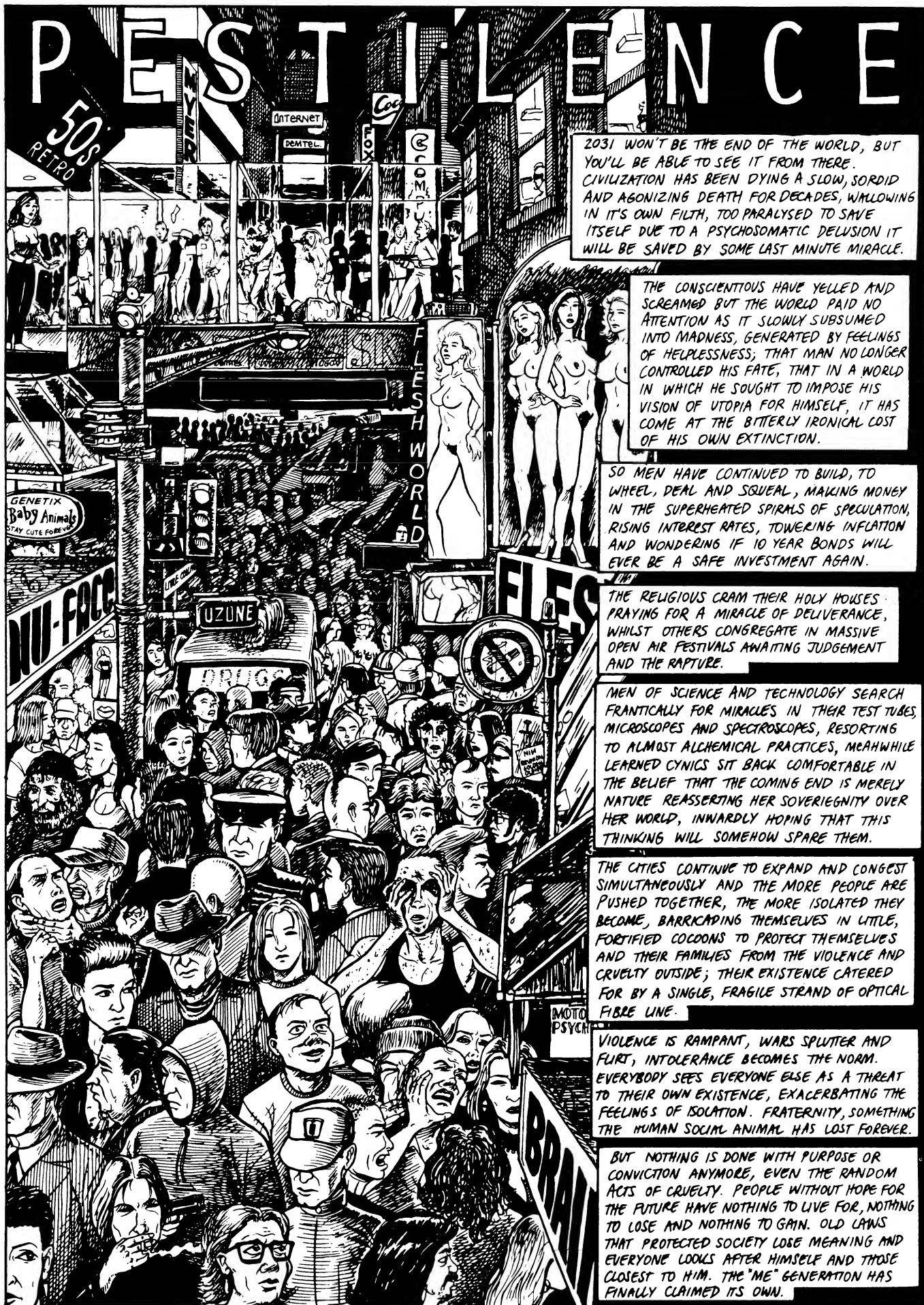
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# PESTILENCE



2031 WON'T BE THE END OF THE WORLD, BUT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IT FROM THERE. CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN DYING A SLOW, SORDID AND AGONIZING DEATH FOR DECADES, WALLOWING IN ITS OWN FILTH, TOO PARALYSED TO SAVE ITSELF DUE TO A PSYCHOSOMATIC DELUSION IT WILL BE SAVED BY SOME LAST MINUTE MIRACLE.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS HAVE YELLED AND SCREAMED BUT THE WORLD PAID NO ATTENTION AS IT SLOWLY SUBSUMED INTO MADNESS, GENERATED BY FEELINGS OF HELPLESSNESS; THAT MAN NO LONGER CONTROLLED HIS FATE, THAT IN A WORLD IN WHICH HE SOUGHT TO IMPOSE HIS VISION OF UTOPIA FOR HIMSELF, IT HAS COME AT THE BITTERLY IRONICAL COST OF HIS OWN EXTINCTION.

SO MEN HAVE CONTINUED TO BUILD, TO WHEEL, DEAL AND SQUEAL, MAKING MONEY IN THE SUPERHEATED SPIRALS OF SPECULATION, RISING INTEREST RATES, TOWERING INFLATION AND WONDERING IF 10 YEAR BONDS WILL EVER BE A SAFE INVESTMENT AGAIN.

THE RELIGIOUS CRAM THEIR HOLY HOUSES, PRAYING FOR A MIRACLE OF DELIVERANCE, WHILST OTHERS CONGREGATE IN MASSIVE OPEN AIR FESTIVALS AWAITING JUDGEMENT AND THE RAPTURE.

MEN OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY SEARCH FRANTICALLY FOR MIRACLES IN THEIR TEST TUBES, MICROSCOPES AND SPECTROSCOPES, RESORTING TO ALMOST ALCHEMICAL PRACTICES, MEANWHILE LEARNED CYNICS SIT BACK COMFORTABLE IN THE BELIEF THAT THE COMING END IS MERELY NATURE REASSERTING HER SOVEREIGNTY OVER HER WORLD, INWARDLY HOPING THAT THIS THINKING WILL SOMEHOW SPARE THEM.

THE CITIES CONTINUE TO EXPAND AND CONGEST SIMULTANEOUSLY AND THE MORE PEOPLE ARE PUSHED TOGETHER, THE MORE ISOLATED THEY BECOME, BARRICADING THEMSELVES IN LITTLE, FORTIFIED COCOONS TO PROTECT THEMSELVES AND THEIR FAMILIES FROM THE VIOLENCE AND CRUELTY OUTSIDE; THEIR EXISTENCE CATERED FOR BY A SINGLE, FRAGILE STRAND OF OPTICAL FIBRE LINE.

VIOLENCE IS RAMPANT, WARS SPLUTTER AND FLIRT, INTOLERANCE BECOMES THE NORM. EVERYBODY SEES EVERYONE ELSE AS A THREAT TO THEIR OWN EXISTENCE, EXACERBATING THE FEELINGS OF ISOLATION. FRATERNITY, SOMETHING THE HUMAN SOCIAL ANIMAL HAS LOST FOREVER.

BUT NOTHING IS DONE WITH PURPOSE OR CONVICTION ANYMORE, EVEN THE RANDOM ACTS OF CRUELTY. PEOPLE WITHOUT HOPE FOR THE FUTURE HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR, NOTHING TO LOSE AND NOTHING TO GAIN. OLD LAWS THAT PROTECTED SOCIETY LOSE MEANING AND EVERYONE LOOKS AFTER HIMSELF AND THOSE CLOSEST TO HIM. THE 'ME' GENERATION HAS FINALLY CLAIMED ITS OWN.

BUT THERE IS NO PLACE TO HIDE.

NOTHING CAN ESCAPE THE EFFLUENTS THAT MODERN LIVING GENERATES. THE WATER, THE AIR, THE FOOD, THE LAND... ALL CONTAMINATED AND DEGRADED. EXPLOITED, DIGESTED AND WE'RE LEFT WITH THE EXCRETEMENT WHICH IS ALL WE'VE GOT LEFT TO CONSUME. IT'S AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME; WE WILL BECOME A WORLD OF SHIT-EATERS.

IT'S EITHER THAT OR TEMPT CANNIBALISM.

BUT WHY SHOULD THAT BE DISGUSTING? HAVE WE NOT BEEN EATING EACH OTHER ALIVE FOR CENTURIES? IN DESPERATION FOR NUTRIENTS, OVER-COMING AN OLD METAPHOR SHOULD BE NO PROBLEM.

BUT ALL THIS ISN'T LIMITED TO THE BIG CITIES. EVEN IN THE COUNTRY THE ROADS ARE CLOGGED WITH REFUGEES TRYING TO FIND A HOLE TO HIDE IN, TO SURVIVE THE CATACLYSM, (AS IF IT WOULD BE OVER IN A FEW DAYS!) AND REBUILD, PROBABLY ONLY TO MAKE THE SAME OLD MISTAKES.

LARGE NOMADIC TRIBES ROAM BEHIND THE CHARISMA OF SELF APPOINTED PROPHETS AND SAVIOURS PROMISING GUIDANCE TO SALVATION, WHILST PILLAGING THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR SUSTENANCE AND LEAVING A SLIMY TRAIL OF FILTH AND DESTRUCTION.

OLD HIGHWAYS ARE SHOULDERED BY THE REMAINS OF CARS, CARAVANS, WASHING MACHINES, FRIDGES, IRONS AND OTHER TRAPPINGS AS THE REFUGEES REALISE THEIR UTOPIAN MOD-CONS ARE USELESS IN THE FLIGHT TO SURVIVE.

THE RICH AND POWERFUL HAVE USED THEIR MEANS TO BUILD FORTRESSES IN EXTREMELY REMOTE CORNERS OF THE WORLD, MASSIVELY STOCKED TO MAINTAIN THEIR LUXURY LIFESTYLES FOR A CENTURY, (IN THE HOPE THE REST WILL DIE AWAY AND THEY COULD INHERIT THE EARTH,) BUT FIND NO ESCAPE FROM THE NEW AND TERRIBLE DISEASES SEEMINGLY CREATED BY A MAD GENIUS, SUCH IS THEIR DESTRUCTIVE PRECISION.

THE CURE FOR LIFE IS DEATH. HUMANITY IS A TERMINAL DISEASE; A CANCER WHO GREW ROGUE, SPREAD THROUGHOUT IT'S HOST, CORRUPTING AND CONSUMING, DESTROYING THE NATURAL BALANCES, IT'S GREED SO GREAT, IT CANNOT PREVENT ITSELF FROM KILLING IT'S HOST WHICH ONLY ENSURES IT'S OWN DEATH.

THE ONLY HOPE IS THAT A MILLION YEARS HENCE, WHEN ALL TRACES OF HUMAN EXISTENCE HAVE LONG BEEN ERODED TO DUST OR BURIED UNDER SHIFTING SOILS, WILL THE NON-SENTIENT LIFEFORMS; THE FLORA AND FAUNA SURVIVE TO ENJOY A PURIFIED, REJUVENATED HABITAT.

THAT LIVES MYRIAD CHAINS OF INTERDEPENDENCE, RESTORE THEIR NATURAL BALANCES, THEIR SECRETS NEVER TO BE DISSECTED AND EXPLOITED AGAIN.

IF NOT, BEYOND ALL THAT, THE SUN WILL ULTIMATELY FADE AND DIE, TAKING ALL LIFE WITH IT. BUT LIFE IS NOT UNIQUE IN THE UNIVERSE, AND OUT THERE, LIFE TEEMS, SOME SENTIENT BEINGS REPEATING OUR MISTAKE, OTHERS NOT. IT DOES NOT MATTER MUCH.

VARIETY AFTER ALL, IS THE SPICE OF LIFE.

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FIN.





# Bumming A Ride On the Great Info-Road

Set  
for  
login 0900

hours. Want to avoid some of the traffic and make sure I get on. My entry point is through Triode, a once-off fee, medium access, time-limited thing - it's like the most popular ride at the show because of the value, and the counter is always packed.

What's so good about this server is that it's like the backpacking/hitchhiking of the 'Net. There's none of the fancy pictures or multi-media button-clicking you get with fancier systems. This is surfing on a budget; bare-bones travel that gets you where you want to go, and as with most journeys in the info-age, often before you knew you wanted to get there. And I can skip out on a trans-global trip, see the world and all its wonders, all for the cost of a local call and without leaving the comfort of my chair. I feel like Keroac on the eve of one of his Trans-American hops: anything could be waiting for me, my destination is unsure, but the journeying is the thing.

Sure there's stuff I should be doing; a writing assignment, a phonecall to make, a friend I have to visit, but I'll only be on for a little while. I'll get back to the rest later. No problem.

I've got hot coffee and dried fruit to snack along the way - I don't dare tear myself away lest I miss an opportunity. Holding breath, anticipating the dive into cyber-space, ahead I plunge...

Login, password...connect 14400...You have new mail. Straight into PINE to see who's said what. 4 messages. First up is Dean, from Electronic Media Group. Did I get the last e-issue? Did I check out his latest online digital art exhibition? I hit Reply. "Not yet. Going to look today."

Will let you know." His last one was real cool, this hulking behemoth of an image that dazzled me even as it unravelled on the screen. I shudder to think of the printer that would have to deal with this stuff if it was to ever actually existed in the real world. Fortunately, it won't, a fact that makes the work all the more interesting to view.

Message two. Scott. More excuses about why he couldn't make it to my party. The new girlfriend had been up early and was tired and wanted to go to bed. Yeah, right. Handy that motel down the road had a vacancy on such short notice. I elect not to reply for a

## MIND YOU DON'T TREAD IN THE ROADKILL

few more days.

Rod's been, has left a few screens of info about reconfiguring my 386 with this radical new software he's dug up to make it into a 486. Honest, it'll work, he says. All I got to do is say the word and he'll give me the FTP info. Sceptical, I reply with two words: "thinking, thinking..."

Sure thing it'll work, and fry my hard drive leaving barely enough of a computer left to accurately work out my next phonebill.

Next is my sister Susan, asking about getting together for mum's birthday, saying that if I'm going to make an excuse it better be better than last time's "sore throat" because it's starting to wear thin, and I should at least send a card. Hit reply mode. "What? And waste time and money with snail mail? Tell her to get online, then I'll find time." I buzz it, fearlessly hitting "SEND" and letting the chips, so to speak, fall where they may.

Aah, the pseudo-safety and Dutch-courage of communication a la computer terminal. Threats and bravura and obstinance aplenty while there's no human, mother-face to deal with.

Speaking of which...I hit COMPOSE, go to the 'address book' function (all my regular mail-victims are there) and select The Sydney Morning Herald. Sixteen e-letters in three weeks and I'm yet to see one published.

But when it's so ridiculously easy to do, you have to keep trying. "Dear Editor. I'm shocked and appalled at the coverage you have given the Super League controversy over the last weeks. Why yesterday alone I counted six whole square inches of space NOT taken up with info regarding the state of play, as it were. Please rectify this. The public needs to keep informed." I didn't hold much hope for this one either.

Enough reaching out to touch someone. Quitting Pine, I head to the newsgroups. My newsreader TIN (Threaded Interactive Network) carries about three thousand groups, and that's without even going looking for anything.

I regularly read a few, keep them close to the top of the seemingly endless list. The trick is to go looking for something in particular rather than to get caught up idly reading. You can waste hours in there. TIN warms up and asks me in I want to subscribe to a new group, alt.religion.scientology. Sure, I think, hitting 'y'. You never know when there'll be something in there you'll find interesting. I might end up there on a real dull day, so it's nice to have the option.

The list appears, and I scroll straight down to re.aus.bicycles. I left a request for info on Titanium Mountain Bike frames a few days ago, with a number of groups, and I want to check how it's going. One guy has responded. Somebody called Wheeler reckons the cost of titanium puts them out of the

picture, but if you get a good price they're great frames.

Another writer thinks it's too strong a material; it wears down the other gear on the bike because it doesn't give enough. Over in rec.bikes.tech, the outlook is better. Some guy from Arkansas swears by them, says he's raced and toured the same frame and had great results. Another guy, Buzzsaw, reckons he snapped a titanium frame, but I've read this guy before: he's always snapping stuff.

I quit the group and sift through some others.

Alt.rec.music.industrial has some cool ravings all-time-great German Hardcore Bands, whilst alt.food.coffee features a one hundred page FAQ (Frequently Asked Questions) on the fineries of brewing coffee. Someone obviously felt there was a lot worth saying. I collect it in a capture file to read later when there's more time.

alt.rec.ren&stimp only to find the same old flame war raging about John K leaving the show and flick by quickly. Those things can be ugly and so tempting to get involved with, but so not worth the trouble. So I go into the next group, alt.rec.Simpsons, bulging as it is with 950 entries, and look for Ned Flanders quotes. I read a few more responses and realise I've started drifting already. So soon in and I'm already losing it.

Enough of this light stuff. Time for some MUD. I've been involved with a Multi User Domain for several weeks. It's kind of a many-user, text-based Dungeons and Dragons style adventure game, and it's just starting to get interesting. It's usually pretty time-consuming once you're there, but so rewarding.

I think what the hell, and type:

telnet://jeack.apana.org.au:4000

Telnet activates, logs me into PrimalMUD

My name is Turak, and two days ago I suddenly appeared stark naked in a strange medieval town. Passing by me in the crowded streets were guards, jesters, merchants, peasants. First off I was wounded by a rabid dog, from which I ran in sheer instinctive terror. I heard voices from people I could not see: "Can someone take Turak to the Donation Room?" "Ok, where is he?" "On Main St".

I was taken to the Donation Room, where I was given food and clothes. A friendly magician instructed me in the use of a small shield and a dagger and told me that if I studied hard I could afford the lessons I can learn wondrous skills and even magic.

In time I joined the community of adventurers, have had many battle with various fiends, and have launched on to several quests with my peers. Currently I prepare to take on the rumour of a Great Red Dragon that lives across the mountains.

I play for a while, questing my way

through a forest, besting monsters and meeting people along the way. I am one with this strange, virtual world. Absently I glance at the watch on the desk. 10:49! So much time eaten up and so much left to do! The Web barely touched and I'm chewing up time!

Hastily, reluctantly, I exit. I activate Lynx to get the WWW (World Wide Web) text-browser. The Welcome Page flashes up, but before I can go any further I get a talk-request flashing at the bottom of the screen.

It's Susanp. She must've fingered me through the server and found out I was on the line. Reluctant to leave the good bit, but all too aware that the anonymity I thought I had was a hoax, I knew it was time to face the music. She's ringing, ringing...

I quit, type in YTalk to answer the call. The screen splits into two and she doesn't even bother with the pleasantries. "So you're leaving me with the guilt and pain of a neglected mother AGAIN. Thanks a heap". "It's the lure of the infobahn", I reply, smirking at my end, "the bright lights, the speeding traffic". "Bullshit." She's almost typing over me.

"Plain old selfish thing to me. I'm trying to have a virtual life too, you know." "Okay, okay", rapidly typing, "I'll do my best and mail you later about if I can make it." /QUIT and out of there: my machine hasn't got enough bandwidth for the guilt my family would like to ladle upon me.

Back to Lynx, and the server welcome page flashes back up. I tap "G" and then the URL of the Giger site I've heard so much about:  
<http://dutil.twi.tudelft.nl/~alien/H.R.G.iger.html>

and in a few moments the Hyper Text link is there - pages worth of hotlinks to dozens of digitalised images. A click there and normally, given a few minutes for a screen-draw, you'd be staring at the image. On the cheap, though, you can't view the stuff live-to-air. I click, and the server asks me if I'd like to download for later. "Yes" I answer, and the bytes start transferring. Take some info on the guy? Yes. I can always download the images to my machine and put them up on my terminal later. My own private Giger digital Library. Nice.

Next is the fabulous "Roadkills-R-Us", with stock lists and prices for the most recently acquired animals. Tasteless, crude, asthetically upsetting. Love it.

"G" again, and I type in the location a friend gave me for the homepage he has just set up. I get there to discover a picture of his cat and some bad teenage-angst poetry he has put up as some kind of shonky shrine to himself. Cute. Amongst the links is a connection to his own special homebrew page, with recipes for brews that would curl the hair.

There's also a list of his favourite songs, and a link going to:  
<http://vivarin.pc.cc.cmu.edu/lyrics.htm>

- a place to discover the lyrics to every song ever known, even if only you can only remember part of the title. I select it, and the bytes tick over, and I meet a screenful of "R" bands. The directory indicates 29 pages more, so I click on "M" and scroll down until I come to "Ministry".

A few more pages and Al Jourgensen's screamed and distorted lyrics are there, painfully deciphered and posted by some die-hard and very committed fan.

Although nice to finally know what Al's been singing, I feel I've reached another end. I hit "U" and come up to a fresh screen of info: my own bookmark file. Herein lies my personal selection of links to site's I've found in my travels, saving me the trouble of remembering and retyping some quite extensive and elaborate addresses.

The first on the list is the Star Wars homepage:

<http://stwing.resnet.upenn.edu:8001/~jruspini/starwars.html>

Four screens of stuff on everything from memorable quotes and upcoming movies to convention dates and the latest market prices for collectables. I flip down to a mention of George Lucas and hit Enter.

Before me is a direct quote from him about the status of production for the next trilogy of movies. And no, he says, Kenneth Branagh is not going to be involved in the films. Well, straight from the source, so to speak.

Up here in cyberspace, away from the flimsy pages of some trashy magazine, it seems to have the ring of truth and authenticity about it, somehow.

I go back a screen and there's an archive of sound and picture files with a download option. I go and see one described as "Exploding Star Destroyer - Awesome.". Irresistible. Collecting it, My screen flashes the "You will be logged out in 5 minutes" warning. What?!? It's been three hours already? Where did it go? In some harmless looking here and there, a bit of reading, a bit of downloading, a bit of chatting?

Quickly, reluctantly I quit Lynx and type SZ and the names of the files I've collected - gotta get the pictures from my host to my own computer before the machine unceremoniously ejects me from it's system like so much virus. It begins and flashes "2:37:04": it'll be close, but comfortable. Ticking down I remember that I was supposed to email Lorenz about whether I could get the Type Manager he was after. I got it, and he was frantic to know when I spoke to him last. Will I have time after the download? Maybe if I'm speedy and real attentive I can get a quick message off. I want to logoff manually rather than be kicked off: Lordy knows the system administrator gets pissed at repeat offenders of the time limit laws.

The download beeps that it was successful, just as the machine announces I will be logged off in 2 minutes. I am halfway through typing PINE when the YTalk request comes up again. My sis-

ter wants to talk with me again. No way! Just ignore it, she'll go away. A second later I'm in PINE, Compose, and frantically typing "Got bit from Avante Garde BBS."

Email me to arrange hookup for file transfer. Run out of time!!!", and am flashed the 1 minute warning. I send it, and PINE registers it. Halfway through my sister's final plaintive Ytalk request, I type "logout" and am gone, scant seconds before the automatic logoff. Phew...

Turning my own machine off, I shake my head to try and usher back the real world, that is, the one that is loosely propped up around me. The monitor goes black and gives off its static crackle while I lean back and stretch, and get a glimpse of myself from the outside, me and my strange involvement with this non-real community and the ebb and flow of bytes and bits. You can attack the 'net with all your enthusiasm and the results, whilst somewhat intangible and questionable to some, are there. It can be exhausting, stressful and frustrating, but immensely, solidly enjoyable.

All those people out there, meeting in imagined rooms and cafes, creating and exchanging information, all for its own sake. I feel I'm privy to a really special thing, a rare and valuable thing whose existence is determinant on very particular circumstances. I feel privileged to have access to it, to be a part of this exciting, evolving virtual community.

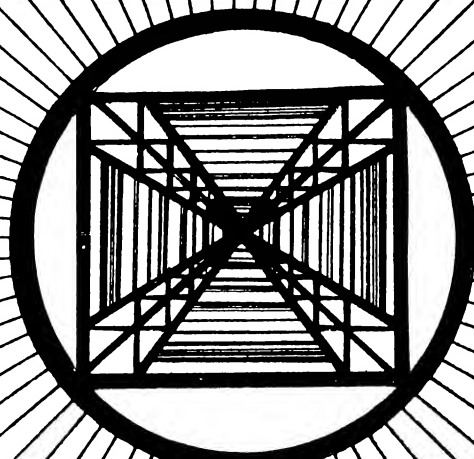
And I feel a kind of lament for the way things are changing, too. If the government legislators and the corporate money-makers have their way, the future of this kind of travelling is limited. The Bill Gates vision of the Internet is that of some stucco-clad urban hyper-mall: the Dollar becomes the point of the exercise and these lines of information and inquiry simply become means to sell things to the consumer. Streamlined information systems 'tailored' to the consumer 'need' will mean that avenues are closed off to all but the most serious, techno-headed 'net surfer, the real information bargain hunter.

Looking back over the journey and my afternoon, I count my losses. The article didn't get finished, the call didn't get made, my friend didn't get visited, and I'll have to do all that responsible stuff another day. But hey, I did tour the world and see some amazing stuff, gave my opinion on a few things and received the views of others, all for the price of a phonecall. Hard value to beat, in any information age.

So this is the last bastion, the last true way of surfing, and you have to adopt it with the Outlaw mentality: Get what you can if you can, bend the rules if you must, just make sure you have a good time.

Stuart Partridge

# CHANNEL



## FROM THE HEAVENS TO EARTH

CROSSROADS  
BROWN & WILSON  
NEWTOWN

**We've been fixing  
your necks, hips,  
backs, dads, elbows,  
periods, ankles, colds,  
jaws, headacres, babies,  
toes, hamstrings, ribs,  
wrists, teeth, friends,  
clavicles, noses, lovers,  
shoulders, grannies, and even  
bloody dogs for years now,  
and what thanks do we get?**

**Newtown Osteopathic Centre**  
**2 Hordern St.**  
**Newtown, 2042**  
**ph: (02) 557 3176**

and now  
for all  
those poor  
souls who  
have  
attempted  
Acushla's  
crossword  
last  
issue...  
how'd ya  
do?

|    |   |    |   |    |    |   |   |    |    |    |    |   |    |   |    |   |   |   |
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| R  | R |    | N | G  |    |   |   | R  | T  | N  |    |   |    |   |    |   |   |   |
| B  | V | I  | D |    | 13 | A | D | J  | I  | S  | T  | I | C  | E |    |   |   |   |
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| 26 | W | I  | D | E  | B  | I | B |    | 27 | B  | R  | I | G  | A | M  | I |   |   |
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| 28 | N | O  | R | E  | A  | M | S |    | 29 | D  | E  | A | D  | D | O  | C |   |   |



...the single **"Heroin Girl"**

**...the album "SPARKLE AND FADE"**

**for a short time, buy "SPARKLE**

**AND FADE", and get the "first**

**Everclear experience "WORLD of NOISE" free!**





GingeroseLizard

PRESENTS

methadone man &

# DIGGABLE GIRL

TM



It's 2082.

THE UNITED STATES of America™

MONARCOBAR- REPUBLIQUE of AUSTRALIA DIV.™ is gettin' SORTA DOMINATED BY THE DEPT. OF PLEASING SYMMETRY AND EXCELLENCE OF PERSONAL Aesthetic™ (now privatised and largely owned by the Ponds Institute™).

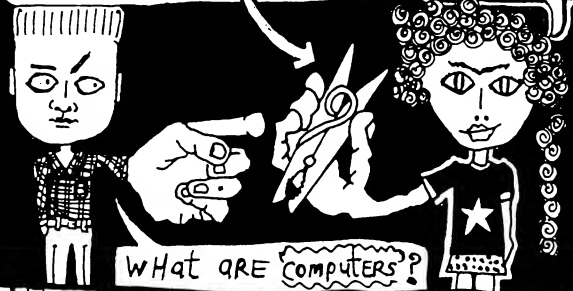
THEY're bullies, quite frankly, and bore me with their OH- SO-RETRO EARLOBE piercings and tiny retousse noses. TRES plastique, of course. They HOB-NOB around the PLACE and socially ISOLATE the UNPLEASANTLY MUCH HAVE AN WHELMY INFLUENCE. They don't so ARMY as an INSIDIOUS, over- They put... etc.

ANYWAY. Whadda you care. You'll be dead.

MEANWHILE... Methadone Man & Diggable Girl are STRANGELY UNAGED.

HEY-Diggable, whaddaya think about THESE NEW LYCETTES THINGAMEGIG gadetries???

Well... it does mean snack-A-BYTES get from there to here a whole lot quicker. STILL, I RECKON it's JUST ANOTHER 'WIN HIT WUNNA'. YEEEEEEEEEEAH. THEY'LL LAST ABOUT AS LONG as COMPUTERS.



WHAT ARE COMPUTERS?

Of course all the footpaths are replaced with STA™ friendly-conveyor-Belt-Computer-network-systems.

Diggable Girl uses the new LYCETTES to order her groceries.



SHOPPING List:-

nitro nittygrits.  
cybersnik.  
bytetins.  
OH & some SPAM...

MY MEDICINE?

OH, AND SOME Methadone.

WANNA CUPPA COFFEE???

You'll HAVE to shout.... My dole HASN'T COME THROUGH YET.

Yes! New-town has changed.



Of course, King St, (and others) have been converted, re-programmed, to BE a 'NEW' artificial, yet green & FRESH PARK.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS. IT IS FAKE & WILL DISAPPEAR

# THE FIRE

*"We turned away from the living God, we turned away from the standard of righteousness, we've given ourselves over to filthiness, vileness and perversions on every hand....."*

The fire is coming. The righteous fire of Jesus. The fire to burn away all the punks. To burn away

all the faggots and lesbians, the drug takers and fornicators, the liars and wasters, the venal and depraved. Will you be consumed? Or will the light from the flames guide your path to salvation?

If the Aggressive Christianity Missions Training Corps are to be believed (and their literature is very persuasive), this is a critical question to be asking yourself. Because, frankly, time is running out to repent. And you need to repent. I mean, like you seriously need to repent. God, apparently, is nothing like the benign omnipresent force who prevented the tragic bus accident in the 1993 Beverly Hills 90210 Xmas episode. He is far more the vindictive smiter of sinners revealed in the bloodiest passages of the Old Testament. He would have let that bus plough into the on coming truck without flinching. No. If

Aaron Spelling new anything about the real God, there would have been no 1994 season. There would have been no Senior Class and no College years. Just a pile of dead bodies dragged from the

wreckage and Andrea Zuckerman with a torso ending six inches below her fat butt.

They would have gone to Hell too. Dylan, Kelly, Steve, David Silver, Brandon and definitely Brenda. Maybe not Donna Martin because she was still a virgin back then. But the rest of them, straight into the cauldron.

Why? Well, okay, it turns out that we (you, me, everyone on 90210) have lost the plot a little when it comes to sin. We like to think of sin as impressive acts of evil. Sexual assault of children, for example. Serial murder. If people are out there doing things like that, we say to ourselves, God will overlook the fact that we fuck around without getting married, that we lie with man as with woman (or vice versa), that we smoke a little gear, that we listen to popular music etc.

We forget, in our mortal stupidity,

that God overlooks nothing. That He is not like some over-worked cop who probably won't bust you for having one plant if

it involves four hours paperwork. No. God is more like the cop who will bust you on general principle knowing you have done something and that if he just probes

firmly enough he will find out what. So (bringing this back to the theme), unless you are comfortable with a future that involves seering, unrelenting, burning agony in the darkest pits of Hell, you need to write to the ACMTC. They will send you a selection of free tabloids including Battle

Cry Sounding, The Tribal Call, Life Force and, especially for the chicks, Women's Cry ("Satan's

business is WAR against the Christian. His desire, yea his meat, is to EAT the Christian"). Or, you can fax the organisation's main

prophets General Jim Green and/or General Deborah Green on 0011 1 505 882 7325. But the important thing is, make contact. They will help you.

You see, the ACMTC are the real





Christian article. They let God's word, not contemporary fashion, lay the groundrules for righteous living. *God's word.* So get it straight. Fornication is a sin.

Homosexuality is a sin ("Do not be deceived: Neither the sexually immoral...nor male prostitutes nor homosexual offenders...will inherit the Kingdom of God" - Corinthians 6: 9-10). Women are homemakers, subordinate to their husbands ("Made to be a helpmeet to man" - Genesis 2:18). Recreational drug users are possessed by demons. Popular music is the devil's opiate (read "Rap is Crap, Hip Hop is a Flop" and "Fear For Your Soul...Say NO to Rock 'n' Roll" in Battle Cry Sounding).

"But wait" you are saying, "the Bible makes no reference to popular music". Well, half right.

ACMTC contend that the Bible anticipated popular music, and they have lifted some fairly convincing quotes from Samuel and Exodus to support their case. More to the point, though, the Bible is not the only source of God's word available to us. God, in fact, speaks directly to Jim and Deborah. And that is how we know about the UN's secret plan to instigate Russian hegemony. It is how we know that the FBI were to blame at Waco and that Jonestown has been cynically used to discredit the notion of Christian community by the Satanic federal government of the USA.

It is how we know that the future, such as it is on Earth, is short, and beyond that, for most people, eternally miserable. *Eternally miserable.* And think of eternity this way: a sparrow gently flaps its left wing against a steel ball the size of Jupiter. When that steel ball has been eroded to the size of a marble, you will still be roasting over a slow flame. Your agonies will continue to rage. Oh yes, that's you, you fucked up heathen. Tortures unimaginable throughout time infinite.

So do you really want another bong? Another drink? Another cheap orgasm? Do you really

want to listen to Dr Dre or NOFX? Or do you want to be saved?

That's your decision. But if you need some real, caring guidance, fax or write to Generals Jim and Deborah Green. They will send you the information you need, free of charge. Because they love you. Because God loves you.

You piece of shit,  
nobody else does.

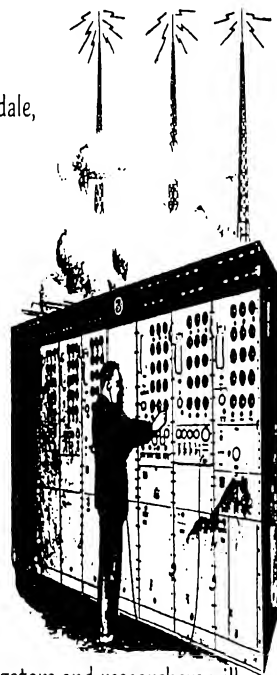
by Edward  
Berridge

(For **FREE** literature, contact  
**Aggressive Christianity  
Missions Training Corps**  
c/o PO Box 5047 Gallup,  
New Mexico 87305 US or  
PO Box 90 Berino, New  
Mexico 88024 US).

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sydney. australia  
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- \* fringe cinema and psychotronic video
- \* lost tv pilots and obscure anthology series



the mu-meson team of investigators and researchers will respond with the utmost confidentiality to incidents involving ufo sightings, anomalous experiences and incidents of high strangeness.



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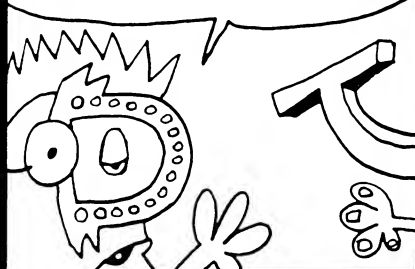
**AUSTRALIAN Music**  
RADIO



# Riot~HOUSE AS 'TWISTED AND DEMENTED' IN "NEW YEARS EVENTUALLY."

©MAY 1995  
NEIL RYAN

TWISTED ITS NEARLY NEW YEARS. SOON WE'LL BE IN THE NEXT CENTURY. WE'LL NEVER RETURN TO THE OLD ONE.



WHY NOT? ITS NOT FAIR. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? YOUR DEMENTED, YOU GO AND FIGURE IT ALL OUT.



AS THE DIGITAL CLOCK ZZZZITS IT WAY TOWARDS THE LAST SECONDS THEY WATCH IT CLOSELY, SLOWING SUCKING THE LAST MOMENTS FROM THE CENTURY. SUDDENLY TWISTED SHOUTS...



SO IT HAPPENS. THEY ARE STUCK FOREVER(?) AT THAT PRECISE SECOND BEFORE MIDNIGHT.



GREAT!!  
GREAT!!  
You've REALLY DONE IT THIS TIME!!

A COUPLE OF A HUNDRED BILLION YEARS PASS BY WITHOUT THEM. THE UNIVERSE HAS CERTAINLY CHANGED.



STUFF THIS SHIT!!

THEY SOON REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED. ITS 12 MIDNIGHT ALRIGHT.....



WHERE IS EVERY BODY?

WELL IT WAS YOUR TWISTED WISH... STUPID!!

THE ABSOLUTELY MEGA-HELLISH OBLIVION OF A MOLTEN PLANET BENEATH THEIR FOOTIES



I THOUGHT WE'D MISS A YEAR... MAYBE A CENTURY OR SO!!!

THEY ARE GOBBLED UP BY THE EXTREME HEAT. THEIR LAST WORDS ARE UTTERLY PATHETIC AND POIGNANT.....



YEARS FROM NOW I'LL LOOK BACK AT THIS AND LAUGH

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE!!

... BUT THEN THEY WAKE UP. THEY'VE SLEPT THROUGH THE NEW YEARS REVELRIES



WELL THERES ALWAYS NEXT YEAR?

YEAH RIGHT.

The eighth day...

Mervyn Bunt has not moved for eight days. His back is hurting and he fears he does not have enough energy to swim back to shore. He has shit himself but the offensive smell and the general discomfort one experiences when one shits oneself has long passed. From the door his underpants look like an elderly chocolate cake.. His naked back is covered in purple spots, grey beneath the skin and spreading out in painful red circles which look warm and sore..

This bedroom is not tidy. There is no order in here. It could be the garbage room in a city restaurant. The floor has greasy plates with old pizza crusts, bowls with half an inch of hard porridge. One of them in particular beneath his bed has a cockroach drinking greedily from it. This is the one from seven mornings ago. The last time Mervyn Bunt ate solid food..

Outside the sun is retreating quickly behind the mountains. It drags the remaining light from the day, and beneath the stars which illuminate a vast evening landscape.. bleary-eyed commuters are dozing next to each other in noisy trains and buses, totally oblivious to the urban orchestra outside their breath fogged windows.

Night approaches without warning until finally it sheds its remaining light with a thin black veil. Mervyn Bunt has his window closed. His blind is drawn. He does not know that the Earth is tilting to the right and his father is asleep in hospital three thousand miles away. Just like he does not know that soon he will be surrounded by beautiful young women in a strange room with no doors and swimming against a tide that is epochs too strong for him to fight. ...

Towards the end of this eighth day Mervyn's head collapses into the screen. His neck snaps back and sends an annoying current down his spine which dies a miserable death in

the dank pile of liquid between his buttocks. He rubs his aching eyes and says to himself once more.. just another five minutes. But he is too far gone to listen to himself anymore. He is an addict. He can no longer trust himself. He has given in to this sickness and feels humiliated at his lack of self control As he reaches an interesting article on banana yields in the 1970's he thinks, I am a pathetic specimen, and like the hard core junkie that he is he cannot stop himself from reading on.

He reads that more bananas grew in the late seventies because the average annual rainfall was greater then it is today due to the growing hole in the ozone layer. He had always suspected that the ozone was

## The Business of GAME KEEPING

responsible for more ultraviolet rays but he did not think that it affected rainfall.

He adjusts his elbows. This information is trash but he cannot stop himself. It disturbs and excites him.

Mervyn finishes this article and decides to look up the latest information on the ozone. Then he's going to get up and have a shower and wash the shit from his body and clean his sheets and tidy his room and maybe even go for a walk. He looks at the little clock on the top right hand side of the screen. He has fourteen minutes left. He will catch one last wave and call it quits.

He ponders a hot shower and shudders with delight. He has been

**TOM HEARN**

out here for too long. He has shit himself. He is hungry and cold. He does not recognize himself in the screens reflection. He is somewhere but he is not sure. His teeth chatter as another cockroach takes residence in the shitty home his underpants provide.

Floating over the next set of waves Mervyn spots something interesting. in the O's Ovens, Ovarian cancer, Ovulatory exercises... then Ozid School of Sexual Awakening. Mervyn decides to go with it. He closes his eyes briefly. He is tired and plummeting with exhaustion. Just seven more minutes he tells his mind.

Come on....

The game...

Mervyn finds himself in a classroom with a lot of pretty young girls. Unfortunately he is in front of the class and appears to be responsible for their sexual education. He has not played this game before. He feels like he might be standing on the edge of something high in the middle of no where. He takes a deep breath.

Please give us an instruction the girls say.

They speak seductively. Mervyn feels his heart beat increase His penis begins a sticky climb up his belly.

Mervyn taps in: take off your panties.

He giggles and blushes. He does not think they will abide. He has an erection. He feels disgusting and ashamed. He is an overweight pedafile in Patpong. His conscience has fallen asleep. He feels capable of anything..

All at once the girls bend over and take off their panties. They all move differently which only enhances Mervyn's reality. Please give us further instruction they say sitting back down.... Mervyn swallows and thinks of his most erotic fantasy. Fortuitously it involves a bunch of underage school girls. He taps in...take off your clothes.

The girls obey.

Their images move a little too jerkily and their voices sound strange. Mervyn has not heard this accent before. He thinks they could be aliens. They are certainly young. Some of them have breasts forming and little black triangles of hair between their legs. Mervyn cannot believe that this is really happening. He says..Oh ho ho in a deep voice but does not hear himself say this. Suddenly he has that morbid fear of a lost child in a supermarket. He has the urge to bawl. Fear slides into his blood and begins it's journey up to the brain. His conscience stirs.

Please give us further instruction the girls say.again.

Mervyn bows his his big square head. He knows what he wants but is too ashamed to request it. He suddenly feels self conscious. Like somebody might be listening in to his thoughts. Or watching. He scratches his head and realizes that this is not possible. He is alone.in this classroom with these naked girls. He types in:...please remain seated until further instruction.... Then Mervyn considers his options. He could have sex with all of them if he wished. He could have an orgy. He fights with the different options. He checks the clock on the wall. He has five minutes left. Not much time.

Mervyn gets up now and goes to the small square window.behind him It does not occur to him that there is nothing to see out the window except for white. Not until he looks down and sees white too does he begin to feel suddenly ill with vertigo. How can I be in a classroom in mid air he thinks. This is ridiculous. His heart beat consumes any space left in his lungs He asks the girls...where are we?

But the girls only answer...please give us further instruction...

Mervyn says...I instruct you to tell me where we are.

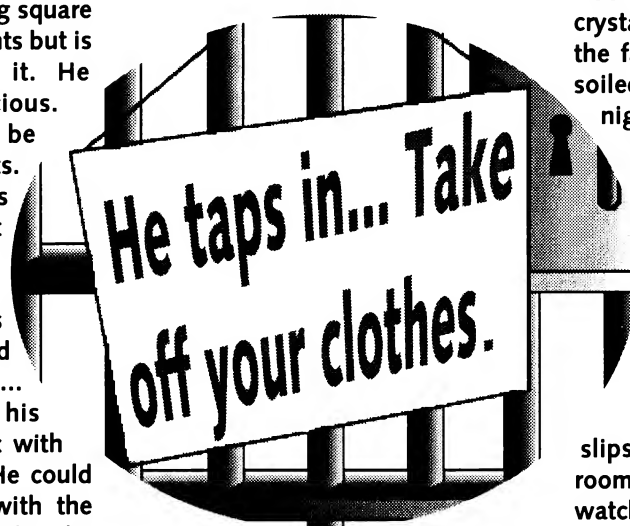
The naked young girls answer once again...please give us further instruction. Mervyn thinks...this is a trap. These are not real girls. I am being tricked.

He walks back to his seat and

raises his voice this time. I said WHERE ARE WE! I command you dam it! I INSTRUCT YOU TO TELL ME WHERE I AM!

The girls do not seem moved by Mervyn's irrationality They sit silently. There is a pause. Then they make their request once again. Please give us further instruction.

Mervyn Bunt's eyes search the room for a door. He looks up to the ceiling for a manhole. Nothing. This is a room with no exits.. He manages to calm his breathing enough to hear himself think. He will ask them nicely. He must not be mad with them. He must be nice to get this information.



Please...what are your names? His tone is that of an old beggars, quiet and desperate but not humble.

One of the older girls stand up.

She says... we are all called Ovidians. My name is Ovid and so is all of theirs. We work for the company Ovid Incorporation. We were sold as babies and have grown up here together. Our parents work at other stations in this sector. We are here awaiting instruction... please give us further instruction. The girl sits back down.

Mervyn asks her tentatively, pleadingly... who am I? He almost guffaws. It's a strange question to ask a naked fourteen year old girl.

The girl stands up again... you are Mervyn Bunt. You are our instructor.

Then the alarm sounds. It is insistent and piercing and shrill.

Mervyn looks at the clock on the wall behind the girls. It is dead on eight o'clock. His time is finished.

Complete darkness swamps the room. Not a sound but for a rapid heart beat. Heavy uncontrolled breathing fills the black space. The young man gets up. He knocks the chair to the floor and runs towards the little square window; the only place of exit he knows and smashes through the sheet of glass.

The murderer...

Mrs Wiley the hunchback emerges and catches the insueing scene from her verandah on the top floor as she places some water crystals in her delila patch. She sees the fat young man from room 41 in soiled underpants falling through the night from the seventh floor..

She grimaces as the body hits the pavement and sends a small pillow of dust into the street light..

Windows open. A car stops. A woman screams as a crumpled body lies twisted in her headlight.

Mrs Wiley crosses herself and slips back inside her warm little room. She draws the curtain and watches in safety.

As usual she has seen nothing. She knows there will be another search. Another investigation. She bolts her door and takes the phone off the hook. She disconnects her P.C and turns the T.V. on. She goes to the bathroom and puts her curlers in. Then she sits by the window and waits for the heavy knock on the door.

Outside on the pavement disgusted pedestrians step over the bloated white body. Street kids appear from the darkness. They roll the body over looking for money or jewellery. She does not have anything for them tonight. When they depart empty handed the dogs arrive. The two biggest ones take a hold of a leg and drag the fresh carcus across the road. The cute one with the white face is there now. He grabs an arm and helps while the young ones wait eagerly in the darkness.



# REAL



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**eddie's**  
**3ms**  
**reviewed**

*Burrowing through a heap of zines and come up with those with that underground-voice feel, a fight against homogenisation, what if that fight were to be won, what kind of future world would zines live in? Remember to send International Reply Coupons with your money: cash is always best. Zine editors love getting mail so why not drop a few lines of your own with the sub.*

## 101 USES FOR AN ERECT NIPPLE #1

Great little zine from Wollongong put together by Matthew Dunn in which all the usual icons get a serve...Elvis is the feature of #1... Just remember Constable Tim's Road Safety Tips... "Be careful crossing the road when you are drinking. Beer costs money you know."

**\$2 from DBR...P.O. Box U86 Uni  
of Wollongong, NSW, 2500.  
EG**

## 101 USES FOR AN ERECT NIPPLE #2

#2 of Matt's Zine is \$4 but is fatter and comes with DEBRIS... a very cool little cassette featuring Illawarra area bands Slobplant, Vanessa Badham, EVOL, Beanbag, David Manning & Spleen. The zine features Charlene Manson, Father Stuart, "Beware of falling Angels", "The Masked Masturbater"... "Fuck Seattle!!! We've got Wollongong!!! (yoo-hoo!!!)

**DBR P.O. BOX U86 Uni of  
Wollongong NSW 2500.  
EG**

## ALCOHOL: AMERICA'S SECRET WEAPON

A witty & informative pamphlet from Skull Varnish Press, "Alcohol" looks at the American love affair with alcohol. So from the Pilgrims & early colonists, thru the revolutionary war, westward ho, the industrial revolution to the present..."We believe it's time for all patriotic Americans to stand up and help put alcohol back at the center of American social life, where it so obviously belongs. For info contact: **Skull Varnish Press, 625 SW 10th Ave, Suite 163B Portland, Oregon, 97205, USA. E**  
EG

### ADRENALINE TIME #3

Cute little zine from the UK, this is their Biking With Barbie issue but

includes a heap of other good stuff like " a midsummer night's fuck", DIY harmonic singing, Dressing as Bootsy Collins and more! Does reviews Send love, devotion and US\$3 to **M.Delaney, Adrenaline Time, P.O. Box 440A Surbiton, Surrey KT5 8YG, UK.**  
EG

**ANONYMOUS BOY COLLECTION**

Warning this excellent little zine is x rated. Essentially full of line drawings of anonymous boys. Rather cute captions captivate explicate graphics: all I wanted was more! The editor Tony Arena, who lives in New York, sent me **Anonymous Boy** #1 - #5 and there are some



totally hot cartoons like 'Skate Hawks in Love' 'Surf Punks in Love'. The bi lines really sing... 'Under my Buzzcocks posters I made his cock buzz ! In another, a cute little guy is grinning at a rather tough little punk: *The tough looking ones are real easy. I give em my goofy, sexy, grin and they're like putty in my hands!* Real life lines like: *He brought me into his bedroom to show me his colour*

vinyl...but pretty soon he was showing me something else. Real punk, Queerpunk stuff worth the hassle of sending \$2 US per issue to Tony in NYC. I can't wait to get my hands on the first **Anonymous Boy** animated video: **Green Pubes**: Wild punk boys get it on in a funny and erotic animated adventure that features punk rock from of New York Cities best bands like the *Lone Wolves*, *Sea Monkeys* and *Gloo Girls*. **VHS colour 25min. \$20 US**  
**Anonymous Boy c/o Tony Arena, 321 West 16th Street #2W, New York, NY 10011.**  
mikol

## BAD APPLE

A weird cut up zine with some really interesting bits 'n' pieces...from way out West-as a rule I don't like Poetry but Matt has come up with some beauties plus...innaresting graficks..."Train Ship", "Cucumber Suck" & "The Shower Curtain" said somethin' to me... **Drop Matt a line & a few bucks for postage or a beer, P.O. Box 299 South Fremantle, 6162, Western Australia. EG**

**BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED VOL II #4**

Richard Freeman produces this little zine about porn & related questions very prolifically, I don't know how the fuck he does it but it's always a great read. In this issue Santa Claus meets the Martians...Richard poses the question as to exactly why porn star Ashlyn Gere "with her looks and dresses is working in a massage parlor instead of for Heidi Fleiss is just one of those little mysteries of life." Larry Oberc looks at the vexed question of interracial sex in America in his "Looking At Interracial porn On A Saturday Night", Robert Rogoff discusses the impact of Behind The Green Door" on his life, Rachel James gives some helpful sexercise tips, herbal remedies and such, Jeff jarvie laments the fact that he "Was Born To Watch Freak Porn" and more... US\$4 per issue for foreigners (\$3 for US residents) to : **Richard Freeman 130 W. Limestone St, Yellow Springs, Ohio, USA 45387.** EG

**BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED**  
**VOL II #5**

In this issue Freeman looks at Amateur Porn videos, Richard Pacheco continues his series of Boudoir Memoirs with remembrances of Georgina Spelvin and Samantha Fox, Rachel James looks at Brad Braverman's vid Pissed, Julee Peebles gives us "Aphrodite of the 90's: Falling in Love with Courtney Ms. Cobain as the Perfected Rock Star Whore" and of course more. EG

**BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED**  
**VOL II #6**

In the latest issue Richard Pacheco

looks at Hollywood movie Dumbest which has unexpected sexual innuendo for a movie directed at kids, Vic Stanley looks at the Sexual politics of Pro Wrestling, Robert Stoessen looks at Pissed which Rachel James covered in the last issue, and Rachel brings us the latest in "Toys For Boys" and Jeff Jarvie is still lucking for the ultimate Shando fuck film. Great writing in every issue...BNI.

## THE BURNING TIMES

A Queer Punk/Alternative Fanzine Issue Two



## COMING OUT

## BEET #11

Cool issue from Joe Maynard also the producer of Pink Pages (see Eddie #10). Joe talks about life in his new neighbourhood, cool poetry abounds, Bart Plantegna gives us his Confessions of a beer mystic, Tsaurah Litzky looks at Paddy Reilly's pub on poetry night, a cool little toon on the Conspiracy of Inanimate Objects & Chris T. tells us how Debbie the 68 Les Paul guitar "Got Her Spots" and more, great little literary ozfzine check it out...only US\$3 (\$5 O/S? ) **Joe Maynard, Beet, 411 Kent Avenue, Brooklyn NY, USA 11211**

**BETTY PAGINATED #12**

"The Evolution of Striptease issue"  
Yet another chunky issue of one of my favourite Aussie zines. BP is a smutty little rag devoted to nekkid women, wrestling, porno and anything else that Dann Lennard feels like. Highlights of this one are a tale about strippers in British Columbia by James Steinbach from Goke zine, pictorial spread on Sapphire-Miss Nude Oz '92, a feature on Vanessa del Rio, Dann writes an obituary about wrestler Eddie Gilbert...plus more...\$3 or a groovy trade...send to **Dann Lennard** (please refrain from the title BP...) **P.O. Box 63, Lyrup, South Australia, 5343.**  
EG

### THE BURNING TIMES

The editor of this wicked Queer Punk - Alternative Fanzine is Richard Watts. *Homocore* out of Chicago is the zine that inspired 'The Burning Times': *you dont have to be a homo to read The Burning Times . One thing every one has in common in these pages is that were all social mutants; weve all outgrown, or we never any part of the socially acceptable categories.* Unlike *Homocore* this zine is more broad based and includes stuff that's not just Q-Punk. There is a really cool interview with Chris Freeman in #1 which came out in Feb while Pansy Division were touring. *Punk's Gay Roots and The Queer Future* is exactly that: *Punk* dates to the 16th century and means sexual outlaw! in the fifties the term *Punk* described a US prisoner's sexual partner. Too cool. #2 is just out and is the 'Coming Out Issue' there is a feature article on that ol' subject, and the rest of the zine has cartoons, reviews, rants, and interviews with Melbourne bands: Dyke Punk De-Regulator, Wally Gunn from Sickbay and Tedium. Plus a heap of letters surmounting praise on this cultural artifact. Get onto it: **\$3 per issue Richard Watts: PO Box 425, Clifton Hill Vic 3068 e-mail: council@ariel.ucl.unimelb.EDU.** mikol

### BROADSWORD #3

What could be more futuristic than a Time Lord. What other Time Lord is there? *Broadsword* is a desktop layout *Doctor Who* Fanzine from Sydney. Contributors are sought for this keen and serious zine. Inside #3 there's an interview with Paul Cornell the author of *The New Adventures of Doctor Who* by Nathan Bottomley, who coincidentally writes a column in *Data Extract*. *Fandom fundamentalism* by Richard Prekodravac bytes the controversial *The New Adventures of Doctor Who* lead role as a dyspeptic Doctor Who where fandom-realism and continuity are challenged: *An ideal world is threatened. Fundamentalism is born. The foundations are cannon, so if it's crossed, the heretic is rejected, cast down. The words screamed out: That's not Doctor Who!* The editor is Salv Panatteri. Sub \$5.50 for six issues or \$1 each ***Broadsword* : 153 Wardell Rd Dulwich Hill NSW 2203, e-mail: navaz@geko.com.au** mikol

### BRUTARIAN #15

Begins with a fabulous cover and keeps on going. The intrepid simple layout makes the enjoyable read takes on speed. What's 'On Manor's Mind' a rant column tells us the truth about children.. *Babies are an expensive nuisance. Who needs em? They smell, wreak havoc on the mom's bod, spill something on all objects of value, destroy a cou-*

*ples intimacy and cant even hold a decent conversation.* Remember *Black Flag?*, *Henry Rollins?* yeah well, there's a great interview with *Greg Ginn*, whom you may not have noticed. Well you should, cause he was an important dude as far as flying the Black Flag goes, he's the main man. Heaps of great comix and other articles including an interview with one of Porn kingdoms great alternative directors, 'Porn's cross Over Prince': Chuck Vincent, don't know the name? once you read this revealing article you'll know Chuck. Also loads of music reviews in 'Audio Depravation' and The Brutarian Library comes up with some hot reading selections as does the 'Six Pack Theatre' video review section. My fav is the 'Hans Porkburgers, Fables I Forgot, and how could you forget this comic where a frog falls in love with a snowman, but was doomed to be a seasonal relationship when *Snowy* melted in the spring...until...you get your *Brutarian*. Published Quarterly by *Odium Ent.* you can subscribe to *Brutarian: US \$ 12 per year: PO Box 25222 Arlington, VA 22202-9222 USA* mikol

### CELEBRATE THE SELF -

NEWSLETTER FOR THE SOLO SEX ENTHUSIAST. VOL III, #4

Well this little number comes out of Alabama in the deep south of the United States and talks about something which we have all had a hand in. *Celebrate the Self* includes everyone no matter what their sexual preferences are, masturbation is a universal sensual past time, it is that secret unspoken vice, that is the narrative force behind *Celebrate The Self*. I assure you, reading *Celebrate the Self* does nothing to dissuade the ancient habit of onanism *Includes: Readers Solo Sex Techniques, Product Evaluations, Sex and your Health, Book and Video Reviews and the Last Word.* Everything you wanted to know about wanking and if you want to talk about this is the place. Allen Erich is the Editor. **A Factor Press publication, PO box 8888, Mobile, Alabama 36689** mikol

### CRUSTY PLAY LUNCH #10

CP hails from Box Hill and ways in with some Crusty bits that really hit the spot, hilights include an interview with Silverchair's bassist Chris Joannou, Hedley from RRR's Party Show, A day on the green...out on the course with( CP producer) Jarrod and family, retrospective on Herby the Love Bug, Graffiti column & more Crusty Playlunch is Free for pickup but if ya send Jarrod Watt \$5 he'll send you the next six issues...how fuckin' reasonable is that!!! **A fiver/cheque/money order to: WFFF Media P.O. Box 13, Box Hill North 3129.** EG

### CRUSTY PLAYLUNCH #11

#11 features Suicidal Tendencies, Ammonia, Scatterbrain, chats with a geezer from the UK about pirate radio, checks out the Hollywood sequel syndrome, all yer faves...Crusty, Choppaturd, Dillon Naylor art, Jon Brooks & more...annuther cool issue...send em stuff music, stories...write about your shit job...Crusty Playlunch loves to hi-light the low life world of the workaday wage slave! this is a zine with an eye on Aussie culture not on the "alternative" pop charts. EG

### DATA EXTRACT #111

This is the newsletter of the *Doctor Who* Fan Club of Australia. Naturally the pages of this zine are packed with *Doctor Who* folk lore, It seems that that the *Trekies* are a larger cult than the devotees of the Doctor, nevertheless I'm sure that there are more than a few clandestine worshipper's amongst all of us. Also includes reviews and discussions around various *Who* publications and similar sci fie stuff. There is a rave about the *X- files* and the *X-File Fan Club of Australia: PO Box 402 Niddrie Vic 3042.* Check out *Cybertech's* second album of music inspired by the 'Doctor', *Pharos* is out on *Jump Cut Records.* **Data Extract: sub. \$7 six issues, DWFCA:PO Box 4 Epping NSW 2121.e-mail:Kate.Orman@mq.edu.au** mikol

### FATAL VISIONS #18

Michael Helms' FV is a legendary Aussie zine, "For Freakers Only" #18 has an interview with filmmaker Abel Ferrara (Bad Lieutenant), the usual last word on film & vid, retrospective on Hispanic shlockmeister Paul Naschy, kick back with Kickboxin' film star Kathy Long or chow down with serial killers Gerard Schaefer and Mad Dog McKenna(not recommended on an empty stomach). subs are \$24 for 6 all over Aus...all overseas I issue-\$US6 cash only! **Fatal Visions P.O. Box 133 Northcote 3070Victoria, Australia.fatalmic@oze-mail.com.au** EG

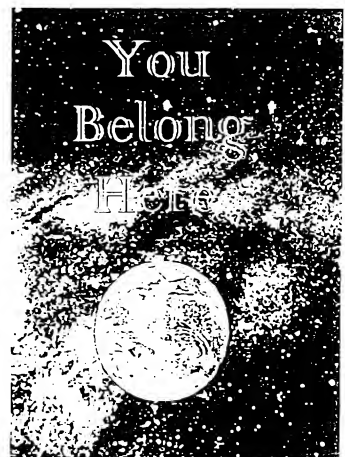
### THE FEDERATION FLASH #29

'You belong here - exploring the frontiers of miraculous probability' *The Federation Flash* is written and edited by extraterrestrial - walk ins: KenDon and Kumara. *The Federation Flash* is for people at all stages of



*awakening*, in service to what is stated as the *Ascension of the Planetary Consciousness*. These *extraterrestrial walk - ins* serve with *The Federation of Light*, a council of people known as *Masters*, who can source energy from different dimensions, various locations in space, and points in time. *The Ascension of the Planetary Consciousness* to achieve Heaven on earth is made more accessible through the use of *Federation Light* home brew technologies. *The Federation Flash* includes a catalogue of *Star Builder Materials*: A head band lined with a combination of meteorite, minerals, and crystals: *The Reverse Channelling Facilitator*, Yes the future is here with this you can channel out of your body and project into the bodies of other life forms through out the universe! The wonderful life forms out there will amaze you. Why not try *The Etheric Laser Scalpel*: and remove those dense energetic clusters from the etheric body. For your Free copy of *The*

## THE FEDERATION FLASH



Exploring the Frontiers of Miraculous Probability  
Starbuilders



**Federation Flash**, contact the publisher: **Starbuilders at PO box 220964, Hollywood, FL 33022 - 0 9 6 4 , U S A . e - m a i l : jal\_kae@gate.net**  
mikol

#### FLIPSIDE #96

A nuther Phat issue of Flipside with some great reading, interviews with Tad Kepley from Anarchy magazine, Film maker Lee Karaim, all the usual scene reports, a great special on Rock in Croatia, Blood On The Saddle, the legendary Wayne Kramer from the MC5, Corrosion of Conformity, Nine Pound Hammer, Claw Hammer, Meathead, part two of the feature Space Aliens from the Pentagon which is an interview with Bill Lyne and a rundown on Flipside's record launch in NY and the South by South West Music & Media Convention in Austin & more more more 100's of pages- subs Australia \$40 per year 6 issues to **P.O. Box 60790 Pasadena California 91116 USA**  
email:flipside@ix.netcom.com,  
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#### FORM GUIDE MAGAZINE

The Punters Club zine  
Melbourne's Punters Club Hotel produces a great zine every month detailing up n coming events, reviewing CD's and even demo's in their Demo-Lition segment...worth a subscription if you live outside Melbourne send CD's etc to Richard & Annette - **Form Guide Magazine c/- Punters Club Hotel, 376 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy 3065.**  
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#### FREAKER - THE OFFICIAL JAMES DENTON FANZINE #1

Featuring the secret manifesto of the new Dentonic Fanzine. This zine is the epitome of what do it yourself publishing is all about, this one takes it a little further *afield* it is a magazine about the self that self being James Dentine. Inside this zine we learn some intimate details about James's life: *Through this wonderful magazine I hope I will be able to enrich many lives with informative and prudential insights into music, literature, travel, road safety, heavy machinery operation, fashion, cooking,...in fact, anything that can help you achieve the sort of lifestyle I often (alas) take for granted.* Contents include *Why are Men Soo Sensitive ?*, *James is the Copernican Sun of Our World*, *James is the love removal machine*, *Life sucks. Get a fucking answering machine. If you want to be happy don't read Nietzsche. Freakier* is published by **Haggy Graphic Press: 1/5 Clarence street south Brisbane Q 4101, e-mail bigk@cs.uq.oz.au**  
mikol

#### FROM THE SAME MOTHER #8

Julian Williams has produced nother great little zine of wierdness, Winky pops up, Sacred Vulture Tongue, follow the adventures of David & Rebecca, other hi lights are Bathing in Molasses, the Dunedin music report and Little Brick. Send luv & devotion to Julian Williams c/- **69 Evans Street, East Brunswick 3057.**  
EG

#### GAYLACTIC GAYZETTE

Out of the closet and into the Universe, as the slogan goes. The **Gaylactic Gayzette** is a bimonthly newsletter that is available by membership only. This zine features articles, reviews, stories, interviews, trivia, and artwork related to alternative sexuality in fantasy, science fiction and horror. Submissions by members are encouraged. Also includes information from publishers regarding forthcoming books of interest to gay, bisexual and lesbian fandom. **Gaylaxians International** is an affiliate of the **Gaylactic Network, Inc.**, an organisation that promotes science fiction, fantasy, and horror among gays, lesbians, bisexuals, and their friends. The network and its affiliates are registered with National Association of Fan Clubs. **Dues for US aliens is US \$15: Galactians International, Noel Welch, PO Box 675, Lanham, MD 20703 0675 USA.**  
mikol

#### THE GENUINE ARTICLE #1

Frank Wallis who also produces MANzine has produced a great little zine dedicated to the preservation of natural female breasts. Apparently silicon still rules supreme in the adult entertainment world. Inspiration is provided by pin-up legend Candy Barr, and a warning is provided about the pitfalls of implants... Join Frank in the revolution against bionic breasts...Nature vs Science...samples US\$2, subs (4 iss.) \$7...to **Frank Wallis, Source Publications P.O. Box 654, Monroe, CT, 06468-0654, USA.** e-mail: fhwallis@delphi.com  
EG

#### GET OFF MY WAGON #2

Oakland's cool cycle & punk zine-only drag was my single got busted by the Postal Authorities, I was really looking forward to hearing Ted Bundy's Volkswagon, Shiv, Fuzz & Steakdaddy Six...oh well that's how the vinyl crumbles. Features are an interview with Chris Kelly proprietor of Kelly Custom Frame Designs a visit to a Thrift Store with artist Hoblitzelle who leaves bits of art on the shelves, interview with Scott Rutherford creator of Motorizedpulp and Snap! Crackle! Punk! wax. A look at the great California Cycleway and more...US\$4 + postage from **Get Off My Wagon P.O. Box 16041 Oakland, California 94610-6041 USA.** E  
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#### ISSUE 1 " Movin' Right Along"

From Sydney's northern beaches, Issue 1 (yeah it stays that for every issue!) is a passionate look at music, surfin, pool, pinball "Tequila & Pussy Juice" ya know the scene. Some excellent artwork and interviews, Bloodstone, The Burgstrums, Prozac, L.D. Sanpper, Abadon, Bone Machine fiction and stuff...**Issue 1 - P.O. Box 869 Brookvale 2100, NSW, Australia \$2.95 i think! whatever it's a bargain do it...**  
EG

#### MAN BAG #4

Another sick little zine from Frank & Stu those classy purveyors of exquisite smut from Minneapolis. The opening lines of the editorial give you some idea..."Scum, lovers diverse and worse the beloved sack of homme, the journal of infernal delights has arisen again from the depths of it's authors diseases..." the line drawings & artwork in this little zine have to be seen to be believed US\$3 plus 55c postage, Far East (I Presume that includes us folks on the Pacific Rim) US\$ plus \$3 postage to **Artpolice, Inc, P.O. Box 6313 Minneapolis, Minnesota 55406-USA.**  
EG

#### MANzine Vol 2, #3

Frank Wallis had produced his third issue of MANzine a mighty effort, (oh, yeah Frank send us #2) features a call for more sex in women's magazines, How women feel about condoms, poses the question of why Black Men Don't Eat Pussy, Sheila Ward plugs herself well worth a look, former High Society editor Richard S. Hollander writes about the ins and outs of the porno mag industry, Lady Green goes to the movies, Women talk about strap ons, hand jobs, great Traci Lords video retrospective, Life with Sheila, Todd Friedman photography, interviews with Sex zine editors and much much more, including EDDIE fave D.B. VelVeeda King of Sex, MANzine is a must for anyone interested in Sex and isn't that most of us !!!Samples US\$5, subs US\$20 per year... from **Source Publications, P.O. Box 654 Monroe CT 06468-0654 USA**  
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#### MASQUERADE EROTIC NEWSLETTER

**March/April 95, Vol 4, No 2.**

Features a review of The Encyclopedia of Unusual Sexual practices, Randy Turoff's The American Way about a lesbian encounter with Nicole Simpson, Trish Thomas interviews & discusses prostitution with the working girls, Pat Califia gives us part one of Some Words About Some Women, some Trevor Watson photography and Richard Freeman from BNI gives us his Our Lady of The Flowers and Alice Joanou reviews



the new Bunny Yeager book....another excellent issue from Richard Kasak the publisher of Masquerade Books \$5 from **801 Second Avenue NY, NY10017, USA.** email MasqBks@aol.com  
EG

#### MEAN STREETS #13

Another big issue of Australia's premier crime fiction zine, a must read for all you budding super sleuths out there. In this issue David Pepperell looks at Stanley Kubrick's "The Killing" a tale on the banning of Mickey Spillane in New Zealand, Stuart Coupe interviews John Dale an Australian writer who has just published his first crime novel Dark Angel, Dean Koontz & Minette Walters. A great article by Jim Myers on 3RRR's weekly pulp crime show which recently clocked up its 300th show (why doesn't Sydney have something like this?) and there's a cool retrospective on Donald Goines... **Run out now and grab a copy \$6... or write to: What Goes On Pty Ltd, 214 Hat Hill Rd, Blackheath 2785, Australia...subs to yer door \$28 for 4 big issues.** email: coupe@ozemail.com.au  
EG

#### NAPPY KILL #4

Great little venomous zine from Melbourne with a cent coin stuck to the cover...Silverchair cops a bit, and there is some great interviewing with "new wave" US punk bands, No Use For A Name and Offspring and local outfits The Muffcake, Bonestripper & Incursion...only 200 copies produced so I'm glad our Community Liaison Officer picked one up on his travels...looking out for another.  
EG

#### MOTORBOOTY #7

A brilliant music zine from Motorcity USA, put together by members of Big Chief Motorbooty comes out irregularly but is always worth the wait, very cool layout and brilliant satirical writing. Highlights of #7 include Rock Lit a very funny assessment of musos turned writers, Pete Townshend, Bob Dylan, Nick Cave, Henry Rollins & Jimmy Buffett included. Henry Rollins is a

very commonly used target for Motorbooty a funny little column "The Wit & Wisdom of Rollins" includes the "Quote" On Women "Every Time I masturbate instead of touching a woman I do a good thing for myself." Some great toons are included and a section on the "Bank of Coolness and Credibility International" also great interviews/features with Rainbowhead, the Last Poets and Von LMO, Motorbooty is a connoisseurs zine do yourself a favour -subs are US\$14.00 to: **Motorbooty Worldwide Communications, P.O. Box 02007, Detroit, Michigan, 48202, USA.** EG

#### PIG MEAT zine #4

Follow the adventures of Filmore, read snippets about the world of music & light hearted serial killing, zine reviews, Thou Gideon interview, Frug & Frug, Food, Sex & God, Pig & more...**Nick Potter- Pig Meat, P.O. Box 1335 West Perth 6872, Western Australia.** EG

#### PIG MEAT zine #5

Constable Carrot, Bubbles in Beer, For The Love of Sheep, industrial musician Nathan Baxter, Stump Mitten interview, Charles Penis, Tumbleweed, Aleister Crowley and more... EG

#### PIG MEAT zine #6

musings on nutmeg, The Dead Milkmen, Heroes, Garden Gnomes, on being arrested, Charles Penis, Sergeant Smith, the Boo Radleys & maniac freak Gilbert... EG

#### PIG MEAT zine #7

Nick Potter edits this great little zine which features a wicked cover and is chock full of interesting bits like an interview with a Taxi Driver after the Beck Concert, retelling of a Bucks Night Out, interviews with Perth zine legends Guy Blackman, Gareth Ashmore and more more...All this for free!!! Send devotional messages & some money for postage to **Nick Potter Pig Meat, P.O. Box 1335 West Perth 6872, Western Australia.** EG

#### PORN FREE #3 "The Music Issue"

Abby Ehmann has produced another great issue of Porn Free this time looking at that ol connection between Rock n sex. Hi lights are photographs by NY photographer Tina Paul including Grace Jones, Jayne County, fiction by Carolyn Lengel "Skin Patrol", a review of XXX vid Super Groupie, Music Writers write about Music and Sex, great pinup of NY all girl band Thrust, Zelda martin writes about Rock vs. The Wild Woman, , more Thrust and Filer from Cop Shoot Cop, and other great little tit bits...send US\$3 per copy for postage to **Abby Ehmann- Porn Free, P.O. Box 1365 Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY, 10009, USA.** EG

#### PUBLISH - A writer's Handbook

The cover of *Publish* looks like a government handbook, well *Publish* comes from the ACT! The staid cover of this helpful little is rather misleading. The text is friendly and clear, with each section defined with easy access information. *The rights and resources* section is designed to provide writer's with concise, detailed information on a range of groups and organisations, government agencies, magazines and publishers, who can be contacted regarding most aspects of a writes work. A section *Into Print* provides information on literary magazines in Australia and overseas and book publishers in Australia that are willing to look at unsolicited manuscripts. Everyone seems to be writing for *Community groups*, find out the how and whys in *Community writing*. Includes a whole chapter on *Sources of Funding*, through the web of the Australia Council, State Government grants and the sometimes lucrative awards and competitions that are available in Australia. Edited and compiled by Kate Ford Hampton. Produced by the **Arts Council of ACT Inc PO Box 198 Belconnen ACT 2616.** \$15.00 per mikol

#### PURRzine #3

Another cool issue from Kylie, Kirsten & all the PURR grlls with a

Cassette what's more with PURR, Kaktus Mantras, Melancholy, Cicada, Midget & Tweezer a very cool lineup and guess what it rocks, great drivin' music for the King Street Crawl in the old Fairmont '67...neat artwork from Psycho-Deliah, centrefold dedication to Pin Ball, interview with Wollongong's EVOL, Fiona Horne from Def FX, Mrs Naughty The True Story, I've got Dreds, Fucking Shit Up, more cat pages, midget gives readers some tour advice 7 more more more do it only \$6 from cool outlets or write to **P.O. Box 143, Newtown 2042, NSW, Australia.** EG

#### QUEER NASTY

Queer Nasty is a 'zine dedicated to ridicule thought and intelligent humour. 'We are tired of being forced conform to an image of how others think we should be'. *Queer Nasty* is not affiliated to any organisation. This is a very loose and ever - shifting conglomerate of individuals who contribute ideas, articles and inspirations. Most importantly because radical voices have always been edited and censored, particularly Queer voices, this is not so in this little tome. *Queer Nasty* is dedicated to ending Homophobia, Queer- phobia, Bi- phobia and Trany- phobia. The last issue includes a fabulous article which could be just the thing for your uncertain future: *Three Day Queer Makeover*: With \$200 and a bit of flair, you too can become truly Queer in only three days! Go to your local beauty college..select a colour that isn't passe... shave the sides of your head....choices with the top: spiky, mohawk, skitch, flat top, bald....With your hair now conveying your new commitment to Queerdom, stroll across the mall to your local ear piercing store... at least one hole in each ear...and put in large silver hoops...Goodwill is the next stop in your Queer makeover....First you'll need jeans. Old Levi's are best, though some prefer industrial wear... Now search the racks for an old, faded, black leather jacket.. Find a pair of black industrial strength, steel toed boots (perfect for kicking the heads of big-ots)...you will need to accessorise ...a wallet with a dangly chain attached to your belt As with the

jacket, you should consider having your boots painted either mismatched colours or with sexy designs....Throw out all those swishy *Romanavsky* and *Phillips tapes*. They're so old honey! What you need is some *Nine Inch Nails*, *Ministry*, *Bauhaus*, or even *Public Enemy*. What you need is not depression, but music inspired rage to carry you through to your next action. Well, how does it feel? Are you a liberated fuckin' badass motherfrucker now? Are you ready to go out and kick some homophonic ass? **Queer Nasty, c/o Baby Rhino Press, PO Box 10181, Eugene, OR 97440-2181. E-mail: danielle@efn.org. = mikol**

#### ROLL 'EM #1

Perth zinester Marsha Roana produces a great little read, this is her first issue and kicks off with her eulogy to Perth rock 'n' roll, there's an interview with Panel Beater, a tribute to Supernaut, Simon Harvey interviews Jon Spencer, Eurockeenes festival report & reviews, write now to **Marsha Roana P.O. Box 8150 Subiaco East, WA, 6008** EG

#### ROLL 'EM #2

Another great lil zine from Marsha, interview with the Posies, "Social comment or self indulgent winge" about the closing of Perth venue the Old Melbourne, 'another tribute to Supernaut & a cool cover write now to Marsha Roana. EG

#### SANDPIT

The Sandringham Hotel Newtown's official fanzine, Sandpit is cool and essential reading for Sydney music heads and anyone else who's visiting Sin City and lookin for a few quiet Schooners followed by some live rock n roll. Reviews stuff only \$1.50 a steal! write to or better drop in at the Sando and pick up a copy every month...Editrix Susie- **387 King Street, Newtown, 2042.** EG

#### SKINTOMB #666

This issue speaks of evil as soon as the issue number registers: 666. The cover art by Rob Williams is fantastic and bespeaks the horror

this ad is here to try and get your attention about N.S.W.'s leading independant community monthly magazine. It is called the **NEWTOWN BRIDGE**

and it is **FREE**. It is available in and around Newtown (just keep your eyes open). Or you can subscribe to it by sending \$35 (or \$25 conc) for a year's worth delivered to your door. It is going into it's fifth year of publishing and serving the local and neighbouring community. Please send all subscriptions, contributions or letters to P.O Box 19 Newtown NSW 2042. We hope that this ad got your attention. If it did then tell others. If it didn't then why are you still reading?

A collage of various pop culture elements. At the top, the word "THORAZINE" is written in a large, stylized, blocky font. Below it, there's a section titled "FUTURE SHOCK" in a similar font. To the right of "FUTURE SHOCK", there's a small inset image of a person's face. Below "FUTURE SHOCK", there's a section titled "HOT ROCK, PLAIN ROCK AND HOW TO BEAT UP JON BROWNE" in a stylized font. To the right of this, there's a CD-ROM with the text "VIBE" and "CD-ROM" on it. The background of the collage is a dark, textured surface with various images and text elements.

## THORA-ZINE #6

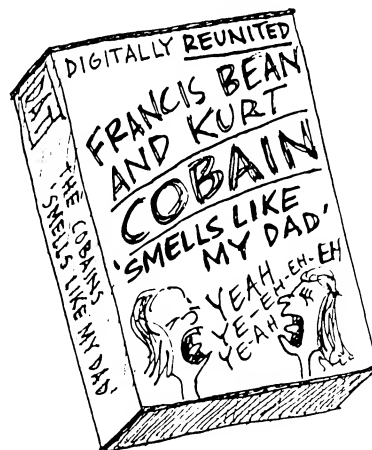
twaddle of Lollapaloser, a rundown on the Thora-zine party with the Melvins, 7 Year Bitch, the Cows, Skin Graft's Japanese Tour Diary, Cheap Trick & heaps, heaps more and my favourite bit...a page graphic of a nice tasty hunk of beef with the slogan "The West Wasn't Won On Salad" good on ya guys you can come down to an EDDIE welcome in Oz anyday with that sort of attitude. Send US\$6 or so...to **P.O. Box 49390 Austin Texas 78765 USA** email [tzine@eden.com](mailto:tzine@eden.com) ON-LINE <http://www.eden.com/zines/thora-zine.html>

Box 42023 Montreal Quebec,  
Canada H2W 2t3 US \$2 per copy  
mikol

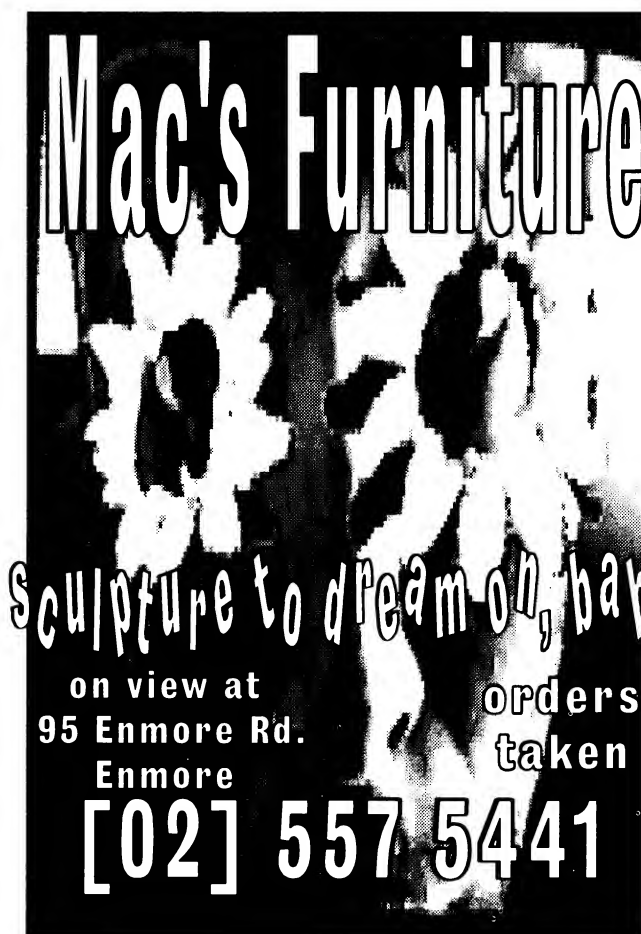
Xero #2 is even fatter and filthier and still only 2 bucks...lead article is a fabulous Supernaut retrospective with bassist Phil Foxman from Xero Tolerance's NY correspondent & sports desk editor John Neeson..., more Bukowski stuff, reviews, poetry by Arthur J. Shawcross, a tale about ICE T, Trev Baby's continuing

# GREAT MOMENTS IN THE FUTURE OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

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## In the catatonic state of the future we abjure the construction of our fate

As the future microwaves more and more of our consumer food chain habits, we as a nation are loosing our collective culinary skills. In the future, as in the present, take away food is a great normalisation principal. Sharing a Mac, slurping down a coke and heading for the pizza bar for dinner. As the energy cost goes up with every overproduced offering, so does the environmental crisis mount. How can it be that with every mouthful of textured vegetable protein, juicy steakburger or sanctified 100% pure fruit juice that we indulge in the strings that hold our planet together get just a little more feathered. Cries of you've got to eat echo's in the empty cafeterias. Cigarette butts, the number one menace of the accumulated 21st century, don't gather any dust as they don't deteriorate anywhere near the rate the planet does. Still smoking is banned in most public places these days. People carry portable ashtrays: butt-throwing carries heavy fines. The public for some reason are vigilant in this regard, soon to proposition a butt-thrower with the contempt they deserve, the average citizen makes another arrest. Just press the state alert button on your mobile and the naive tracking will ensure a patrol is there in minutes to take control. That's what its all about nowadays: Control. How do we get it back - how do we deal with it. Every turn, shadowy look is compiled and made into data. Our transit cards let them know where we are on the link. Notepad registration marks and not to mention the Universal Identity Chip embedded into every neck - science 2015 I remember when I got my first state issue notepad in primacy school and the lectures on personal quality and identity. You and your notebook: The notebook is you.

Lots of stuff about gender, lots of stuff about community and noise. I had to split this in two transmissions as the electricity is in very short supply. Tried to rig a solar outfit but the sky's so dam overcast at the moment. Humidity is really sweaty. And so am I.

Our primitive past, the mutual dependence on food gathering is here in the now. The drive to huddle: a genetic coding mechanism long suppressed through moral servitude is now at last released in the extra free 21st century. The main problem you know is not the shortages and abrupt stops to supply, its loneliness, that's the most devastating illness in our modern culture its loneliness. Actual human interaction. Not the message text driven netscape. I mean real male. Not e-mail. From the destruction of the nuclear family to the intimate marriage of solitary living. Me and my notebook go cruising for anything on the net. Filmic pest roaming around in cyberspace, invading systems with anti-state sentiments and outrages of pornography. Sometimes dynamic text runs talk via the interactive modules last for days. I'm face to face with the terrorist at large, in virtual cites where imaginary people cofigure in the textured landscape. I pass lightly through the reactionary darkness of long dark hallways into that languid lush trope of pleasure where moisture collects in those little metaphors about life, and Mother Nature, and like a logo centric device, desire for my imaginary self, grows with every story that is told.

Back to the food, lots of mixtures for the home cooking enthusiast food is expensive. The Pan Global corporations control the food, they own the source the production and distribution. THE OTHER SIDE MAKE SOME COMMENTS: The freedom of choice is their choice. But these are unsound thoughts: the idea of revolution is a popular virtual reality realm. 'Centuregraphic Icon World' has the peace of mind your dreams dream of. A content imaginary mind is a happy real. Fertiliser is hard to get and home brew compost difficult in the small confines of Asian living. The regional collective directive made population shifts on a large scale towards Australia, transform the quiet coastal vistas to large coastal vistas. Super tech urban living conditions!: we have the technological access but live in amid the decay of the last century.

**MIKOL FURNEAUX**



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# FUCK READING

A young man stepped into the street and walked to the crossroad. He was on his way to the older, neglected part of the city, section 17 - the ghetto of manual artisans. He was dressed in real clothes obviously made long ago, by hand. Inside the houses along his route the inhabitants, he knew, were either hooked up to their reality helmets or attending to a bio-function. Most would be out. Any that were home and noticed him followed his progress with suspicion. It was 2124 and he was the only person walking the roads.

Civic appearances had changed little over the years; experiments with fantastic or grotesque architecture had exhausted themselves fairly quickly once instant building choice had lost its novelty. The need to express power of personality had withered and most folk had settled for homes along fairly classical lines (roof, walls, Etc.) - all built by the mainframe. The odd relic had exorbitant features - a floating penthouse, a plasma garden - but people generally went in for terrestrial structures with sparse decoration. Cars, planes - all vehicular transport, had disappeared decades before. It was a quiet time, the boulevards disturbed occasionally by a cloud of young humans whooping by in a whorl of cheers, screams and laughter - flying from sight just as quickly; the silence of these unusual streets swallowing any vestige of their gaiety. Ever since the abolition of personal stimulant laws, waves of hysterical drug faddism had gripped the very young. This month they had re-discovered NO3, tomorrow it could be any one of the plethora of exotic psychotropics synthesised in the late 2030's. Unruly as these adolescent rites may have seemed, accidental injury was the only violence to persons; there was no anger. The skies were always blue and the air was always warm. It rained at night.

Universal, free, fusion energy became available in 2037; the inevitable leaps in sub-particle physics technology and the subsequent discoveries in matter synthesis and transfer science found expression when mainframe 1 was activated in 2042. Any given mass of matter could be transformed into the same mass of any given desired object and transported to any designated position on the globe. Mainframe monitored all the matter traffic and more popular matter transport. Humanity existed in a state of perpetual symbiotic interaction; sex was very big. Increasingly, peoples choices tended to this intense personal experience, eschewing vicarious input as debased. The past was superfluous to requirements. Boring really. Learning had devolved into the utilitarian absorption of mainframe data menus and the early assimilation of narrow survival data. Written language, such as it was, survived for the mass of people in the attenuated commands they keyed into their modules and the attendant amputated responses thereof.

Language, though, had been in trouble as early as 2000. Music re-mixing and re-synthesis had taken off in the late 20th. Century, with literary artists adopting the same methods pretty much concurrently. Writing became a matter of co-opting thought bites from the existing literary corpus and re-arranging them in pleasing forms. By the early 2000's paper had ceased to be of anything but specialist archival interest as everyone by this time had electronic communication and data storage facilities. Letter writing, perforce, disappeared altogether and by 2020 the ability to form letters of the alphabet with manual instruments was largely lost. Non-computer text production became the craft of obscure fanatics. The last of the so-called serious writers resembled nothing so much as carrion birds, snatching shreds of text and weaving them in an ever darkening miasma of cross-infection.

Any hopes of a literary renaissance were dashed with the 2032 introduction of H.K. Naatsi WerdMiester programme. Henceforth, the whole of recorded human phraseology, indeed all recorded data, became the on-line resource centre for written language production. The system was a miracle of software; creating in glorious prose, sublime poetry or research perfect non-fiction became child's play. Assisting the programme with a few permutations as to the gist of the piece

and selecting the required style was all the operator need do. Feeding in ever more intricate literary scenarios became passe as the tangible potential of easy literary perfection corroded the need to create and with the coming of mainframe a few years later most opted for their direct infusion reality simulators for flights of fancy. There were a billion people places to go and billions of people to meet - if you really wanted to waste your time with ossified thought and brittle characters all that stuff was available on data bank. Fuck reading.

In this demi-paradise, this society without want and with a singular lack of labour imperatives there survived, somehow, craftsmen artisans. In a world of perfect, instantly available and free commodities, there, remained through almost obliterated tradition, people who revelled in the growing of their own food and the manual production of their frugal wants. In commodities long despised and shunned by the world at large, they made their bread and cloth and taught their young to garner a deep from their world, encouraging contact with the primary materials in their lives. They forewent the opportunity to have modules in their homes and existed much as 19th. Century peasants must have. Here, in these vile slums, script, and the expression of thought thereby, was taught - song and poetry whispered in their homes. It was to such a commune that our young walker made his way.

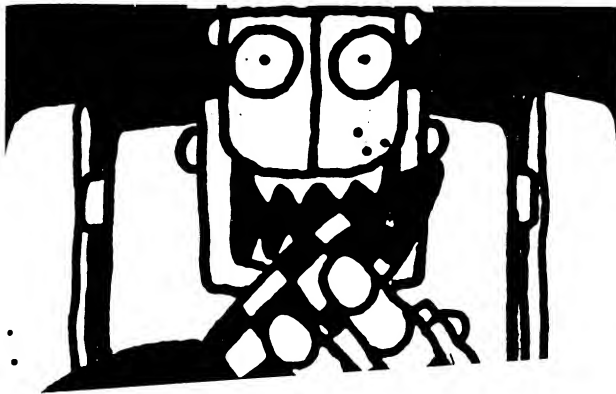
These singular folk, having refused the available paradise, were treated indifferently in the first days of their resistance but their increasing isolation and odd ways slowly aroused the fears of the general population. Their homes were never visited and children, particularly, were instructed to steer clear. Sorcery was mentioned; they were operating as a non-participatory cell in what to all intents and purposes had become a hive; it couldn't last, of course, their arcane clothing made it abundantly clear that they were adrift forever from mainstream humanity. Their raiment became the totem of their isolation. They really should have realised that this was the mark that would excluded any obviously inappropriate or injurious transfers; it specifically forbade the dis-integration of higher animals and their re-assembly as anything else. There had been some early messes. Nevertheless, life (or anything else for that matter) could be safely and instantly transportable and any material want satisfied with a specific request to the mainframe. In the early months there was a wait for the in-home mainframe modules and then for any items ordered, but the exponential alteration of matter soon had the whole system in place. Mainframe V now drove the whole shebang; the energy field controlling the climate, 88 billion human transfer journeys and the movement of above 200 billion material requisitions (including food) per day, operation of the fusion generators and the maintenance of the infinite electronic world of the simulated reality helmets - more real than real or so they said.

Mainframe abolished physical restriction: all communicated directly through their helmets. Just how repellent they had become to society and quite how seriously they disturbed their fellow beings they couldn't know - they didn't participate in the lightning, epidemic like, shifts in mass consciousness and so just weren't equipped to assess their position. In the pervading atmosphere of interactive gluttony and infantile experience thirst they were resented for withholding nothing more significant than themselves. They were seen as separatist and, fatally, remained ignorant of mainframes growing impatience with their inefficiencies and its conviction that they were Luddites of a most dangerous kind.

It all happened in a day. They were evaporated and forgotten. They should have been alert to the dangers of a literarily poor or proscriptive human society; the totalitarian conformism and the carnivorous suspicions consequent thereon. For all their learning they didn't recognise a dangerously homogenous pack of ego-greedy and child-like potential oppressors when they saw one; they didn't even suspect to read the writing on the wall.

ANDREW ROWBOTHAM

# ADVERTISE WITH EDDIE

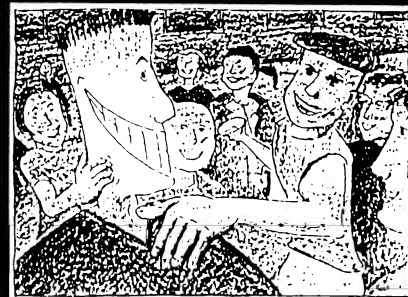
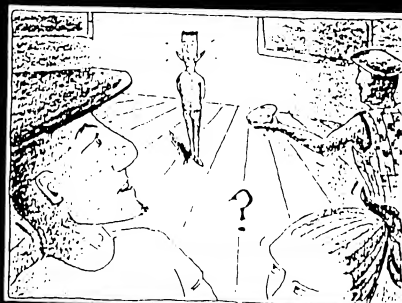
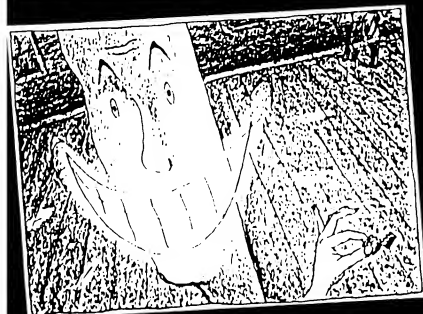
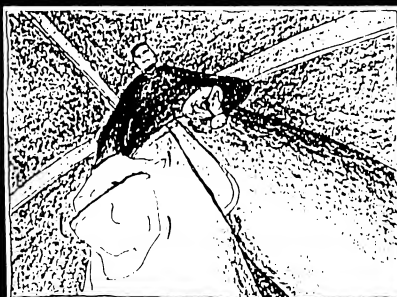


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**Eddie spoke with drummer Mike Danner from Detroit band Big Chief, the band also responsible for the great zine Motorbooty. Guitarist Mark Dancey is the editor and main artist for the zine.**



# henry rollins big chief shakeella motorbooty

**Eddie:**

Which came first the music or the publishing?

**Mike:** Motorbooty predates the birth of Big Chief by about a year but all the guys have been around the Detroit rock scene in various bands since 1981. Mark Dancey known as "The Buddha" is the editor, main artist & chief layout person for Motorbooty. I provide humour, do interviews and other stuff, a lot of the mag originates in the van on tour. There was a gap of about 2 years between #6 and #7 because Big Chief have been on a heavy touring schedule. The mag now pays for itself and we've appointed a managing editor to oversee the mag when we're away on tour. However, for the next few months we're chillin' out at home and consequently the next issue will be out around July. We're also trying to get serious distribution in Europe.

**Eddie:** Can't wait for the new one, #7 is a killer, particularly the Garden Gnomes go to Windsor, that's my favourite, but it's all really cool and very humorous. What's your favourite MC5 song?

**Mike:** Bis Boom Bah?... Royal Trux did a cover of it at a gig I saw recently.

**Eddie:** Is Detroit a vision of the American future? Do you see a situation developing in the future like the 67 riots?

**Mike:** I would hope not, that

would be a step back.

With the popularity of crack around 86 followed by the hot summers of 87-88 I thought that an explosion may have occurred, Detroit's always been the biggest heroin scene as well, but the population downtown is not unified around any issues just turns on itself so I don't think we'll see any uprising or revolts of the 60's type again. There has been a bit of a revival in the Detroit scene however. Some of the guys have moved downtown - 3 live in Detroit and myself and one other live in Ann Arbor.

**Eddie:** Ann Arbor is a cool town!

**Mike:** Yeah it's a blast, and people here read.

**Eddie:** What about the Michigan Militia, is there much talk about that in the wake of the Oklahoma massacre?

**Mike:** Well that's really come out of nowhere, it seems that everyone knows someone who has had something to do with them, although it's not representative of Michigan people. One of my neighbours grew up next door to one of the leaders. I can't really figure that shit out.

**Eddie:** What's with the Motorbooty Henry Rollins fan club?

**Mike:** We Love Him and we want him to Love Us (laughing) !! Seriously, he's become everything he set out to destroy... It's his schtick. He's

like Hank Garfield acting Henry Rollins.

**Eddie:** Big Chief kicks some serious ass on your latest album Platinum Jive - Greatest Hits 1969-1999 with a wide variety of influences, what style of music really does it for you guys?

**Mike:** It's been a long process of evolution, but our favourite era is the 70's early Sabbath, Stooges, MC5 etc - home-grown stuff. On our next record we will be moving more along defined lines a more "Rock" album, make it simple for the company, simple for the consumers etc...people are a bit stupid you have to provide them with something simple that they can understand, and we're not 18 anymore we wanna make a few bucks, credibility alone doesn't pay the bills. But it'll be great and still will feature weird influences such as Moroccan sounds etc. Our next album will be the best one! Big Chief has been on the road pretty constantly for the last couple of years in November-December we toured with The Goats and we've just finished a month of gigs with The Cult on the West Coast which was great, we played with them on their last shows as they've now disbanded.

**Eddie:** What about the "Punk Rock" revival.

**Mike:** I suppose it's better to have Offspring at the top of the charts than Bon Jovi but none of this stuff has much credibility amongst the people in the music scene, it's just all these Mall

people buying the stuff. It's incredible how many records these bands are selling. Big Chief however, can make a living without regard to fashion or style we just keep rocking. As usual we have had label problems. No label that we've had so far has been satisfactory for us, so we're off Capitol and looking for a new label. We've talked to Elektra and some others, but nothing is confirmed yet.

**Eddie:** What about Australia?

**Mike:** Well, we planned a tour in July, but since we left Capitol it ain't happening. But when we get a new label it will be on our list. We would love to come out. Australia has always been a place that we have wanted to visit.

**Eddie:** We did a launch in Melbourne for issue #10 with the Cosmic Psychos, what do ya think of those guys.

**Mike:** The Psychos are awesome!

**Eddie:** Well, thanks a lot Mike and I hope you enjoy Eddie when ya get it.

**Bye for now...**

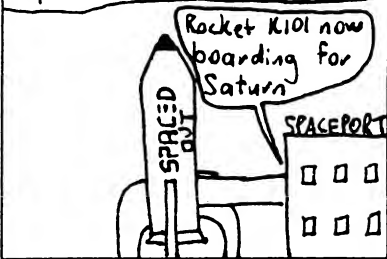


Mike is the one on the right (or is it the one on the left)...ohuh..

CRAIG'S  
CARTOON  
WORLD

# What Life Will Be Like in 2045

Spaced-Out Spacelines  
begin regular flights to  
Jupiter, Mars & Saturn



Buskers will use synthesizers,  
drum machines and sequencers  
instead of acoustic guitars.

## CYBEREMPORIUM



©1995 CRAIG PITTENDRIGH

There will be 9,000 TV  
channels

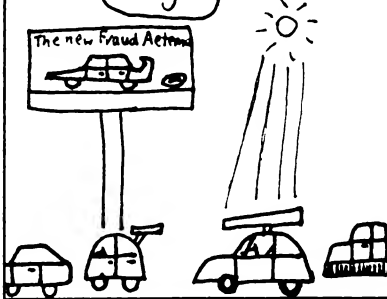
This week on  
Channel 8015  
we have a top  
lineup of shows



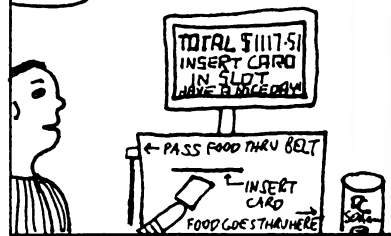
Newspapers will be a thing of  
the past, we access them  
on the Internet.



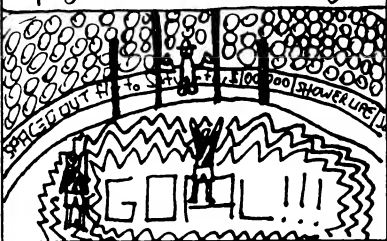
Cars will have more radical  
designs



No 'checkout chicks' at the  
supermarket, instead of now-  
obsolete cash, pay by smart  
card.



At the football, spectacular  
lights below the ground will  
spell 'GOAL' & give a dazzling  
display when someone kicks a goal.



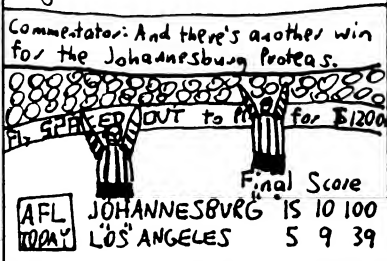
Classic Golden Oldies radio  
will play Nine Inch Nails



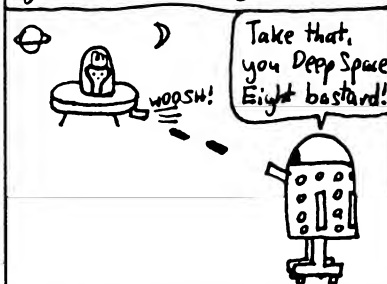
Kurt Cobain spotted in a  
Quick & Convenient store  
drinking a lime green swashie



The AFL will be expanded to  
include teams from the USA,  
England, Venezuela & South Africa

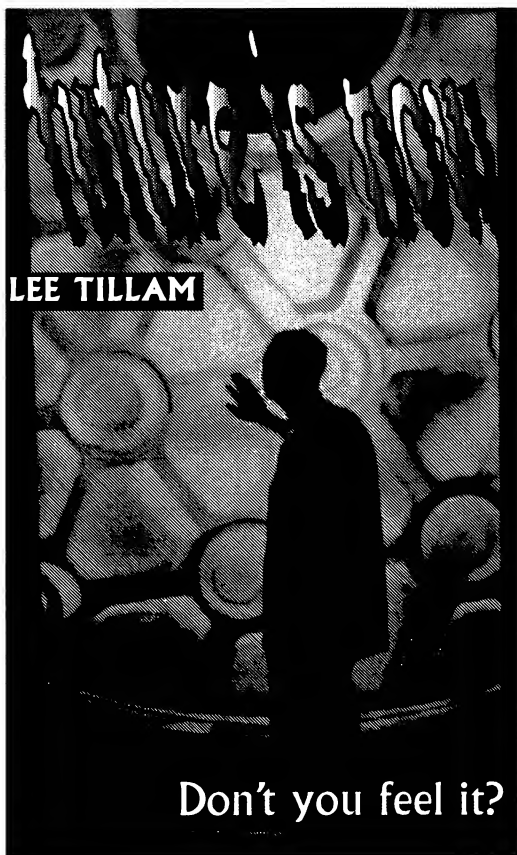


Robots will protect the solar  
system from enemy invaders.



A certain US animated  
primetime sitcom will still  
be popular





LEE TILLAM

Don't you feel it?

There IS no golden age just as there is no end of the world.

There is no promise and there is no threat.

There is our minds, our bodies and the creations that spring forth. There is definite work to be done and hours to while away. There is sitting succulently in dappled warm

afternoons, There is cool nights when I touch your waist and my fingers lead me. There is a sweat and a steam as we burn into fate and melting of thaws through your muscles.

There is people chanting alone in darkened rooms tending fires intent on magic. There is our hands sending forth. There is a shuddering in voluntary sending out waves that cause the bats outside to cry in sympathy. There is questions - endless and pale.

There is our faces daring to contact with true glances. There is thrill and slipping darknesses. There is letting go and dissolving and unexpected discovery. There is grace descending. There is busses and traffic. There is the art of enough is enough already. There is glitches and miscommunication to be sorted out. There is your cross and your bearers. There is purity. There is bourbon without coke to be drunk. There is skin to absorb and lips to taste. There is our knowing if only we allow

expression. There is a re-alignment breaking down and gathering together. There is warm liquids to be consumed as we sit in our clothes and our boots. There is

silk to stroke and temptations to take or leave. There is the sand and the rocks and the sea. There is our sky blue and grey crashing. There is our legs wrapped around each other. There is our stomachs rubbing exchanges. There is our worry mostly unfounded and habitual. There is our patterns and traps. There is our breaking free into earth. There is smooth wrenching. There is imagination run wild and rioting through the streets of the brain. There is our stories and our nothingness. There is our hours wasted in inertia giving impetus for change. There is our carrying on.

There is feet in woolly socks feeling sexy despite chipped toenails. There is no way once you're on it. There is certain decencies and attitudes to cultivate. There is options available. There is the divineshining wet light from your pupils. There is stupendous rage. There is world - weeping sorrow which permeates mist - like through you. There is a clearing into capability. There is a beating and waiting in your restlessness. There is resting on the diamond tip of the edge with only patience to stop you from entering forever those foggy spirals of the head. There is sharp coincidences and momentary meetings of the soul which give you strength. There is the stranger that you somehow know - so delicious to behold. There is baths of white gazings out the window on the heat of the round moon.

There is cats purring in their arrogance and softness. There is a twitching and winding of tails. There is the tension to widen out. There is a yearning to speak.

There is the large silence. There is the ability to seduce and the sense to smoulder. There is going down and nodding off. There is coming back, coming back - wandering- coming back. There is a monstrous monotony and boredom to be juiced. There is negativity to be bitten into. There is boiling and bubbles of troubling. There is troubadours to be welcomed over the threshold. There is bodhisatva shamans taking it easy down the pub. There is a shameless imbibing of spirit. There is a readiness to quietly explode if realisation is not met through action. there is an equalling to action in non-action when they hold hands in line and march off to battle and sit down to lunch. there is a piercing pop of penetration. There is salmon and eggs for breakfast. There is a gnawing hunger which must be released to ever be filled. There is the pain of unrelated confusions. There is friendship slow to bud. There is magnolias. There is chemicals crystallising. There is waiting WITH the rain. There is a magnificence and simplicity to what's crucial. There is a belief in miracles - Why? Because you are one.

There is the garbage rotting so eloquently around the corner. There is streetlights to make poems of the rain. There is a fierce undertow in the gutter of your heart. There is stretches and scars and sores. There is quintessence in the centre of your endless rushing circles.

There is your point nucleus. There is husky phone calls. There is liberation for the eternally vigilant. There is strange structures stalking through your Salvador Dali dream. There is that gold glow that visited you one night. There is clues piecing together as if by their own accord. There is a shutting off to be opened. There is a banging of pots and dirty water in your kitchen. There is a reminder bell in the birds. There is the salty stink of the harbour. There is singing along in the car. There is reckless driving through the back alleys. There is hitching rides with drivers who may well be maniacs. There is stupidity so naked you sicken in alarm. There is pretending for play. There is devious deeds done for good. There is the problems of plastic.

There is stained underwear and rude comics. There is the erotics of anticipation. There is the plunging into flesh. There is teeth and bone. There is moving house. There is weird vibes emanating to be banished. There is stirring and settling. There is hot chocolate WITHOUT the marshmallows. There is licking the quince of your tongue. There is electric clocks alarming ticking.

Don't you feel it?

This is the golden age.

This IS the end of the world. This IS the promise and THIS is the threat.

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you can  
write porn

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short stories  
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All material used will be paid for



"Courage to be Happy"

Augusto Boal  
Rio de Janeiro

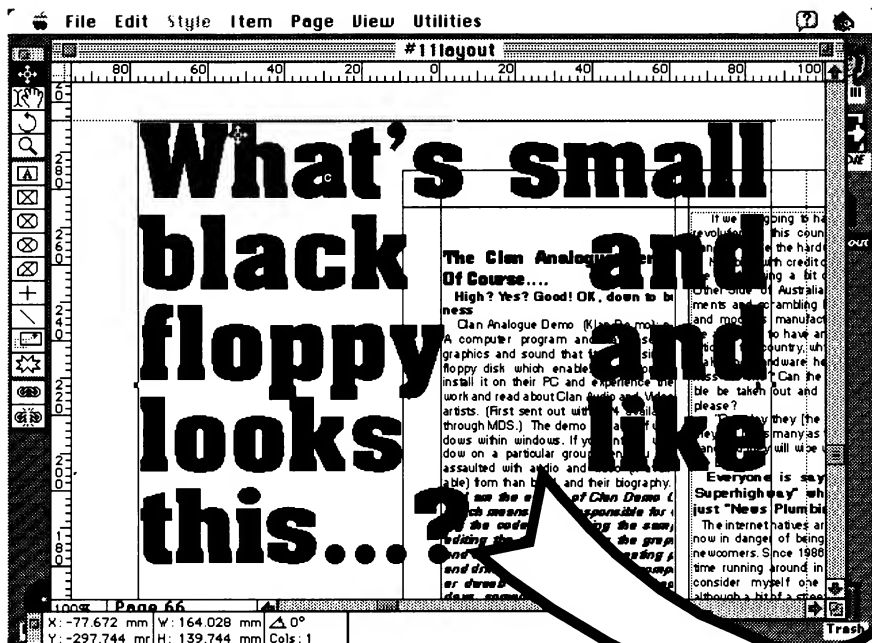
A BUNDA  
FALANTE!

W.O. BRAZIL

MENSAJERO a JESUS

THANKZ JEMIA  
1.1.1995

SYDNEY CULTURAL ACTION ENTERPRISES  
97 MITCHELL STREET - THE GLEBE 2037-AUSTRALIA



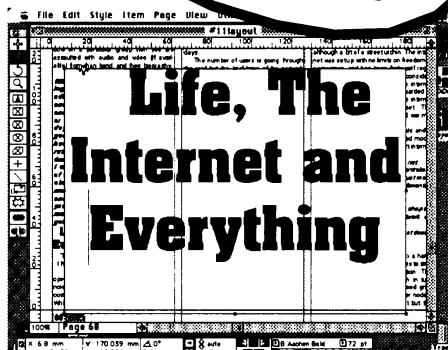
Everyone is  
saying  
Information  
Superhighway  
when in  
reality it's  
just "News  
Plumbing!"

we are going to have an information revolution in this country, why the fuck can't we make the hardware here? How did we miss this one? Can the Minister responsible be taken out and slowly shot twice please?  
"One day they [the public] will come, they will be as many as there are grains of sand and they will wipe us from the face of the Earth..."

## The Clan Analogue Demo Of Course....

High? Yes? Good! OK, down to business -  
**Clan Analogue Demo (Clan Demo):** n. A computer program and database of graphics and sound that fits on a single floppy disk which enables a person to install it on their PC and experience the work and read about Clan Audio and Video artists. (First sent out with EP4 available through MDS.) The demo is made of windows within windows. If you enter a window on a particular group then you are assaulted with audio and video (if available) from than band, and their biography.

*I am the author of Clan Demo One. Which means I was responsible for writing the code, sequencing the samples editing the text, tweaking the graphics and staying up late at night eating pizza and drinking Jolt™ Cola. I am a computer dweeb and I love it. In the bad old days, someone with a computer was a geek a nerd and a social retard. A lot has changed (apart from being socially retarded of course). I remember the first time I went to a night club in Perth when I was a teen-ling. I met some members of the opposite sex and talked to them about fones, tones, free calls and e-mail. They fled at a great pace to someone much cooler. That was 8 short years ago. The last time I went out and mentioned that I had internet access, I got laid.*



"Is this guy boring you? Come talk to me. I have my own domain name..."

If motor vehicle technology had developed at the same pace as computer technology then a Rolls Royce today would cost 25c and go 1,000,000 miles per hour. While the technology of cars has stabilised, computer technology is still being developed, but at an even faster rate than before.

## The Internet is Full - GO AWAY!

On top of this, for some reason the Internet is "Cool" now. An internet address has surpassed the yuppie cellular phone as an essential communications consumable. The number of World Wide Web sites on the internet is doubling every 57 days.

The number of users is going through the roof but the backbone of the network itself is much the same as it was two years ago, so bandwidth per person is decreasing.

The internet is straining under the onslaught and the only way to save it is to make people pay for its use, in return they expect to have some say in what goes on.

If we are going to have an information revolution in this country, why the fuck can't we make the hardware here?

Newbies with credit cards and families, are all throwing a bit of lead onto "The Other Side" of Australia's balance of payments and scrambling home with 'puters and modems manufactured overseas. If

The internet natives are restless and are now in danger of being swamped by the newcomers. Since 1986 I've spent a lot of time running around in the internet so I consider myself one of the natives, although a bit of a street urchin. The internet was set up with no limits on freedom of expression, and has been fairly self regulatory with people mostly being considerate and thoughtful. We used the internet as a tool and a playground and guarded its integrity to the end... although the internet has a few skeletons in its closet.. The internet is a by-product of the cold war military industrial complex.

Imagine a room full of generals and a computer scientist with a map and model explaining the workings of the first internet network....

**General:** So who controls the net.

**Scientist:** No one.. its decentralised and democratic. Each machine just maintains its connections and a rudimentary directory...

**General:** Which means?

**Scientist:** There is no head to chop off. If you loose one node the network will keep working.

**General:** I m confused, so what does it mean again?

**Scientist:** If we do this...

at which point our boffin picks up a hammer and smashes one of the nodes to simulate a tactical nuclear detonation. The generals all grin and nod. Each in turn grabs the hammer and has a good grinning whollop at a few of the other nodes. One by one green lights go out but the mail still

seems to be getting through as each of the machines reacts to the death of its siblings, expressing the kind of detached emotionless acceptance that buddhists don't but computers can.

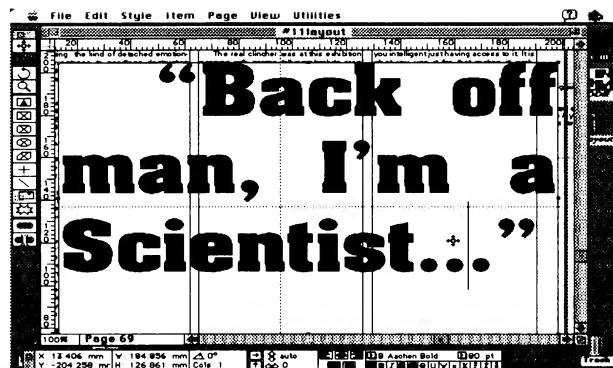
**General:** Here, have a defence budget...

And the rest is history.. Military bases went online, Universities where all the research for the internet was done went online. Students went online. Students left uni and bought internet connections off universities and started selling them to companies, then someone decided that the internet was the next "Killer App" that could be mass marketed then the World Wide Web arrived. The World Wide Web is a glossy interface over the most useful aspects of the net. What's more its pretty. So now the Advertisers are moving onto the internet. Game Over Man...

Now that the first shipload of first settlers has arrived they seem to find it strange that there has been a group of people inhabiting the network for the last two decades. These natives seem to have strange abilities, if something goes wrong with the net they -know- what the problem is. These people know the internet, its protocols and software like most people know their own backyards. Some have been employed as guides by big companies wanting to establish themselves on the net, others are engaged in a guerrilla war against the invaders who have brought the strange alien religion of "Censorship" and "Morality". The newbies after all, have been sold the internet as a product. They own it now don't they? They want to make it safe for their children by removing all the forbidden information. "Damn these natives, they seem to think they know what's good for the internet". Funny that eh? How can there already be an internet culture, we just got here?...

#### I am an Internet snob!

I'm an internet snob and I have been made that way by newbies. I first noticed it in the Art scene. CD-ROMs by artists who have employed natives to do all the work while they get all the credit. People at parties talking about how they are -going- to do this with the internet, -going- to do that and they spout endless hyperbole and string internet and computer terms about without making a single real English sentence. Like two years ago when VR and INTERACTIVITY were the rage and those who knew had been reading all the research about long time exposure to CRT tubes 3 inches away from each eye. Sigh! Trendy art scene people who have given up or translated their previous line of art and have jumped in, grabbed all the grants and produced the kind of thing that any



high school kid with a copy of Macromedia Director could.

The real clincher was at this exhibition opening with person talking absolute crap about what they were doing and how it was the first of its kind in Australia. I asked them how they were going to achieve this and they gave an answer. I wished them luck. Which point they took offense. Admittedly I was not dressed for the occasion and had just taken time out from a particularly successful crusty-feral-dance-party and must have looked a bit out of place without a black turtleneck and all.

#### "Back off man, I'm a Scientist...."

**Them:** So how do you know so much about it.

**Me:** Oh.. I m a computer scientist and I make animations for video and raves and parties and I ve been making interactives for the Amiga demo scene since 1987.

**Them:** Oh.

Strangely no-one said or asked anything more about computers or the internet after that, they all said nothing and looked a bit uncomfortable. It was at that point I realised that the people who had started off making works of art using computers and the internet that weren't part of the trendy art scene were getting right royally screwed by those with the right social connections. Once again the natives were getting screwed. The trendies have moved into my neighbourhood and bought up all the real estate and are currently in the process of re-writing our history.

Kiddie porn on the net? Yes I imagine there is that. There is also a lucrative trade in child pornography on video tapes and pillow books. In fact every form of media has been used to excess in its documentation human sexual activity and prohibition of this material has made the fortune of many a crime lord. Is making the internet an instrument of the religious right and in the process destroying an oasis of creativity and freedom worth stopping a handful of perverts? I think not. The government will tax information if it can. We have to prevent that till the last minute. There are no gains in censoring the internet, it would be like picking a flower. Taken from its source of energy, it would die. Creativity and freedom power the internet and that's what has made it attractive. The internet is slightly naughty, but AARNET we all. :)

So the internet has become a social phenomena, the steam engine of the infor-

mation revolution and the haunt of the 80's cyberpunks. That line from the Hitchhikers guide to the Galaxy that described humans as "strange ape like descendants who still thought digital watches were a pretty neat idea". Substitute e-mail for digital watch.

The internet is a tool. Nothing more. It is not a penis extension, nor does it make you intelligent just having access to it. It is what you use it for that makes it work. Everyone is saying "Information Superhighway" when in reality it's just "News Plumbing". So get on the net, learn and earn but don't piss off the natives or you might just be the first against the wall when the revolution comes...

*James Mc Parlane is a rebel computer scientist and researching biological models of information/energy flow and how they can be applied to co-operative parallel computing networks and artificial life systems. In his spare time he drinks beer, smokes billies, writes techno dance music with Nanotech, VJ's as Nanotech Visuals and Spikey Balls, writes algorithmic synthesis software for the generation of audio and graphics used in his performances. He also coordinates a warehouse of electronic artists, was co-ordinator for the Internet room at the Big Day Out 95, is co-ordinator of the Eddie Magazine WWW pages and loves cats, heaters and bars of sunlight, non-linear searching systems and people with minds of their own creation. James is employed as Chief Programmer at Documenta a Sydney-based electronic publishing company.*

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james@ebom.com.au  
(The Evil Brotherhood of Mutants)  
<http://www.geko.com.au/dome/ebom.html>  
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**Eddie #10 the Sleaze issue was launched with a great party at the old Les Girls in Kings Cross.**

**Dateline the 11th March, 1995.**

Upstairs@les girls was transformed into a pit of sleaze, the entry featured a large pink penis hanging from the ceiling, just under this, at the top of the stairs, revellers were treated to the incomparable antics emanating from the Scratch My Nose booth. Just past there, was an installation created by MacGregor Ross & michealgraham. This featured a mannequin's torso on a double bed with a VDU on the pillow showing footage of a couple kissing... whilst underneath red satin sheets a motorised "hump" moved back and forth in an attempt to satisfy the needs of the inanimate resin model. Another VDU lay at the foot of the bed showing the Spinning Wheel which was obviously powering the whole she-bang. The doors of Les Girls opened at 9.00 p.m... and the masses came and came. By 11.00 movement had become difficult with pulsing bodies slithering by one another on their way to and from the bar, the stage and the appropriately attired conveniences flagged "pricks" and "sluts". Just beyond the bar, which was



besieged by the thirsty crowd, lay the Chill area. This was a scene full of atmosphere, dimly lit, with bodies



sprawling in a variety of langourous poses on cushions being entertained by a continuous loop of exploitation/porn trailers. Clems Chickens kicked off the night after being introduced by our glamorous emcee Ms. Vanessa Wagner. — By midnight the joint was packed and thrilling to the spectacle

of P. Harness (aka Prik Harness) Canberra's bad boys of Sleaze rock. DJ Gemma kept the crowd in a festive mood throughout the night and the dancefloor swimming with activity. Other highlights of the night were performance troupe Icarus who presented a spectacular show of fire and frenzied passion, the underground strip show of



Galaxy Vamp featuring Mia and Paul with his Stooges like feedback and Ivanka Sokol's fabulous Tunnel of Love was a popular meeting spot during the night. Thanks to all who made this spectacle of sleaze such a great success.

"Tickled" at Polymorph Dateline: 3rd May, 1995

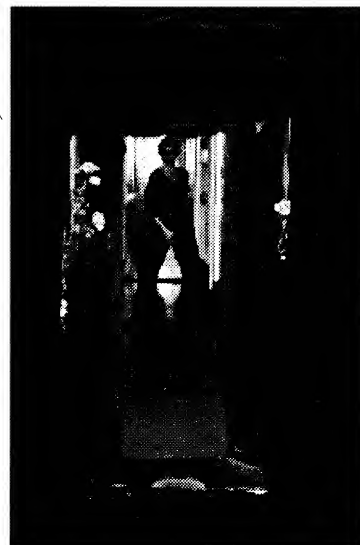
The follow up to the les Girls event was an exhibition of Sleaze related art called "Tickled" which was held at the Polymorph Body Art Gallery in Newtown.

Curated by Angela Collins & Heidi Jackson the show was a great success with a packed opening night featuring the first ever EDDIE art auction (and a successful one at that!!!) conducted in spectacular fashion by performer Love-



Lee, attired in the sexiest red rubber wrestling togs seen in a long while. The Tunnel of Love made a reappearance as a fab-

ulous sleazy entrance to the exhibition complete with a ballsy spruiker. Neil we're still waiting for you to collect your sexy pink fluffy box set!



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A d d r e s s

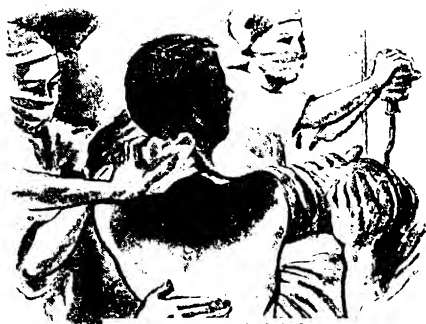
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Severe and painful burns produced by heat radiation will require competent first-aid treatment at once.

# Top Ten NUCLEAR FILMS

by George Matzkov of  
Glorious Noise Records  
Newtown

## KISS THE GIRLS AND MAKE THEM DIE

(USA - 1966)

An American agent in Rio stops a mad industrial, funded by the Chinese, from launching a satellite with a radioactive cobalt ray capable of rendering whole nations sterile, aiming to be the only potent man remaining on Earth to later re-populate the globe.

## THE CHILDREN

(USA - 1980)

When a mysterious gas from a nuclear plant contaminates a school bus full of kids aboard, they become radioactive and spontaneously ignite everyone they touch.

## WORLD WITHOUT END

(USA - 1956)

Four astronauts, via a time warp, land on Earth in 2508 AD to find a nuclear war has the planet. Mutants and giant spiders roam the surface with pacifist human survivors living underground.

## REPO MAN

(USA - 1984)

A punk repossession man meets a crazed nuclear physicist carrying an alien corpse in the boot of his car. Later the teenager and his UFO freak friend are lifted into a kind of extra-terrestrial rapture, escaping the dull nihilism of their contemporary urban life.

## DR GOLDFOOT AND THE GIRL BOMBS

(USA/ITALY - 1966)

Acting on behalf of the Chinese, Dr Goldfoot's force of robot women seducers assassinate NATO generals in an attempt to ignite a nuclear war between the two superpowers.

## INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

(USA - 1956)

People are taken over by pods which duplicate the body and absorb all emotion from their human victims when they fall asleep, becoming replicas. The small town doctor escapes to tell the story - just.

## HORROR OF PARTY BEACH

(USA - 1964)

Beach partying teenagers are being killed by horrible mutants which have been transformed into via radioactive waste at the bottom of the ocean.

## KILLERS FROM SPACE

(USA - 1954)

A nuclear scientist crashes over an atomic test site and suffers amnesia. He then foils invading aliens by blowing them up from a power station. The end sequence of a nuclear blast must be seen to be believed.

## CLASS OF NUKE 'EM HIGH

(USA - 1986)

Teenagers smoke irradiated dope from a leaking nuclear plant next to their school, ignored by the irresponsible utility company, turning mild mannered kids into sex-starved monsters or punks. A huge toxic monster then grows in the school fall-out shelter and reaps havoc.

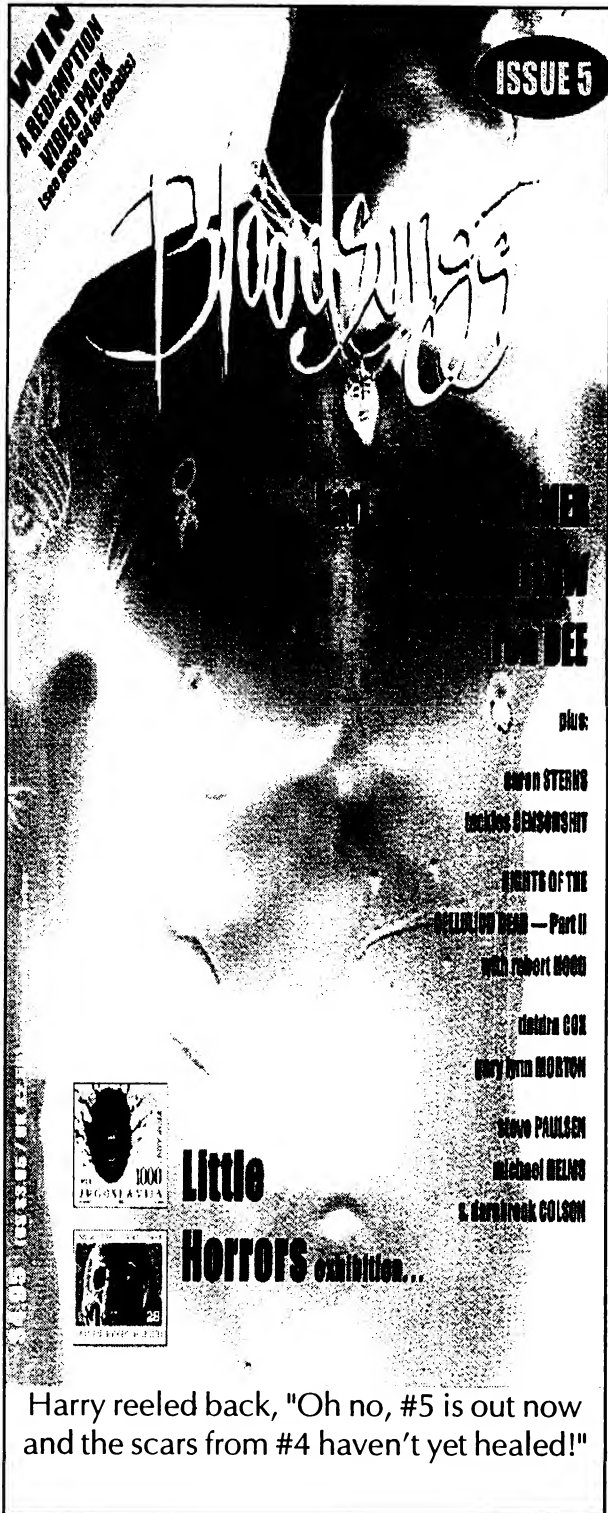
## THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS

(USA - 1953)

A dinosaur is awoken when an American Arctic atomic test creates havoc in New York City, but is quelled by a radioactive isotope.

WIN  
A REDEMPTION  
VIDEO PACK  
1000 more for \$1000!

ISSUE 5



plus:  
HARRY STERN  
LUCAS GEMSONSHY  
NIGHTS OF THE  
HELLHOUND BEAST - Part II  
with Robert MOORE  
Kathleen COX  
GARY LYNN MORTON  
BARRY PAULSEN  
MICHAEL WELLS  
GARY ROCK COLSON



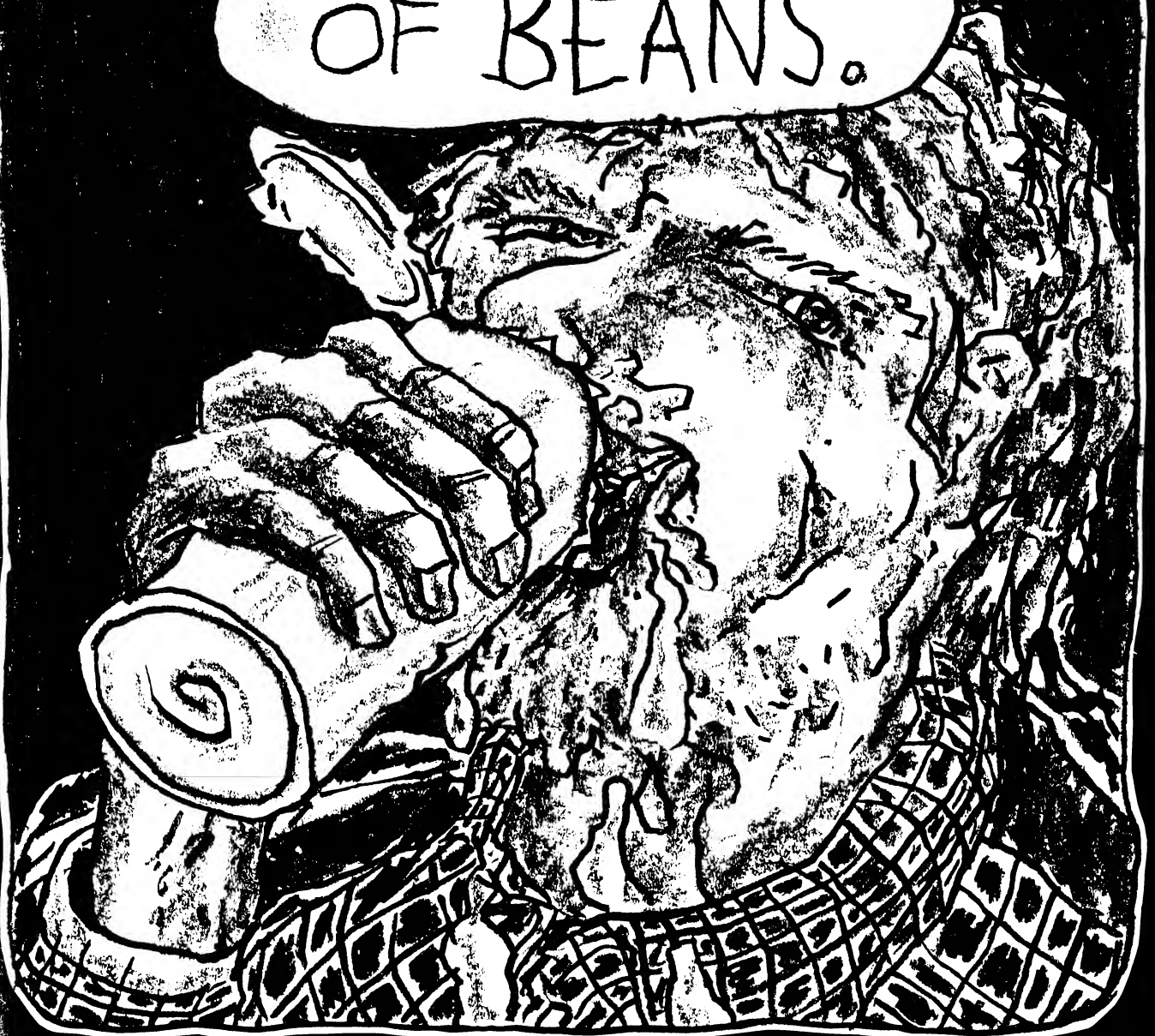
Little  
Horrors exhibition...

Harry reeled back, "Oh no, #5 is out now and the scars from #4 haven't yet healed!"

Too right! Issue 5 of *Bloodsongs* is out now at selected newsagents & all the better book & record stores, or send a fiver to:  
Bambada Press, PO Box 7530, St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, VIC 3004  
Get it before it gets you.



IN A SHATTERED  
BOMB SHELTER YOUR  
ONLY FRIEND COULD  
BE A CAN  
OF BEANS.



My friend Kirsty is psychic She earns money reading Tarot

Sometimes you dream  
the future



You can tell when  
you wake up, there's  
a certain feeling.  
You get a feeling in  
your bones. You just  
know. It's weird  
getting information  
and you don't know  
where it's from.



You'll think 'I am so  
sure they live in a  
blue house and it's  
really little. I am so  
sure'...

After a while I  
realised I just have  
to trust myself.



And the more I  
trusted myself the  
more information I'd  
get and the righter  
I'd be



I remember when I  
was 8 years old I was  
in the bath and I said  
"oh mum, someone just  
died." We found out  
later it was the day  
my great Aunt died.

That sensation  
that something is  
about to happen...

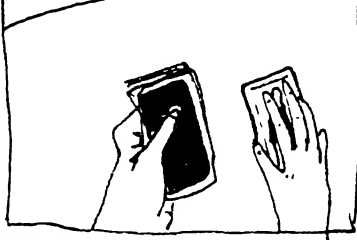


I used to think  
I was about to  
have an anxiety  
attack

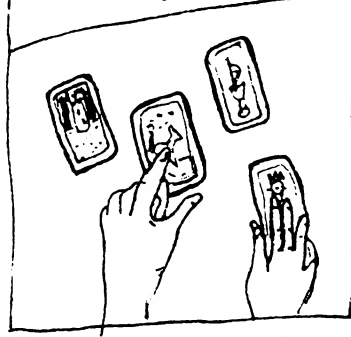
You have to undo a  
lot of conditioning  
and just trust  
yourself.



I don't think any-  
one's born with more  
ability than anyone  
else



just, you develop  
it



true. When I talked to her about it, she made it seem so easy.

cards for people, in Melbourne. When she's read my Tarot it's been frighteningly

monica syrette

# eddie's Comix reviews

..oboy.. have you noticed how much those damn addictive comics cost these days? We here at Eddie understand that inbetween lashing out that hard-earned mulla for other extraneous indulgences, and still having to scrape together enough for a laksa special on Friday night, you may want to be selective in your comixfix. Following is a sample of what keeps us up at night (amongst other diversions).

## SHE-MALE TROUBLE #2

Great comic from Last Gasp featuring the magnificently lewd talents of John Howard, D.B.'King' VelVeeda & James Burchett a must for all you horny little fucks out there, follow the excitement as the sisters get pinched, see the coming attraction checkout the action of Megawaukee Monday, the library from she male heaven and more US\$ 3.95 retail write to **Last Gasp P.O. Box 410067 San Francisco, CA 94141-0067 USA.** review EG

## TOMATO #1

An excellent comic by Ellen Forney great to see some more women comic artists being published. Follow the adventures of Birdie & Spike as they try a little amateur porn photography, My Date with Camille Paglia, and Those Pesky Self-Confidence Problems and more...from **Starhead Comix P.O. Box 30044 Seattle WA 98103, USA** send 52c for a catalog. review EG

## TOMATO #2

Another great offering from Ellen Forney, she looks at life with CB radio, the fabulous 70's cocktail party, Rocky's dance before leaving town (for the last time again), More Spike & Birdie again, Dickweeds long awaited apology, Mother Fucking Goose and much more... **Starhead Comix P.O. Box 30044 Seattle WA 98103, USA.** review EG

## STREET SMELL #1

The Lowbrow Comic For Highbrows By Bruce Mutard  
The second issue of this Melbourne comic put together by Bruce Mutard (the first was #0) features some more of Bruce's excellent toons "Love to know you" Part 1, "Sportsdick Magazine's Bikini Slam '94", "Babes on Bikes" and more...Bruce's excellent style and wicked humour make this a must for any serious fan of Aussie comics & Kulcha- \$4 retail...write to **Street Smell at P.O. Box 2231, North Brighton, Victoria, 3186.** review EG

## BUMP & SNORE #5

Another cool little comic from Canberra featuring a host of talented artists .... with some wicked little tales of life's absurdities...my faves are "Johnny liked taking stuff apart", the BBC Tragedy Reporter and "He Loved His Guitar" for info contact **Dean Tarjavaara 6B Alice Lane, Newtown 2042.** review EG

## BUMP & SNORE #6

A4 format this time, bigger 'n' better, with great tales such as "The Day Dave turned invisible and didn't even know about it", "The Last Cone" and "Drug Crazyed Virgin Mary"...Check it out, welcomes contributions etc...**6B Alice Lane, Newtown 2042.** review EG

## FRUITY MURMURS#1

All female comic which hails from Canberra. This is a very cool mag, televisual habits, boys and body excrement all get a look in, not always favourably of course, "The beginning of Fruity Murmurs" certainly rings true... check out Mandy Ord's "Adventures of the Pubic Hare" so any women comic artists send stuff to : Fruity Murmurs c/o Graphic Investigation Workshop, Canberra School of Art, GPO Box 804 ACT 2601, and I suppose a coupla bucks for postage and stuff... review EG

## GAY COMICS

This little gem happens to be the longest standing anthology of gay comics on the planet with brilliant and experienced cartoonists that deal with real life issues in clear and

artistic ways. **Gay Comics** a virtual source-guide to the contemporary styles of gay cartooning and quite often features the virtual superheros from the gay comic underworld: **Howard Cruise (Wendel)**; **Roberta Gregory (Naughty Bits)**; **Donna Bar (Desert Peach)**; **Tim Barela (Lennard and Larry)** and **Robert Triptil (Bi Bi Baby)** to virtual unknown new talent. . Published quarterly by Bob Ross. The Editor is Andy Mangels, **GAY COMICS PO Box 3226, Portland, OR, 97208-3226.** Mail order US \$5.50, ask for catalogue or most recent issue. review Mikol

## SAVAGE LOVE #1

The *Seattle Weekly*, has toted this zine as 'The Queer answer to (that fat ugly right winged bastard) Rush Limbaugh. I think we need more than savage love to get-rid Limbaugh, however, **Savage Love** is produced and written by a Mr Don Savage who says the comic narrative for **Savage Love** has developed out of writing a column in a weekly newspaper in a medium sized American city, (presumably Seattle). In this column he

explained gay sex to straight people leading them into mythical worlds of butt fucking, rimming, felching, frottage and regular plain old bondage. **Savage Love** is drawn by four artists, including Ellen Forney, a cartoon cult figure. While Don Savage writes the story line, the artists have

some influence over the narrative outcomes and some of the stories have a defiant underground kinda tale style. Like a very noir story about a uniform fetish. There is a story called My First Time about loosing your vaginity in the boy scouts (remember!) The fantastic *Doggie Style* by Don Savage and James Sturn has to be the coolest real time advice on anal sex yet ! "....sure it hurts the first time, but didn't vaginal sex hurt the first time...grin and bear it, relax and use plenty of lubricant", also includes a photomontage where Ken comes Out to Barbie. A wonderful little anthology from **Bear Bones Press PO 45432 Seattle, WA 98105 0432.** Write or draw any comments, questions and /or criticisms to **Savage Love c/o The Stranger, 1202 E. Pike, Suite 1225, Seattle, WA 98122 3934. US\$3 per copy.** review mikol

## ARTISTIC LICENTIOUSNESS

by the interminable Roberta Gregory. This ongoing story from gay comicdom is about a women who has a girl friend and a boyfriend called Kevin who is supposedly straight until a guy turns up, shows him his drawings and gets into his pants. Kinda real world narrative stuff, wouldn't you say. A bit anxiety ridden, agonising over weather he is gay cause he let a guy suck him off. This well drawn, densely dialogued comic is a passionate good time enlightenment comic for women. The lesbian story content overrides the male perspective. Self published whenever possible by **Comix Bitch**, send **SASE to Roberta Gregory PO Box 27438, Seattle, WA 98125**, for a catalogue of her comix.. review mikol

## DESERT PEACH

By Donna Bar with over thirty issues published this is a mammoth tale of adventure and sex. When I first looked at *Desert Peach* I had my doubts how anyone could do a comic about a gay Nazi and get away with it. After enjoying the first one I just kept buying it. This very camp story is about Erwin Romel, the desert fox, his gay brother is off course the *Desert Peach* This comic has cult status within the gayzine comic subculture and deservedly so. The *Desert Peach* is the head of the 496th half track support and grave digging battalion. Donna Bar's distinctive has a rather luscious drawing style, and very good very funny story lines that deal with serious issues such as concentration camps, racial issues and sexuality without bogging down the narrative. Now *Desert Peach* has been made into a musical I'm not sure how to visualise such abject horror on the stage! I mean how would you feel about the war if the *Desert Peach* was your younger brother. *Desert Peach* is published Bi monthly by **Mu Press-5014-D Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105.** review mikol

## HELL STYLE #1

A crazed comic zine that is written by a guy called Glenn and his mate Alex who live in Newtown Sydney. He says *Hell style* is not like a normal comic because the stories are a bit vague, but that's the way they turned out. Glenn also produces a fanzine called Scrollburger with comics and lofi interviews with bands that he likes. The recommended listening list that comes with the editorial page may be indicative of Glenn's sonic tastes. *Prong: Forceded Slayer; Reign in Blood, Slint: Spiderland, Sebadoch* or anything by Australian bands *Midjet, Merlancholy, Steadfast, Gilgamesh, Downtime and Bodyjar.* Go on a Transdimensional journey. The intro to *Hell Style* reads: *This is where the story starts and*



reality takes a back seat. If you smoke now. A cigarette will last this comic for some. Take the phone off the hook....look and read! The graphic art has a very particular style: there is no limit to a weird imagination. **Hell Style** hopes to include other artists/writers in the future. This is local photocopy sickness for \$3, you could hardly beat that. Contact **HellStyle:10 Clara Street, Newtown 2042**.  
review mikol

#### DEVIL STAY AWAY FROM ME

An interesting little narrative involves the extra mega discursive philosophy of Christian religion :it's the devil you know, so stay away from me, a manifesto on the ironies of everyday life. A5 format. written by JR Williams and drawn by Pat Moriarity and inked by Earl Crabb. A lot of people for a little zine that's how deep it gets. **US \$1.50. Starhead Comix PO Box 30044 Seattle, WA. 98103**  
review mikol

#### LEATHERBOY

by Craig Maynard by **Eros Comix**. A ripping suppressed parody with a load of explicit gay guy to guy action. Add a touch of political content to provide the redeeming social value needed to satisfy those big guys in spandex. Haven't you always wondered what it would be like? **Eros Comix P.O. Box 25070 Seattle, Washington 98125-1970. #1, US \$3.50.**  
review mikol

#### HANDS OFF:

a benefit comic book from Seattle, created to raise money to fight two anti gay ballot initiatives that didn't get enough signatures to qualify, but Hands Off is going to need all it can get when those nasty folks from the right mount there annual attack on the rights of gay and lesbian people. **Hands Off** features Comics by over 35 artists collected to fight against discrimination and all proceeds go to Washington Citizens for Fairness/Hands Off Washington. The slogan BEWARE AMERICA HATRED CAN SPREAD acts as an end-piece and behind the post face THE GAY AGENDA, FROM OUT OF THE CLOSET... DEVIANT... TWISTED... AND

from local talent **HELLSTYLE - great goin Glenn!**

**WELL DRESSED.** Obviously a politically based work which has a variable consistency but on the whole is a rather invigorating read into the active queer lobby in the USA. **Hands Off** is published by **Ward Sutton Productions, suite 350, Seattle, Wa 98103. US \$3 plus postage.**  
review mikol

#### HOT HEAD PAISAN HOMICIDAL LESBIAN TERRORIST # 17

The continuing rein of terror of Hot Head spreads more pages in this stream of consciousness episode of **Hot head Paisan Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist** *Hothead* deals with people who ask too many questions You know the type, people that try to form a picture, a totally fixed point of fucking view. Well stay well clear, if your a man, cause *Hot head Paisan Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist* is a comic featuring a homicidal lesbian terrorist who has fantasy's about killing men, and does. Inside Grot Grrl #3 there is a feature interview with the creators of *Hot head Paisan Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist*; Grot Grrl PO Box 214 Hawksburn Vic 3142. *Hot head Paisan Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist*: Giant Ass Publishing, P.O. Box 214, New Haven, CT, 06502, USA subs US\$18.00 O/S per year.  
review mikol

#### TALES OF THE CLOSET

out of New York and aimed at high school students. The blurb on the back goes; 'Let's talk a little about love. Love. What's it all about and why is it so confusing? Maybe because there are so many forms of love. There's puppy love, crushes, infatuation, fraternal love, plaionic love, unrequited love, parental love...all kinds of love. The only thing that we can be sure about is that love affects every one of us. The narrative centres around a group of high school students who are dealing with their sexuality in various ways. This is a drama genre comic form dealing with seriously real issues in a fairly dramatic way. This is rather exceptional educational stuff. A once upon a time, in a high school in queens, a miracle happened...these are **Tales of the Closet**. Published three times a year by **The Hetrick-Martin Institute, Inc., 401 West street, NYC, NY 10014.**  
review mikol

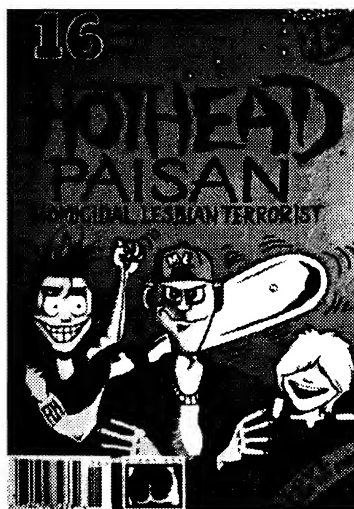
#### NAUGHTY BITS

by Roberta Gregory is an all time favourite. This is a comic about *Bitchy Bitch*, one of Roberta Gregory's well loved characters. *Bitchy* who is on a permanent PMT wanders about the narrative hating her job, which is quite justified,

working with a born again Christian who can't cope with her sexuality. you will find personal anecdotes where the author draws a cartoon about herself as the cartoonist, includes comics by other people, and letters. This is an enjoyable loose cartoon style with a story line that talks about abortion, anti-abortionists and teenage pregnancy for instance. *Bitchy* is always fantasising about the people she hates with great images of gratuitous violence. The best way to make sure you don't miss an issue of **Naughty Bits** is to subscribe: 3 issues for US \$7.50, single issue is US \$3. Send cheque or money order to **Fantafaraphics Books 7563 Lake City Way Ne Seattle**  
review mikol

#### NORTH WEST CARTOON COOKERY

One-off issue  
Featuring the top cartoonist of the Pacific Northwest (USA) **The secrets of Life Death and Salsa.** '...haven't you always loved the salsa served at your favourite Mexican restaurant....always fresh, with a bold yet simple flavour...and mighty hot , too?..' The recipe for this secret salsa is explained inside a narrative image of Shelley's *Frankenstein*. The cook is the Doctor, the kitchen hand the hunch-



back, easy. The solution to a good salsa is like life, the simplest things are often the best. Features include: *How To* pages; *Soda Bread*; *Mexican Meatball Soup* and much more. These are all designed for the American digestive system so make sure you have plenty of 'tums' on hand. (A popular brand of antacid in the States) *Anatomy of a chicken wing*, is such a dedicated rave: 'the chicken wing is no doubt the noblest part of the bird, made by God for Human pleasure, a symbol of unity and transcendence. Divinity and the Holy Trinity. Misunderstood by pansy-ass white meat eaters...the enlightened carnivore's path to paradise. If you have any doubts just ask yourself this question: Have you

ever seen a chicken fly?' Also other cartoon food features like: *How to catch a clam*, and the making of *Duck Blood Soup*. There is a *P.C. and non P.C. version of Spaghetti Sauce*: the difference is in the making and delivery; who does the cooking and serving, and the gender bias in such an arrangement. Not to mention the fabulous *What the Poor Eat: Decline and fall*: Beans potatoes, an onion and the ubiquitous ketchup! That's what the poor who can afford to eat, eat! And of course there is *Eatin in with Eddie*: a torte for confirmed chilli heads; *Holiday Hot-Pants Chilli*. Hungry now, \$3 US per copy: **Starhead Comix**: for a copy of **North West Cartoon Cookery** and a catalogue of more cool comix, send SASE to **Starhead Comix: P.O. Box 30044, Seattle, WA 98103**  
review mikol

#### THE MUTANT BOOK OF THE DEAD

Enter a surreal word of mutant red-necks from Chester county, Texas. Meet the amazing Siamese sextuplets, the *Buck brothers* and read the *Chester Country Gazette*. Another **Starhead** classic by Mack White. Chester county is world famous for it's rattlesnakes, which come in all sizes and are ever popular with the community. The character's in **The Mutant Book of the Dead** are true aberrations of the human form: a guy with a real long neck gets the chop when found porking someone's else's cow women. The guy that kills him has three heads and ends up in the snakepit! Write to **Mack White PO Box 49575, Austin, TX 78765. US \$2.50**  
review mikol

#### UP FROM BONDAGE

for free thinking adults only! by **Eros Comix**. **Eros** do mostly straight sex comics but have done a least a couple of queer comix. **Up From Bondage** is one of the notables, basically a well drawn bondage bar cellar routine, the pursuit and actualising of sex is the narrative sense of **Up From Bondage**. This comic includes some very full on S&M scenarios which sometimes result in death. Very dark and black stuff and really not a fun read at all. This first issue could be a one off I haven't seen another one around. Published by Gary crotch and Kim Thompson and the editor is Ryder Windham. **Eros Comix P.O. Box 25070 Seattle, Washington 98125-1970. #1 available from publisher for US \$3.50.**  
review mikol



more Glenn Smith.. yeahh!!



# ...your future with Angie Starthing.

Tomorrow - TSUNAMI

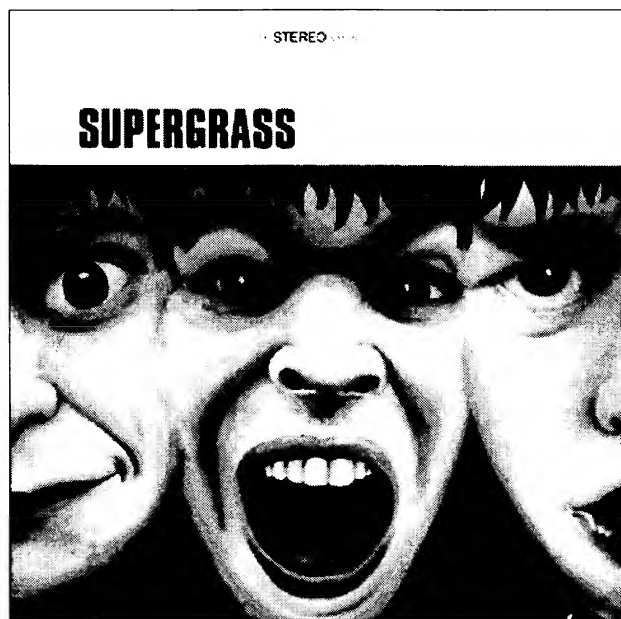
-  **Leo** Pussy Cropper
-  **Virgo** Neutral Witness
-  **Libra** Astronaut
-  **Scorpio** Legal Drug Courier
-  **Sagittarius** Drag Queen
-  **Capricorn** Sanitation Streamliner
-  **Aquarius** Religious Leader
-  **Araque** Monophobic Consultant
-  **Pisces** Between Engagements
-  **Aries** Bat Dentist
-  **Taurus** Hemp Grower
-  **Gemini** Process Analysers of the General Directorate
-  **Cancer** Precopius Bee

## planet report

**Full moon in  
Arcane;  
Sun in Leo  
with  
Aquarius  
rising :  
Jupiter in  
Venus and  
Mars in  
Uranus**

**Leo of the Month  
ROGERIO SOURES**

**For Personalised Birth Charts send \$5 and rubricate to :  
Angie Starthing - PO Box 199 Newtown NSW 2042**



**SUPERGRASS**

"the moment is Supergrass.  
these freaks shall inherit the earth." -

Music Week

get "CAUGHT BY THE FUZZ"

on the new album ...

"I SHOULD COCO"

  
PARLOPHONE

  
SUPERGRASS

# EDDIE MAGAZINE

IN NOVEMBER THE **EDDIE** CREW MADE THE TREK DOWN THE DEADLY HUME FOR OUR SECOND LAUNCH IN THE SOUTHERN METROPOLIS VERY EXCITED AT THE PROSPECT OF A HOLIDAY AND MEETING OUR IDOLS THE COSMIC PSYCHOS WHO HAD VERY GRACIOUSLY AGREED TO HEADLINE FOR US IN THEIR OWN HOME TOWN. WE WERE PARTICULARLY LOOKING FORWARD TO HEARING THEM PLAY TRACKS OFF THEIR BLISTERING NEW CD "SELF TOTALLED". ANYHOW OFF WE HEADED UNDER A PARTICULARLY EERY BELANGALOW

JO RICHARDS

PSYCHO'S 'DR KNIGHTY'



MOON, MANY SPLIFFS AND RIFFS LATER WE HAD EXHAUSTED OUR MEAGRE CASSETTE SUPPLY BUT THE OUTER SUBURBAN SPRAWL OF CAMPBELLFIELD BECK-ONED AND WE THOUGHT YEAH MELBOURNE RADIO, SO I HIT THE BUTTON AND SHOCK HORROR WHAT DID WE



DI BUCKLEY

WOMNAL

HEAR BUT THE REFRAIN OF WHIP ME! BY THE PSYCHOS FROM THEIR NEW CD... AS DI SAID "GOOSEBUMPS ALL OVER"... THE TRACK ENDED AND THE PBS

PROMO CAME ON WITH TOM RICHTER'S DULCET TONES ANNOUNCING THAT "EDDIE THE MAGAZINE SLITHERS INTO MELBOURNE TO LAUNCH THEIR SLEAZE ISSUE AT THE PUNTERS CLUB"...TALK ABOUT SYNCHRONICITY WE HAD THE FEELING THAT THIS WOULD BE A GREAT TRIP...

BEFORE LONG WE WERE PULLING UP IN NORTH FITZROY FOR A CLEANSING POT AT THE NEWRY AND THEN DOWN TO SEE OUR HOSTS GARRY (EX BRADY BUNCH LAWNMOWER MASSACRE) CURRENTLY IN RIO GRANDE AND SAMARA (FROM THE TOTE). EXCITEDLY WE RAVED ON FOR HOURS DRINKING SCADS OF VIC BEER (WELL WE ALWAYS DRINK VIC BEER BUT IN VIC IT'S DIFFERENT ... BELIEVE ME)

ANTICIPATED WATCHING FREMANTLE VS THE SWANS AND ALL SORTS OF WEIRD THINGS THAT SYDNEYSIDERS ARE WONT TO DO.

COME SATURDAY AND WE WERE PRETTY REVVED UP FOR THE **EDDIE** LAUNCH AT FITZROY'S LEGENDARY WATERING HOLE THE PUNTERS WITH A CLASSY LINEUP AND NUMEROUS POTS AWAITING US. EWAN CAMERON FROM THEATRE OF HELL FAME WAS UP FIRST WITH HIS BAND FINK FINSTER. DESPITE GOING ON FIRST THE FINSTER KICKED UP THEIR HEELS WITH SOME WAY OUT TUNES AS BEFITS THE MASTER OF PUNK CABARET. THEN ON CAME NOISEMERCHANTS WOMNAL BELTING OUT SOME SONIC SOUNDS TO AN APPRECIATIVE AND STEADILY GROWING CROWD, I NOTICED THE FABULOUS GRROT GRRLS GRROOVIN' TO THE WOMNAL EXPERIENCE AS WE ALL JOINED IN AND HAD A SWEATY GOOD TIME.

IT WAS GREAT THAT QUITE A FEW ZINESTERS HAD TURNED UP FOR THE **EDDIE** LAUNCH INCLUDING STEVE & BRYCE FROM BLOODSONGS, JARROD FROM CRUSTY PLAYLUNCH & AZRIEL FROM DARK ANGEL HAD SENT HER APOLOGIES. EDDIESTERS MELANIE, PETE & LINDA WERE ALSO IN ATTENDANCE HELPING TO MAKE THE NITE A GREAT SUCCESS.

THANKS TO JO FOR THE PHOTOS.

SOMETIME DURING THE WOMNAL SET DI & ANGELA HAD MANAGED TO BEAT SOME LOCAL YOKELS INCLUDING A CHARMING CHAP BY THE NAME OF SQUID BY 7 BALLS ON THE POOL TABLE, AND SHOCK HORROR RUTHLESS ANGE MADE THE BOYS DROP EM... PUB RULES SHE SAID! TO THE HORROR OF THE ON-LOOKERS.

THEN IT WAS TIME FOR THE PSYCHOS AND THE PUNTERS WAS CHOCKERS WITH EVERYONE INCLUDING SQUID REVING UP FOR SOME OLD CLASSICS AND SOME NEW... THIS WAS THE FIRST AIRING OF THE NEW ALBUM SELF-TOTALLED SO PEOPLE WERE KEEN AS...



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# SLIBAZES DOWN SOUTH

WELL THE BLOKES YOU CAN TRUST PROVED TRUE TO THEIR WORD AND LAUNCHED INTO A FANTASTIC SET OF ROCK AND ROLL, AUSSIE STYLE...WITH GREAT SLABS OFF SELF-TOTALLED- WHIP ME, BULLETS, NEIGHBOURS CAT AND THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE EVENING...AS ROSS ANNOUNCED IT "HERE'S THE SONG EDDIE MAGAZINE WANT'S TO BE THE NEXT NATIONAL ANTHEM... G'MON CUNT" AND OF COURSE CLASSICS FROM THEIR LEGENDARY REPERTOIRE SUCH AS LOST CAUSE, RIP & DIG, GO THE HACK ETC ETC... AND THEN IT WAS OVER AND ALL THE SWEATY EXCITED BODS WERE THROWN OUT ON THE STREET. THEN ANGE, DI, JARROD, GARRY, BILL AND MYSELF MADE THE FATEFUL STEP OF HEADING DOWN FOR JUST ANOTHER AT VAGINA'S DOWN THE BLOCK AND RAN INTO A SPOT OF BOTHER A LA JONAH LOMU'S LOST PSYCHOTIC UNCLE... YEAH, WELL ANGE WAS TO BLAME AS SHE DECIDED TO DUCK OFF TO THE LADIES FOR HER CUSTOMARY PIPE OF THAT WELL KNOWN HERBAL SOLUTION AND BILL & MYSELF WERE HAPPILY NATTERING AWAY AS WELL WHEN THE AFOREMENTIONED ALL BLACK BURST THRU THE DOOR GRASPED YOUR GENTLE EDITOR BY THE THROAT AND INFORMED US THAT THIS WAS AUSTRALIA AND NOT AMSTERDAM, AND THAT IF WE DIDN'T WANT HIM TO "SPILL OUR BLOOD" THEN WE HAD BETTER MOVE PRETTY DAMN QUICKLY TO THE DOOR WITHOUT OUR FEET HITTING THE FLOOR. NEEDLESS TO SAY WE OBLIGED AND QUICKLY SCURRIED FROM THE PREMISES. OH WELL A GOOD RUN IN IS ALWAYS FODDER FOR A GOOD YARN LATER AS ROSS OD WOULD SAY AND EDDIE SURE HAD A GREAT TIME IN MELBOURNE. WITH VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS THE WELCOME

WAS FANTASTIC AND THE CONTRIBUTIONS AND SUPPORT FROM VICTORIA KEEP ROLLIN' IN, IT'S GREAT TO KNOW THAT NOT EVERYONE VOTED FOR KENNET.

## 6 of the best for COSMIC PSYCHOS



### 1. what are your thoughts on the future of Australian Rules football?

**Ross:** Richmond to dominate the rest of the '90's and the Kyneton Footy Club to gain an AFL license.

**Bill:** As a game it will produce even greater athletic feats. The tempo will continue to increase with greater emphasis on handball. More goals will be scored per game. Injuries will be more prevalent, but recovery time will be shorter due to advances in sports medicine. Larger interchange bench and greater national tribalism.

### 2. Do you think the Great Aussie Cultural Cringe will last into the next century?

**Ross:** What's a cultural cringe?

**Bill:** The cringe has always been a function of Australia's colonial past and it's manifestation can be seen everywhere, particularly in the Arts. There is still an overwhelming need to look outside of Australia for creative guidance and as a result we tend to copycat trends which stymies the creative process. Obviously, there are many exceptions for instance EDDIE magazine which encourages homegrown ideas, but thus far not yet widespread. Lack of confidence makes Jack & Jill a dull duo.

### 3. Have you noticed that as the blokes get older the girlz stay the same age - how can you explain this phenomenon?

**Ross:** What's a phenomenon?

**Bill:** Men spend too much time on putting attractive young women on pedestals.

We refuse to let women age, so it seems like a bad thing. I try to be as graceful as possible about my years! The Absolutely Fabulous writers summed it up best when they said "These models are getting so young that they'll be throwing foetus' down the catwalk soon!"

### 4. what does the future hold for Jeff Kennett?

**Ross:** Death by public stoning.

**Bill:** Continuing autocratic rule, combined with Social Darwinism and nepotism. He apparently beats his wife, so hopefully he'll be caught out and his days in public office will be over.

### 5. When the Cosmic Psychos, introduced by Ross Oakly, launch the Centenary AFL Grand Final - which song will you play after the National Anthem?

**Ross:** Cumon Cunt

**Bill:** Spiderbait's "Footy Song" - Cheers, Big Ears, love Billy Walsh

### 6. Design the next Australian Flag:

3 BLOKES, BEER  
AND U8'S  
ARE BETTER THAN  
S.N.A.G.'S, SUB-  
ZEROS AND HYUNDAIS.

**FUN!**

DI BUCKLEY

PONTIER





# Pulp & KULT

## MASQUERADE BOOKS

EQUINOX, Samuel Delany

THE MASTER OF TIMBERLAND, Sarah H. French

MANEATER, Sophie Galleymore Bird

REVIEW by Doctor Bonesetter.

Listen, I'm a bloke, a guy, a stud, so I don't have a lot of time for porn. I mean I've got things to do and fantasies to live out. That's right, I've got a fertile mind, an education and don't need cheap thrills to get my rocks off. I get my fair share of the old beef curtain and can cook up plenty of things to do with it on my own without resorting to gash mags. For me, some dumb bimbo [(they're always a dancer or an actress) read where — not that I've got anything against whores — in fact I love 'em] in frilly underwear, spread over a beanbag with her twat open wide for a zoom lens is a TURN OFF.

Yeah, I'm a single guy, 6'3", well built and well hung, ex-army, with an executive job and my own home. The chicks love me. So what do I need with stick mags and skin flicks? Like I said, I've got an education, so on the odd nights I decide to stay at home alone I like to get into a vintage red, an eye fillet and a good book. I go for pulp porn. I've read all the classics: de Sade, Venus in Furs, The Story of O, The Perfumed Garden. Great stuff!! And just like great literature has peaked in modern times with American detective fiction, so too has erotic fiction peaked with pulp porn.

Scientific evidence has proved that each time a man pops his cork the nutritional value of two steaks, ten eggs, six oranges and two lemons let fly from the lizard in the loins. Harnessed in the right way we have enough food here to save the world from famine many times over. Kind of lunch on the hoof. This gives a new bent to the term "chow down". Now I only bring this statistic up because I have just discovered **Masquerade Books**, a superior publishing house that could feasibly sponsor a "save the world from starvation" program via some of their riveting books.

Take, for example, **EQUINOX**, by Samuel Delany. This tale is a descendent of the Good Ship Venus genre. A swarthy and muscular

"Badboy - Adult Fiction" is the publisher's mark on these three books of short stories from the United States of Erotica. Each contains about a dozen passages dealing with a variety of gay sexual encounters. They are quite classy, if somewhat common-place collections with none of the poor spelling and appalling grammar found in the usual wank tome.

### My Double Life

By Derek Adams

Masquerade Books Inc. USA

The author has a curious habit of always describing men's erect nipples as "like pencil erasers". A good image, but the suggested taste sensation may only be appealing to some. These stories contain plentiful pees, wash-board abs and lots of gourmet soggy armpits. Though mostly one on one encounters, "The Decline and Fall of Coach Newman" is a racy read for those into

groups of hot, athletic students and the triumphant humiliation of the closet coach.

### Tales From The Dark Lord

By John Preston

Masquerade Books Inc. USA

This is almost Cole Porter-ish with its refrain of "Baby I'm the bottom, you're the top". It is a strict, sparse and specific collection of discipline-and-how-to-do-it stories. Shaving, spanking and piercing all get a look in, without sacrificing the storyline and the development of some interesting trains of thought. This collection also deserves marks for its advocacy of safe sex, making the use of condoms and intrinsic part of its erotic instruction.

### Whispered in the Dark

By Lars Eichner

Masquerade Books Inc. USA

A prologue stressing the fact that most fiction is, in fact, fact but that fact

is, in fact, fictionalised opens "Whispered in the Dark". It's an interesting tease, causing one to wonder which of his fictions are, in fact, fact. There are some quite humorous, and horny stories in here for those who like a bit of accessible scenario and, in particular, for those who like to read about god-like straight men turning - despite themselves.

The language in all three books is peppered with the "wads of creamy man juice" and "quivering poopshoots" type of phraseology common to so much gay, sexual storytelling. Although almost all of the characters are paragons of masculinity with incredibly thick rods and diamond-cut abdominals, "Whispered in the Dark" contains one story about a man with a tiny penis, which makes for an intriguing, hot and inventive.

Reviewed by MARCO SOLO

of their boundless appetites. Enough stimulation in this one to feed a small banana republic.

THE MASTER OF TIMBERLAND concentrates on one of my favourite team sports: bondage and discipline. Sarah H. French is on the right track with her chronicle of a nice girl's grand tour gone wrong. Her adventures in the Timberland Resort tumble from humiliation to discipline and onto sadistic ecstasy. Yeah, there's food for thought here, or is that thought for food. But despite its relentless pace there is barely enough self-saucing follow-through to feed an inner-city slum of your average sized metropolis.

But this was more than made up for by Sophie Galleymore Bird's MANEATER. This book could turn the whole African continent into heart attack candidates. Magic, debauchery, revenge and death. Ms Bird is the Mary Shelley of our times. It took all my tantric self-control not to get out there and perpetuate my own murder and mayhem. But I guess that's what wars are for. Ah, sex and death, sex and death.

Well, that's it for this bookworm. I'm off to make a few meals on wheels deliveries.

## VIDEO REVIEW

'unlucky world' Triclops International

Stretch your tiny minds back to January '95 to Sydney's Big Day Out and try if you will to recall the loudest of bands that performed that day. It wasn't Silverchair nor Offspring nor was it the powerhouse called Ministry, in fact the loudest outfit to blast the punters was not the traditional type band of guitarists and rhythm pounders at all. Enter Triclops International who performed a finale of fury that blew the decibel count sky high on the E.P.A. meters and almost jeopardised the BDO's future use of the showgrounds. The machine and fire performance went off in a big way accompanied by mega sounds from the lone sampleman on stage. I was one of those lucky enough to witness this totally in-your-face, totally unexpected performance live (it wasn't even in the BDO program).

Anyway, I came across this video the other day and it seems there were several cameras documenting the event and the footage has been cut together rather well in an attempt to recreate the apocalyptic atmosphere. Turn your TV up to max to view this slow building episode of terror and destruction.

Available thru Mu-meson Archives, 120 Abercrombie St, Chippendale (weekends only) or Red Eye Records

Reviewed by TB

### RAIN - An Adult Fairy Tale

By Guillermo Bosch

A Richard Kasak Book

Thru Masquerade Books Inc., 801 Second Ave, New York, NY, USA 10017

The author certainly puts the reader in the picture, experiencing a voyeuristic, fantastic journey alongside the ever-action-thirsty Sandro. From the labyrinths of the militant underground to the lofty heirarchy of the ruling Central Directorate, we watch Sandro (and others) suck, fuck, lick and stick their way through a variety of colourful characters from the future.

Enjoyable sci-fi sex-pulp - descriptive, action-packed and horny as hell!

Reviewed by DV8.



as usual, we at Eddie will do anything to increase our paltry library collection by suggesting that interested publishers send us their upcoming releases for us to balster or boo boo about. Don't be shy, we love taking our work home, on the bus or in the dunny; wherever good reading can be found...

## REVOLT OF THE NAKED

Written by D.V. Sadder and is set in a distant galaxy where two classes of humans exist: the Freeman and Naked. Freeman are full citizens in a system that is composed entirely of men who reproduce through a complicated technique and which allows the buying and selling of Naked as slaves, who only live to serve their masters, and obey every order with haste and devotion. That is, until one day an earthquake disrupts the beam that had kept their Nakedness under control. Revolution occurs amidst bloodshed and fighting a bright future arises with everyone being equal and happy. **Revolt of the Naked** is definitely pulp science fiction but never the less a rather strange boyhood adventure memory kinda mood. Published by Masquerade Books, Inc 801 Second Av, NY NY 10017

## 2069

The Bad Boy edition of 2069 was published this year and brings together a trilogy of legendary space sex adventure. The author, Larry Townsend established himself as one of gay erotic masters with the first and second parts of the 2069 trilogy published in 1969 and 1970. Set in a future world where gay sex is everyday life, 2069 is a tightly plotted adventure with the space cadets and in particular one shameless cadet named Ronnie and a egalitarian Captain Mike who's pursuit of sexual pleasure is extraterrestrial to say the least. Here lay a couple of excerpts. Jack stood up to remove his lab gown, and Ronnie couldn't help experiencing the old pull at his loins as he watched the movement of his mentor's magnificent musculature. Jack's body, lean and slender, was about the hardest flesh Ronnie had ever encountered... Only the heavy black belt at Jack's waist, and the matching bands about his ankles and wrists, obscured the perfect symmetry of his physique. Jack grinned at the blond Boy's obvious attraction. Understandably vain and self oriented, it pleased to admired. Maybe we can have a few moments together soon... just for old times sake"...he suggested. Ronnie nodded "I'd like to meet you sometime"...in uniform"...Forgetting the weightlessness of the cabin, the Marine had started towards Mike at too fast a pace, and had floated helplessly, end over end...Mike hooked one foot into a handgrip on the bulkhead as he wrapped both hands about the hard muscled Marine. As their mouths crushed one against the other, Mike felt a building torrent of desire that made him suddenly weak... Their hot swollen cocks pressed full length between them...mike had turned his body about bringing his lips down upon the Marine's powerful erection...Mike felt his own prick absorbed within the major's hot, moist grasp...Then pumping furiously against each other, the two men had enjoyed a totally unencumbered 69.'

## GAY COSMOS

This is a thought provoking book from LARS EIGHNER, who has become one of America's leading writers of erotica. **Gay Cosmos** is comprised of essays on the place, meaning and purpose of homosexuality in the Universe. Chapters include *Sexuality and Anthropology*, *The rise of the Gay subculture* and *Urban Homophobia* and a very interesting piece, *Jack is back*, which is about the early days of safe sex

affronts and fears. The **Gay Cosmos** is essentially a non fiction work, not too clinically real and not such a difficult read. **Gay cosmos** is a kind of cultural memory jogger: *The Homosexual has been a significant part of human sexual activity ever since the dawn of history, primarily because it is an expression of capacities that are basic in the human animal* - Alfred C. Kinsey. Remember those theories about the social moray vs the genetic cause of Queerness? Well there all here, along with many other postulates on the reasons for Queerdom. The summations of course a positive one...so far and long as the eye that perceives order in the scattered stars is human, the cosmos is Gay. **Masquerade Books 801 second Avenue NY NY 10017**

## ASK LARRY: THE COLLECTED LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Written by Larry Townsend this amazing array of letters is the result of Larry doing **The Leather Note Book**, a column for *Drummer Magazine* in 1979, the Queer movement was still in its political innocence. AIDS was still in the laboratory (so to speak), this evolution from that blameless period to 1992, is covered in the notes within *The Leather Notebook*. Each chapter is like a question and answer guide to the topic on the post face. The first chapter, an S&M advice column to *Finding a Partner*, and as Larry says in the introduction, 'this problem that as beset more readers than any other, and has resulted in my most difficult gymnastics to come up with any sort of intelligent -or at least helpful-answer for each of so many different situations. If the guy sent me a picture, it made my task a bit easier, although sometimes it merely helped me better understand why the writer was single.' Loads of responses have comments about the positioning of such a question or answer at the time of writing after 1992. There's a chapter *What to do With Him Once You've Found Him* (And how to keep him) One letter goes like this: *I'll throw a few excerpts your way: Dear Sir, I am a boy, age sixteen, and would like to ask you a few questions. My brother, age fourteen, and I enjoy putting our brother Phil, age twelve, into bondage. No, I shall give you the lot.' We do this at night most of the time, while our mother is away at work and we are alone. Our dad is dead. So far we only tied Phil to his bed, bent over a bar stool, and to a tree out in the woods behind our house. I want to know some new positions that we can tie him in. Is it possible to hang him up without hurting him? If so, what position would be best? By his wrists, or upside down by his ankles? I hope you don't think my brother and I are crazy for doing things like this to our younger brother, but Phil likes being tied up. I also would like to know if you agree with me that Phil should be stripped naked when we tie him up. Hope to hear from you soon.(signed) Beginner. Larry's replay goes like this: *I'm torn between the desire to help someone who probably needs it more desperately than an adult...because the law requires that a boy's gonads remain dormant until the magical age of eighteen...it (the law) condemns any adult who presumes to offer technical guidance in any sexual area- especially one such as bondage. Larry further advises. If you were an adult I might advise that the safest form of suspension is accomplished by using all four extremities, especially with a young subject, whose car-**

*tilage can be easily damaged...I might comment that a naked bondage subject is usually more interesting than one who is clothed. However, because you are too young, I can't tell you these things, and I should also discourage you from reading about them. So quit reading this mag kid and come and see me when your eighteen.* This reply was never published as the editors of drummer thought it a little too hot for them to handle. This my darlings is just a wee sample of what has to be a great read, what ever your bent. There is a literal cuisine of real sexual social mores to dine from: The cock and the balls: Circumcised vs. Uncut; S&M techniques- How to do it, Where and When, and What Equipment to Use While You're at It; Social behaviour, SM, and Otherwise, Including Etiquette, Customs, Rules and "Life Styles" to the last chapter: Subjects that Defy Categorisation. Over 300 pages of stuff, that if you look, chart a shift in certain values (especially sexual) as the HIV epidemic realises the propensity for pandemonium. And the future? Ask Larry. **Published by Masquerade Books, Inc. 801 Second Avenue, NY NY 10017. 1995**

Mikol Furneaux

## THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

Edward Berridge  
UQP \$14.95

Berridge serves up a feast of short stories, brilliantly grim tales of mundanity with nothing spared. The stories drew me in - I was there in a caravan, smelling the sweat and the tinned beans. I heard the thump and squish of sex, sat beneath a bare bulb speckled with fly shit and felt a knife part the skin of the living dead. Edward Berridge has impressively reworked a contemporary style, leaving his pictures stamped on my memory. Destined for success.

## SNAKESKIN . VANILLA

Neil Boyack and Simon Colvey  
Produced by Black / print RMIT

Neil Boyack's **Snakeskin** is a series of snapshots, a family album style short story brought forward with intense clarity. Here are truthful, stark observations, sprinkled with the tragedy of suburbia. His short blunt format is effective. These people could be your neighbours. It had me scratching, cringing and re-reading paragraphs just for the sadistic pleasure. peephole reading...great script material. Simon Colvey's **Vanilla** is a somewhat philosophical tale in three parts, of life on the fringes. The narrator pours out his soul to us - his experiences rich, full of detail. Empirical in style, there is much with which to identify in Colvey's diary-like story. Together, Neil and Simon have produced a high calibre book, a great read with a unique Australian flavour. Great cover, great format, fresh new talent.

Rosemary Cutrone.

# Winky goes

"SPUNK TRUNK OF THE MONTH HAS GOTTA BE HORN-BAG WINKY FROM LONG PIG-REALLY TINKLES MY BELL"

Wow! JUDY FROM ARSE-WIPE ADORES MY STYLE!

NO, NO, NO AND FUCK OFF

MAL I JUST WANT TO SEND A...



JUST A MESSAGE TO JUDY FROM ARSEWIPE! JUST TO SAY...

Look, DUMB SHIT

YOU KNOW WHO I'M TALKING TO? SLIM FROM KILL ROCK STARS. YES, THAT SLIM FROM THAT KILL ROCK STARS. NOW I COULD TALK TO AN IDIOT LIKE YOU OR I COULD TALK TO SLIM FROM...

OH, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. B...

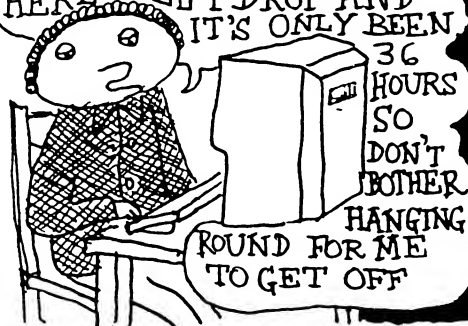
BUT YOU DON'T UNNERSTAND... THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE FOR SEX IN CYBERSPACE! SHE PUT HER EMAIL ADDRESS IN THE ZINE FOR ME, I KNOW IT!

SEX WITH FANS WAS ONE THING, WINKY. BUT SEX WITH FANZINE EDITORS? THAT'S VOMITOUS. ANYWAY I'M STAYING HERE TILL I DROP AND

WELL I'LL JUST SIDDOWN F'R A COUPLE OF MINUTES...

FOUR HOURS LATER

SUCCESS!



# Oh - line

© d. nichols  
1995

D-E-A-R-JUDY-I-L-O-V-E-  
Y-O-U-R-A-R-S-E-W-I-P-E-W-I-  
L-L-Y-O-V-C-O-M-E-A-N-D-  
S-E-E-T-H-E-B-A-N-D-P-L-A-Y-  
M-A-Y-B-E-I-W-I-L-L-  
S-E-E-Y-O-U-  
R-O-U-N-D-  
W-I-N-K-Y.

"SEND."  
I'M GONNA SCORE!

NOW WHAT ELSE CAN  
YOU DO? IF YOU WANK  
IN CYBERSPACE CAN  
YOU JUST COME IN THE  
TRASH?

I KNOW... EVEN  
BETTER I'LL...

NEXT DAY  
FUCKIN' BOURGEOIS  
TREE... FUCKIN'  
BOURGEOIS HOUSE...  
WHEN'S SOMEONE  
GONNA GET A DECENT RIOT  
GRRL SCENE GOING ON THE  
LOWER NORTH SHORE?

Yoo-Hoo! WINKY! YOU  
WHO SENT ME THAT  
GOR-GE-OUS MESSAGE!

MUM WON'T BUY  
ME ANY NEW  
CLOTHES TILL  
NEXT WEEK!  
THE OLD BAG

WHO NEEDS SOFT  
CHAIRS - JUST GROW  
A FAT ARSE!

OH WOW... THERE'S  
WINKY FROM LONG  
PIG... ACT SEXY  
NOW... HE'S HOT!

HI... UM...  
JUDY

I DIDN'T KNOW  
YOU WERE ON  
LINE!  
OH BROTHER,  
SISTER,  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW THE  
HALF OF IT!

I'VE JUST SPENT  
ALL NIGHT TALKING  
TO SLIM FROM  
KILL ROCK  
STARS ON  
E-MAIL!

I'VE SIMPLY NEVER  
FELT  
SO **ALIVE**

\*EXTRANEIOUS THOUGHT

END



# eddie's music reviews

*Eddie Magazine loves to receive music to review, be it shiny silver discs or those cute black plassy things with middle holes, or that long magnetic thread that winds around Hyde Park pigeons' feet so well. We try our best, but for those that sent in decent stuff & should have been reviewed we apologise - for those who sent in shit, well try again.*

## AMMONIA "Sleepwalking"

Murmur Music. level 2, 70-72 Campbell St, Surry Hills, N.S.W. 2010. Australia.

Great burst of pop fury from the West, Ammonia prove that Silverchair were no fluke for Murmur- they rock! Sleepwalking treats the ears to electric honey dropping with guts. Walk on...the beat follows you, infectious (yeah I hate that fucking term as well, OK)-no they haven't got any disease that I know of but they do bloody grow on you, a swirling rock explosion...catch ammonia soon.

contact Ammonia thru- Loud Noise Promotions, P.O. Box 863, Cannington, WA 6107  
review EG

## CHRISTINE ANU "Stylin Up"

White Records thru Mushroom, P.O. Box 158, Albert Park 3206, Vic. Australia.

Christine Anu delivers sun drenched pop for the 90's generation...dancing towards a new brave land...Highlights include "Wanem Time", a great remix of the old Warrumpi Band classic "Island

Home", the hip hop shades of "Monkey & the Turtle" and the dub strains of "Rain"...Hop on board the Anu express if dancin's yer thang.  
review EG

## BLIND MELON "Soup"

Capitol Records thru EMI-P.O. Box 311 Cremorne 2090, nsw, australia. Blind Melon are a bunch of young American guys living the bohemian life in New Orleans in search of the soul of the Old South. Blind Melon fuses Nugent, Black Crowes, Allman Brothers etc with some bluegrass tinged roots music. Put yer feet up and watch the sun set on the swamps of Louisiana as Blind Melon rip thru a repertoire that will grab you in a headlock after a few listens...A highlight is "Skinned" an exploration of serial killer Ed Gein's mental state. Soup is a hearty meal guaranteed to provide some warmth on a cold winters night.  
review EG

## SPILL 3 Compilation

Spill GPO Box 2637, Melbourne 3001, Victoria, Australia.

Spill 3 is a very tasty smorgasbord of tracks that have been independently released by the artists. No indie industry crap here, this stuff is out there & happening around the country, now. Highlights include the totally bent reality of Volvox, the joy of the Musesons madness in "Listen Brethren" and Fink Finster's very Berlin sound on Om. Crunkle, San Jose Cow Muzak, Sally, Gus (who sound like the Shaggs) also deserve mention; altogether 24 bands offer a sampling of their sounds, and all for just \$10. Congratulations to the Spill people for pumping out

another winner (Spill 2 is ace!) and doing it for love not \$. Spill 4? write to them!  
TB

## ED KUEPPER "A King in the Kindness Room"

thru HOT Serene Machine and Character Assassination were in my opinion highly crafted, song driven, and very accessible albums. They were pretty much ignored. A King in the Kindness Room is much more

eclectic and esoteric in ways. Initially distant, potentially intimate.

A master of the song title muse, tunes run together like a William Burroughs novel... Confessions of a Window Cleaner, They Call Me Mr Sexy (love theme from c.c.r versus the 3rd reich) on the Highway to Hell Messin' with the Space Pirate at Sundown as he Pissed Off The Diving Board! Can't wait for Ed's foray into fiction. That said lyrics are sparse and music moody. Nothing is said that need not be, epic instrumental hint at everything from breathy, whistful thinking to imposing thunderous storms. Ed The Soundtrack can not be far away. I'm not yet sold on Ed as Mr Sexy, but Messin' Pt II is a gorgeous continuation on a theme that Ed does so well...jus' beautiful. Pissed Off is quintessentially Ed as far as lyrics go, and you must listen to the instrumental Diving Board - a better rainy day surf lament I have not yet heard. I knew that blond mop was bleached. For Ed's sake - as opposed to his brother Pete - I hope it gains whatever recognition he wants. Me, I'm not sure that I want to share.  
review Chris Peken

## NANCY VANDAL AND THE POP GUN ASSASSINS

### "1-2-3 Baby Yeah"

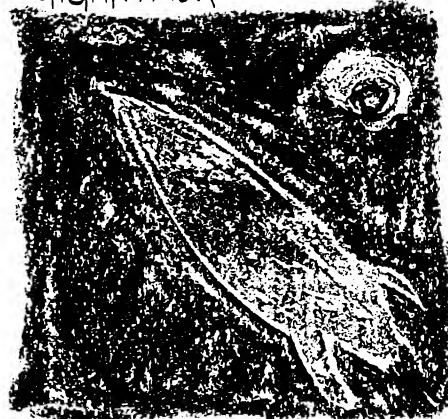
Half arsed records, P.O. Box 703 Kensington, 2033, NSW, Australia. The Vandals are back with a grooved out hi-octane sound traced to that branch of the musical family most easily described as "Skatus Australianus"... highlights include their smash hit single "When I squeeze my nose I sound like Axl Rose" and their pisstake of the black clothed ones..."Satan is Tops" (Death Metal Song). All in all this is a bloody good-value buy...just do it before Fox Trotsky sinks his icepick between yer cheeks.  
review EG

## GIGANTAURO "On A rocket" & "Trailer Trash"

thru Honeychain records- write to Simon & Penny P.O. Box 143

Moorabbin 3189, Victoria, Australia. Simon Honisett & Penny Hewson comprise Gigantaur ably backed by Gary Aspinall on bass & David Shaw on drums. "Trailer Trash" comes on like Charles Manson and the family in the midst of a foraging run from the Spahn Ranch...an infectious beat with distortion. "On A Rocket" keeps the low-fi excellence coming. A joy and on beautiful 7" red vinyl.  
review EG

## GIGANTAURO on a rocket



## CRUSH INC "Green Earth. Tame Me & What's Up"

on Pop Gun Records, P.O. Box 36 Rundle Mall, South Australia, 5000. More sexy vinyl form exciting new Adelaide label Pop Gun. Crush who first appeared on the EDDIE CD in issue #8 have released a great 3 tracker. I can't figure these croweaters out...Kennett may have stolen their Grand Prix and the Crows can't manage a kick but in the great tradition of South Aussie rock they won't lie down...Crush provide a raw intensity of bass & drums fronted by Chris Carr's growling vocals...it all adds up to a heady Barossa rush. Do it...Pop Gun & Crush can be contacted also via email: jason@camtech.com.au or on the web - at: http://www.camtech.com.au/pogun/  
review EG

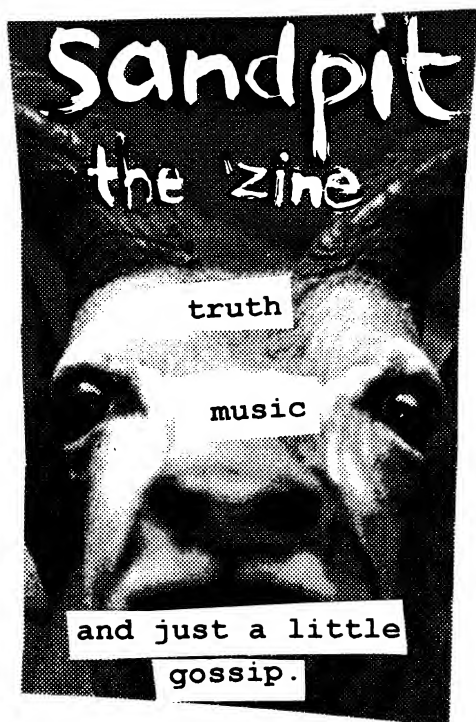
## MUFF "Failure"

Pop Gun Records, P.O. Box 36, Rundle Mall, SA, 5000, Australia. Like Crush also a 3 piece, Muff is the second band in the Pop Gun stable and continue the commitment hard edged grumblin' rock..."There is a fire burning hard within their belly"  
review EG

## EVERCLEAR "Sparkle and Fade"

on Capitol Records thru EMI, P.O. Box 311 Cremorne 2090, NSW, Australia.

With vocalist Art Alexakis playing the role of distinguished punk elder statesman Everclear may be a portend of things to come, signed by Gary Gersh for Capitol (also responsible for the signing of







Nirvana) they're a 3 piece packing a punch with melody and tons of hooks...the single "Heroin Girl", is a powerful blast of pop which comes on like a Portland Buzz-saw...if they can keep in this vein (I think I even heard traces of the Knack in there somewhere) they'll soon be fixtures on the music map...2 pierced nipples and a black tattoo...Yeah we know that...we love it..." review EG

#### SUPERGRASS "I should Coco"

Parlophone thru EMI-P.O. Box 311 Cremorne 2090, NSW, Australia. Surfs Up Britain! Hop in the swim with young brit rockers Supergrass. Hear them rip thru some Buzzcocks, Wire & Jam like punk. Nothing like Danny, Mick & Gaz the boys of Supergrass to provide an old Music Hall knees up just in time for the next millenium. review EG

#### THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADES Self Titled

thru HOT Self-titled, well that's an original beginning, at least you know it can only get better.

This is an organic product. Voices, melodies, harmonies, acoustic guitars, cello, and percussion...you get the picture? Unlikely. This is an acoustic record available at Sydney's Utopia Records (forget your chemistry, this IS heavy metal) and thats indicative that these guys are capable of a bigger acoustic sound than Stone Henge -the real one. Lisa "Can someone get me a straw?" Hill, Brendan "Speed it up Bill" O'Brien and Bill "Buster" Beare. Peter, Paul and Mary on speed. Move over the Monkees, if you want the rights to the t.v. show speak to me. Love Blackmailer is as joyous a celebration of Pontious Pilots love life as you'll hear; harmonies at 11. It's amazing how the sexual repression of a religious upbringing bursts forth lyrically later in life, check out Totally Female (I Want To Do You) as a point in case. Who's That Living Next Door?, a dark, damp and moody version of the Neighbours theme, I think not, more like a Boris Karlof soundtrack. Certainly bought complaints at my place. Seven different people elicited seven different favorites (kinda like a Cadburys ad). Me, I'm a sim-

ple man, the pure beauty of the melody and 60's pop/folk beat in Stray Cats; and the rollicking, foot stompin' fun of Red Turns To Brown - sure to be a fav at Utopia! You choose.

You haven't heard this album before, so now you should. I reckon Phil Spector would have loved to make this album. review Chris Peken

#### DIRTY THREE "Sad & Dangerous"

Shock Records, P.O. Box 434 Richmond 3121, Vic. Australia.

More laudatory remarks have been made by critics about Melbourne's Dirty Three than you can poke a stick at- what can your humble zine editor hope to add? Just get with it and on it-NOW!!! review EG

#### DIRTY BIRD

##### "Freak Baby" CD ep

Bark/ Mushroom P.O. Box 158 Albert Park, Vic 3206.

The listener is treated to some buzzy jangled edged pop from Geelong's Dirty Bird, the opener "Dolly" kicks the ep off at a brisk pace followed by the "Song For Judy", "The Big Hurt" evokes Billy Baxter and that's a good thing...but with the closing track "World falling" you get the feeling that Dirty Bird are definitely their own men. review EG

#### THE WISHING CHAIR

##### "Adore" CD EP

Glorious Noise Records, P.O. Box A1307, Sydney South 2000, NSW, Australia.

Brisbane popsters The Wishing Chair have released a bright debut EP. The opener "Selling Me" hints at Sonic Youth but later tracks fall closer to that Brisbane tradition of well crafted layered pop. Comprising 2 gals & 2 guys, the Wishing Chair are well worth checking out at a gig or record store near ya. review EG

#### DRILL

##### "Spin Dry The Adjudicator" CDEP

Swivel Disc Records- P.O. Box 97, Belmore 2192, NSW, Australia.

One of the most exciting CDs I've heard this year, Sydney's Drill generate the kind of post-post-post-punk experience that Australia and the world needs. This is no Green Day or Offspring this is the real thing- a no compromise aural explosion for the new millenium write to Drill with love and devotion & grab a copy.. review EG

#### COSMIC PSYCHOS

##### "Self Totalled"

Shagpile/ Shock Records P.O. Box 434 Richmond 3121 Vic. Australia. The greatest psychos release since "Go The Hack". With all the power and grace of a James Hird or a Matthew Richardson this disc soars above punk and beyond rock- you

can chew on Bullets, Shoot the Neighbours Cat, even Whip Me and call me a Cunt (Cumon) and I'll still love this band!...Do somethin for yerself and support Aussie culcha at the same time. Grab it.. review EG

#### SILVERCHAIR

##### "Frogstomp"

Murmur Music.

Finally the album- and yes it was worth it! Every single release only highlights the brilliance of Silverchair- "Tomorrow", "Pure Massacre" and "Shade" etc etc...From stompin' seattle grunge to tender ballad the 'chair have it covered...Shade is required for that desert island listening... Silverchair C/- level 2 70-72 Campbell St, Surry Hills 2010, NSW. review EG

#### TLOT TLOT

##### "The Girlfriend Song"

CD single/ep

EMI music Australia, P.O. Box 311 Cremorne, NSW 2090, Austrlia.

With "The Girlfriend Song" Melbourne's tlot tlot comprised of Owen Bolwell and Stanley Paulzen, have come up with radio friendly infectious pop that makes you dance. It somehow seems to always turn up just when you thought it was safe to indulge in some bleak neo-goth depression. An hilarious cover of "In the Summertime" and then 2 more originals "Stink" & "Sunny Delirious"(love the little rockabilly ending guys!) make up for a great little package of new sounds from one of the southern state's most loved duos...write with love and devotion... tlot tlot-P.O. box 1576, Collingwood, Vic 3066, Australia. review EG

#### LETITIA

##### "Letitia"

thru ???

From the first "Halleluya..." to the lasting "...wah wah wah" this is 2DAY, Fox-FM dance music at its best (?) - well almost. Words, music, keyboards, bass, guitar, programming and vocals Letitia, surely soon to be known as the artist formerly known as Letitia. Aside from the aforementioned roles this is engineered by Letitia and produced by Letitia; but for some unknown reason she sought Evan Kelly's help in the mixing department, can't imagine why, seems like such a resourceful and talented gal. With cover art that owes more than a passing nod to Dee-lite - cover art and layout: Letitia- this is smooth, seamless, something seemingly dance music of the Rise Up, Walking in the World mogadon generation.

Musically speaking Automation deserves a special mention for reminding me how special that Dr Who sound-track was. What? Is it over already? review Chris Peken

#### BLUE SECTOR COMPILATION Volume 1.

Siren Records, 51A Grosvenor St, South Yarra 3141, Vic, Australia.

Why did I have a turban on my head? It didn't matter. It was real, I was real, we were there and everything floated around us in an oh so slow and measured grace...can you see those colours yet? A Melbourne based compilation of techno-trip that steps out quite nicely thank you very much. Only a couple of pedestrian numbers here - compelations being what they are - that are more often than not hit and run by the rest. City Sky Day -Amnesia, Theory - Stride, and Damm It Planet - Prime 8 being the stand outs. Oh, and for the techno-Buddists wrap your robes around Acidic Afterburn by Zen Paradox - where did I put my Mantra? Music to flashback to. If you long for The Orb to go four-on-the-floor then this is for the future techno-trippy freak that dwells inside you. review Chris Peken

#### SPANGLED DRONGOS

##### "Wrong Plane"

If you are looking to fill that gaping hole Goanna left in your life when they broke up then perhaps the Drongos are just that pop-with-a-conscience band that can do it for you. Hailing from the Clean Green North seems they have come to our filthy city to spread their solar powered messages to us slickers. Isn't that nice?.. Maybe you like your music sooky. I don't.

P.O. Box 869 Leichhardt Aust 2040

Reviewed by Rachel S MOSS

#### WORMBURNER

##### "Frogskin"

Toe tapping finger popping sing alonging 80's boy sounds. Like

RatCat who sounded like a thousand before them. Like floppy hair cuts with blue & white stripy tees and basketball shoes, boys nodding their heads in the video and girls too young mouthing the words. Like you want to be the Ramones when you grow up. File under easy listening. Your gran could go for it.

27 Robertson rd Centennial Park Aust 2021

Reviewed by Rachel S MOSS

## GUDGEON

### Self Titled

Thru Siren

They won't win any prizes for most original sound, but what Gudgeon do, I dig. This 8 track cd grabs you around the throat like some big hungry slaver dog who drops you on your head once in a while to enjoy the slower tracks then growls and roars metal in your head until you do anything it wants. Sexy. This four piece from Melbourne must be awesome live.

Reviewed by Rachel S MOSS



## ROCK 'N' ROLL IS HERE TO PAY

"A kinda Sydney Compilation"  
P76 Records, P.O. Box 394 Manly, NSW 2095.

A cool slab of contemporary rock featuring many of the best gigging Sydney bands, with rarely a dull moment, the highlights for me were Front End Loader's "Time & Inclination", Peg's "Duckwalk" & Disneyfist's anthem "Take Away" a good sweep of styles & moods provided by Pollyana, Smudge, Godstar, Ashtray Boy, The Cannanes, Panancea, spdfgh, Phlegm, Big Heavy Stuff, Earthworm, Gerling, Atticus & Vicious Hairy Mary provides something for nearly everyone and shows that Sydney's alternative music scene is no-where near as dead as the dearth of venues (slowly improving) would indicate.

review EG

## CYBERCORE

### volume 1

Siren Records, 51A Grosvenor St, South Yarra 3141 Vic, Australia. This great compilation of industrial techno bands features many of Melbourne's heavyweights in this field. Ollie Olsen's No kicks off with a reworking in their inimitable style of Jimi Hendrix's "Are You

Experienced", then we are treated to the talents of Soulscraper, Neil Boyack's Foil, Ragewar, Sine, Screwtape, Modified Perception Industries, Lifedrill, Leather Butoh, Zen Paradox, Snog, Shinjuku Filth, Lung UPC & Ophiolatreia...cybercore is essential listening for anyone interested in the dark end of the information super highway..

review EG

## ROYAL TRUX

### "Thank You"

Charisma Records thru Virgin Australia, 98-100 Glover st, Cremorne 2090, NSW, Australia.

Jennifer Herrema's smoke drenched larynx belts out some ultra New York low-fi punk with her offside Neil Hagerty and a roving band of musos. Herrema comes across like a cross between Marianne Faithfull and Kim Gordon with a dash of Black Crowes like verve. Royal Trux a name to remember.

review EG

## DAMAGED

### "Passive Back Seat Demon Engines"

EP on Black Hole Records, P.O. Box 4023 Richmond East, Victoria, 3121.

A great EP from Melbourne's Damaged, who have built up a following as one of the best extreme metal acts in Australia. The listener can glean elements ranging from Black Sabbath, Napalm Death & Godflesh thru contemporaries Womnal & Public Hanging.

This is a great little EP suitable for driving, drinking (not together) and sending the yuppies cowering back to the leafy suburbs they belong in... review EG

## BAD RELIGION

### "21st Century (Digital Boy)"

Dagnet Music thru Murrmur.

A futuristic ep from Los Angeles punk icons Brett Gurewitz and Bad Religion. 21st Century Digital Boy laments the emptiness of youth welded to their terminals, a bleak vision of a fluorescent lit future. Backed with 3 live versions of American Jesus, No Control & We're only Gonna Die...Bad Religion delivers us.

review EG

## LABIA

### "Hallmark Holiday"

Glorious Noise Records, P.O. Box A1307, Sydney South 2000, NSW, Australia.

New York popsters Labia have released a bright debut ep combining elements of Buffalo Tom with mid 80's New England bands such as the Del Fuegos. Labia offer melody & drive. The ep includes a cover of Bob Dylan's Mrs. Henry & three originals penned by vocalist & guitarist Marcelo Romero and one from Bassist Joel Breen. Hallmark

Holiday is definitely a hallmark for these guys.

review EG

## DIGABLE PLANETS

### Intercommunal Sound Service "Blowout Comb"

Pendulum Records USA thru EMI Music Australia, P.O. Box 311 Cremorne, NSW 2090, Australia. Brooklyn hip hop outfit Digable Planets produce a cool groove imbued with political consciousness. They provide a welcome relief from the misogynistic rants of the Ice T & Snoop Doggy Dogg school of rap. The political focus on political prisoners & black rights harks back to the Black power glory days of the late 60's-early 70's whilst the music ambles along at a hip smooth grovin' pace... let the planets run their comb thru your mind sometime soon...

review EG

## BIG CHIEF

### "Platinum Jive"

Greatest Hits 1969-1999

Capitol thru EMI P.O. Box 311 Cremorne 2090 or contact the Band c/- Motorbooty World Wide Communications, P.O. Box 02007, Detroit, Michigan 48202, USA.

For the very best in retro-futurama check out Big Chief soon. The Chief burst out with slabs of classic Motor city rock imbued with 90's polish & hip. Just as the blacks in the late 60's & 70's had Black Power and the Black Panthers the hip white intelligentsia of the Drugs, Sex & Rock underground had the White Panthers, Big Chief are kind of like a White Panther movement for the '90's highlights are "Takeover Baby", "Sick To My Pants", "Armed Love" and "Lot Lizard" but it all rocks...Check it out soon!

## DICK DALE

### "Unknown Territory"

Hightone Records, Oakland CA, thru SHOCK P.O. 434 Richmond 3121, Vic. Australia.

The King is back...Back In Town. Touring Australia in 95 for the first time ever the founder of the surf guitar has belted back into public consciousness after 29 years of self imposed exile with his family & his exotic zoo in LA. Unknown Territory is a chunky wave of rolling guitar & drums and the occasional vocal from Dick...the brilliant "F Groove, Take it or Leave it, Fish Taco and Unknown Territory are highlights alongside covers of California Sun, Ghostriders in the Sky and Johnny Cash's big hit Ring of Fire. Angela made me say that this is her fave CD, shit it's hardly been out of the stereo since it arrived...and yes I love it to death, we're also waiting with baited breath for the box set and the great man to arrive in OZ...Long live the King.

review EG with assistance AC.

## KIM SALMON & THE SURREALISTS

### self titled

Redeye Records/thru Polygram I remember once overhearing

someone say that The Surrealists would do better to have somebody else singing their songs. Sorry! This self-titled album proves otherwise. A true chameleon, Kim Salmon is the only one who could create these feels; like a swinging light bulb - stark and radiant one minute, glow-erily dark, the next. The contrast between consecutive songs *Redemption For Sale* and *Draggin Out The Truth* is exquisite evidence of just how versatile these guys are. If you're a Surrealists fan - you already know! If you're not..... Wait..... There's more..... Try *Innersense* or *Frantic Romantic* for starters. Like a fine wine, they just improve with age. In the year 2025 they'll be a *Para* port in Oz music!

review by DV8.

## LIFE DRILL

### "Monad"

Black Hole Records, P.O. Box 4023, Richmond East, Victoria, 3121, dist by Shock.

Sounds like Feedback or the Punters or any other great smelly sweaty rock citadel, Monad grows on you like cancer and when you in it's grip it jolts like fuck. Distorted ambience or not Life Drill have the heavy answers for todays alienated generations. With tracks like *Tortured Life*, *Unnatural Humanity Burns* & *Thru the Shit* you get the message that Life Drill aren't interested in ducking the big questions and their awesome power is gonna make it difficult for you white collar necks to ignore.

review EG

## PUBLIC HANGING

### "Mass Black Experiment"

Black Hole Records, P.O. Box 4023, Richmond East, Victoria, 3121.

Sydney's Public Hanging formed in early 93 and have built up a great following in this most challenging of cities for experimental or challenging endeavour. Public Hanging give the punter a taste of "noise core" metal at it's finest, very impressive for a three piece outfit. Highlights for me were grip, reprise & freeze die revive, long live Aussie independents.

review EG.



ΠΑΔΙΟΦΩΝΟ ΣΤ' ΑΥΤΙ..



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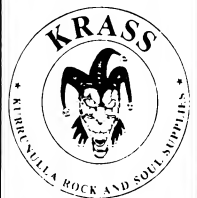
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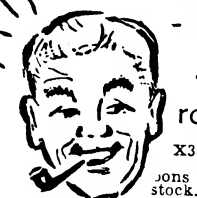
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4.23 p.m.  
JUPITER, rises 9 p.m.,  
10.14 a.m.  
SATURN, rises 0.2 a.m.,  
p.m., sets 2.32 p.m.

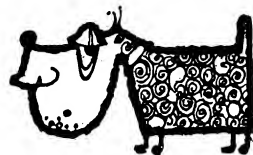
## Planets Tomorrow

MERCURY, rises 6.6 a.m.,  
sets 7.4 p.m.  
VENUS, rises 3.9 a.m., set  
4.41 p.m.  
MARS, rises 1.45 a.m., sets  
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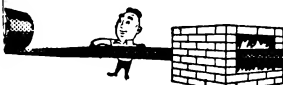
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May 2.  
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30. Parcels, noon, April 28.  
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# EDDIE



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# COSMIC PSYCHOS

A photograph of three men, presumably the band Shagpile, standing in a bar. The man in the center has long, wavy grey hair and is wearing a light blue denim shirt with his arms crossed. He has a serious expression. To his left is a bald man in a blue polo shirt with the text "e's Pizza" and "en There's ..." visible. To his right is a man with curly dark hair wearing a red and white plaid shirt. The background shows a bar interior with other patrons and a sign that says "WALK-OUT BAR".

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